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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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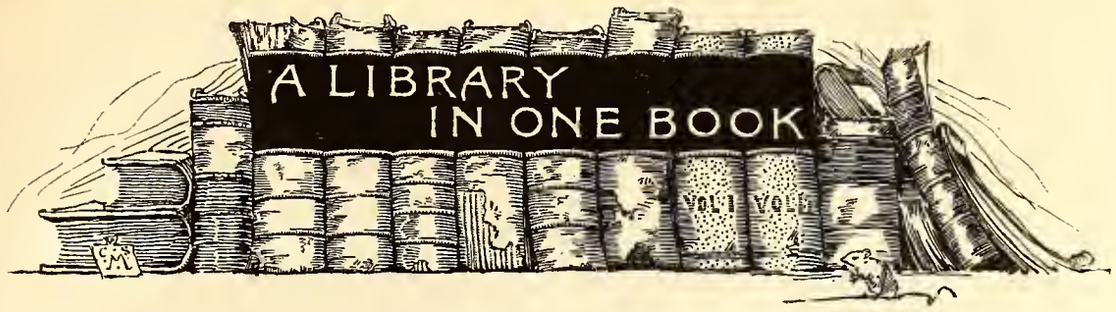

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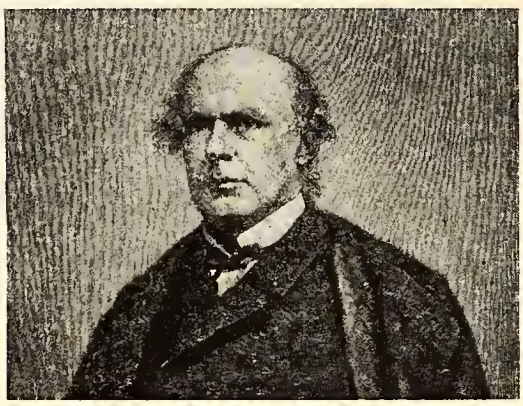

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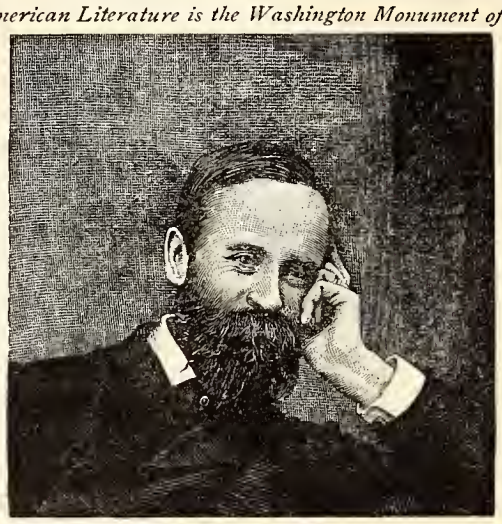

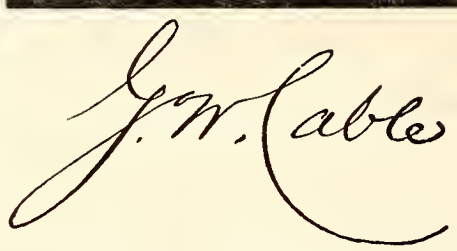

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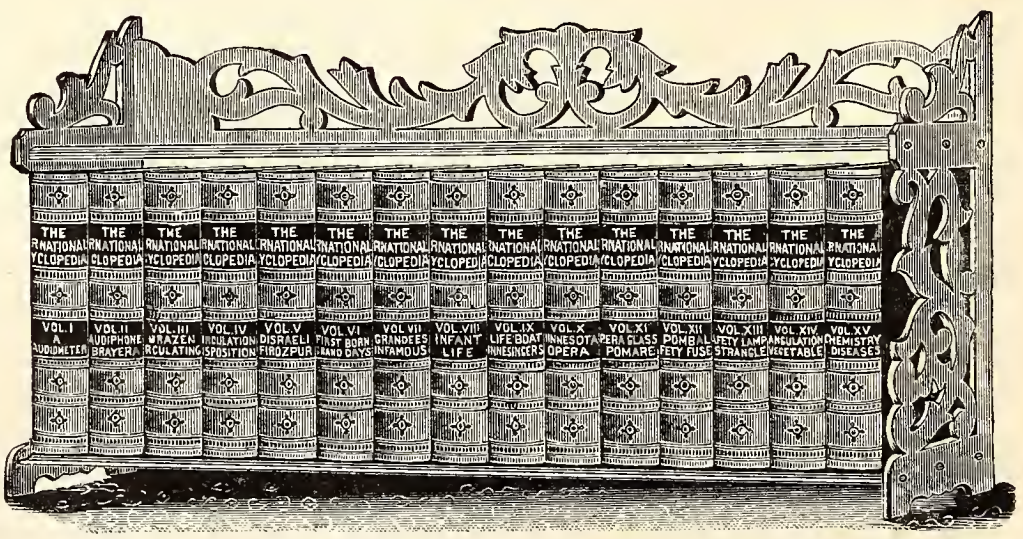
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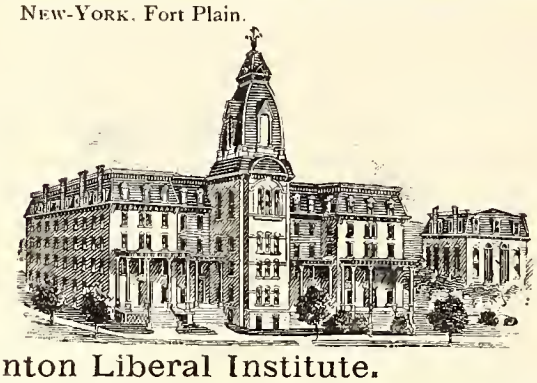

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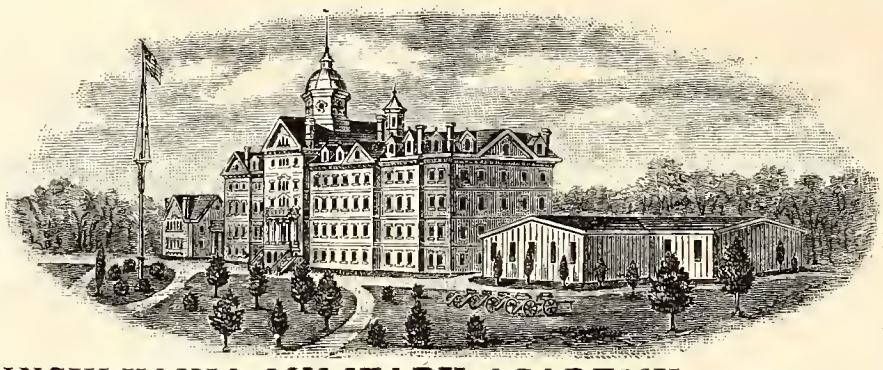

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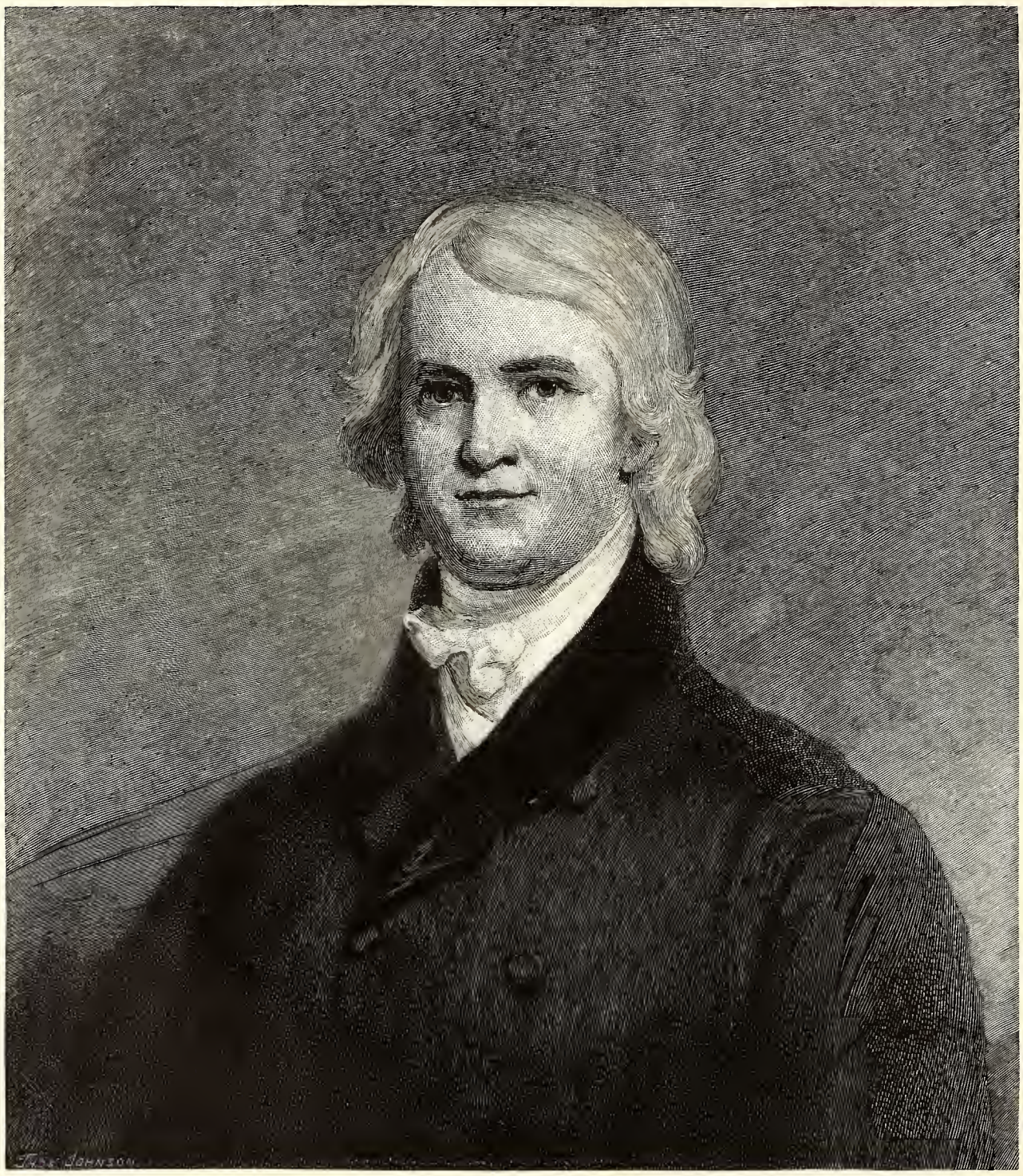

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COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER, VIRGINIA.

HE who has courage to turn his back upon Richmond all abloom in a lovely day of spring,—whose impatient spirit is content to abandon stimulating thoughts of modern progress and to steep itself in the bygones of Virginian history,—may join in a May-day pilgrimage upon the classic James. To achieve it in the flesh there is but one method known to the ordinary traveler, who must take heed to a porter's knock sounding on the door of his room at the hotel all too soon in the morning, and commit himself to a jolting drive down the full length of stony Main street to the steamboat wharf at Rocketts. There waits the steamboat *Ariel*, plying three times a week between Richmond and Norfolk; such a lame old sprite, so short of breath, so patched and broken-backed, that the dwellers along the river-banks, accustomed to see it pass, may well live in continual expectation of news of its collapse. But, with the usual confiding cheerfulness of the American public, passengers by the *Ariel* come and go. With the exception of a few outsiders not to the manner born, the company on board is like a family gathering. Most of them live in the isolated mansions of the many-acred plantations we shall see at intervals during the day's slow voyaging. They are returning from the busy centers of civilization to an existence that in its salient features repeats that of the eighteenth century. In the kindly, cordial life they lead the three matters of first interest for discussion are the negro, the crops, the church; and then the government of these United States in general comes in for a share of notice. They are all, each to the others, "Cousin"; and of the late war nothing remains as a reminder, after the fortifications at Drewry's Bluff and the canal at Dutch Gap, but the titles of colonel, major, captain, and occasionally an empty sleeve or a crutch among the groups of planters smoking and chatting upon deck. The fine-looking, intelligent stewardess who flits about among the ladies attending to their wants is of the old-time type of a colored housemaid of the higher class. She is on familiar terms with the river gentry, and can single out their bags and rugs with a glance of her experienced eye, conveying also indifference to the luggage, however smart, of the mere transient who is beyond the pale of Virginia aristocracy.

Standing and looking back from the *Ariel's* deck at Richmond upon her seven hills in the light of early morning, one's mind reverts to the various shocks of revolution the old town has survived. Blended with memories of the war between North and South are traditions of Indian onslaught and the raids of English troopers. Down yonder steep incline of Richmond Hill galloped at breakneck speed Arnold's cavalry in the wild ride of 1781, when, working havoc in the town, the British flooded the streets hereabout with rum, till, so the story goes, cows and hogs partook of it, and were seen staggering about the thoroughfares.

At this point, in the early days of the seventeenth century, the Indians fell upon Master West's little settlement — one of the first mentioned in colonial history — of contumacious Englishmen who had refused to be guided by Captain Smith, and slaughtered a number of them. Here, also, about sixty years thereafter, a young Cheshireman named Byrd

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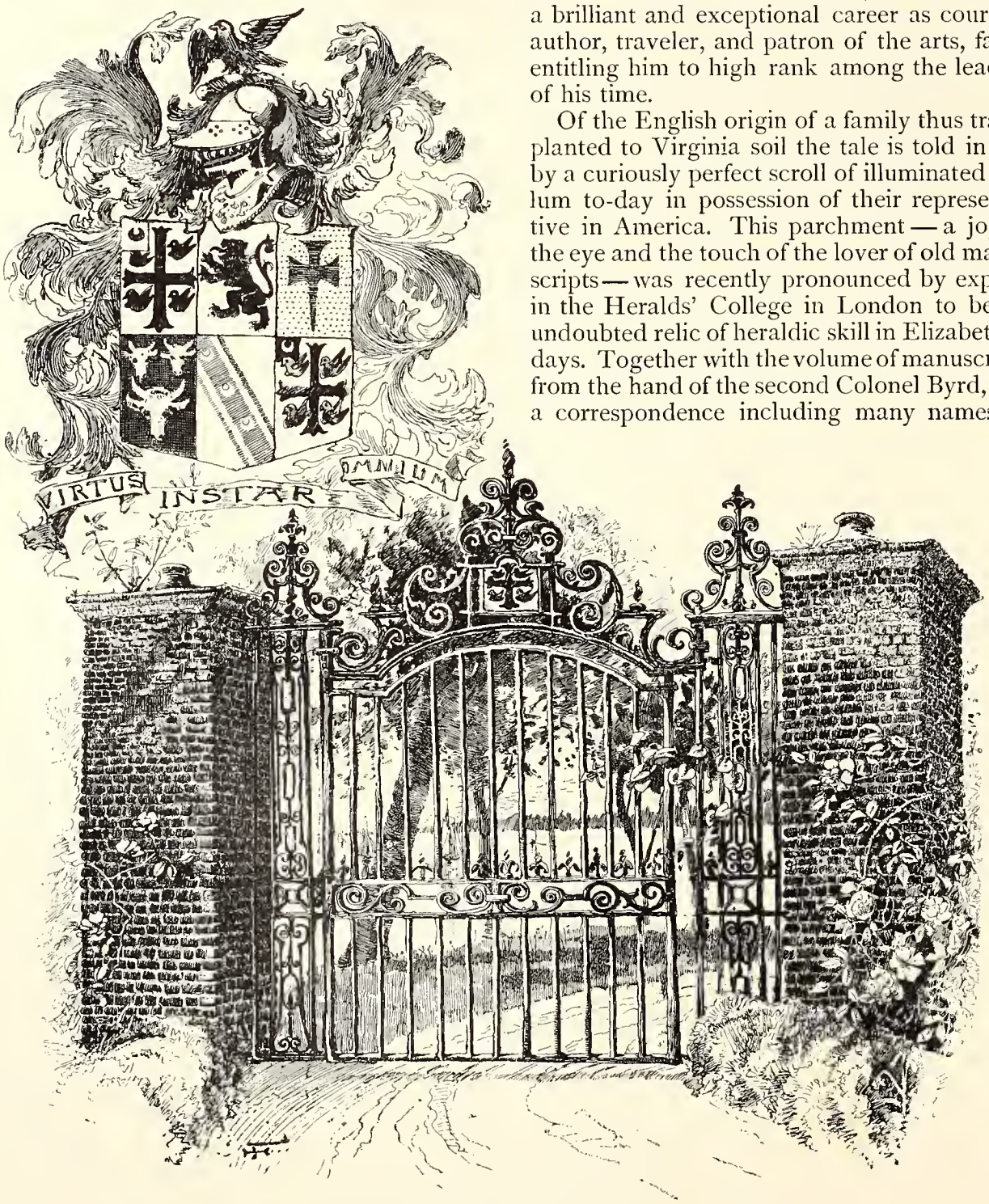
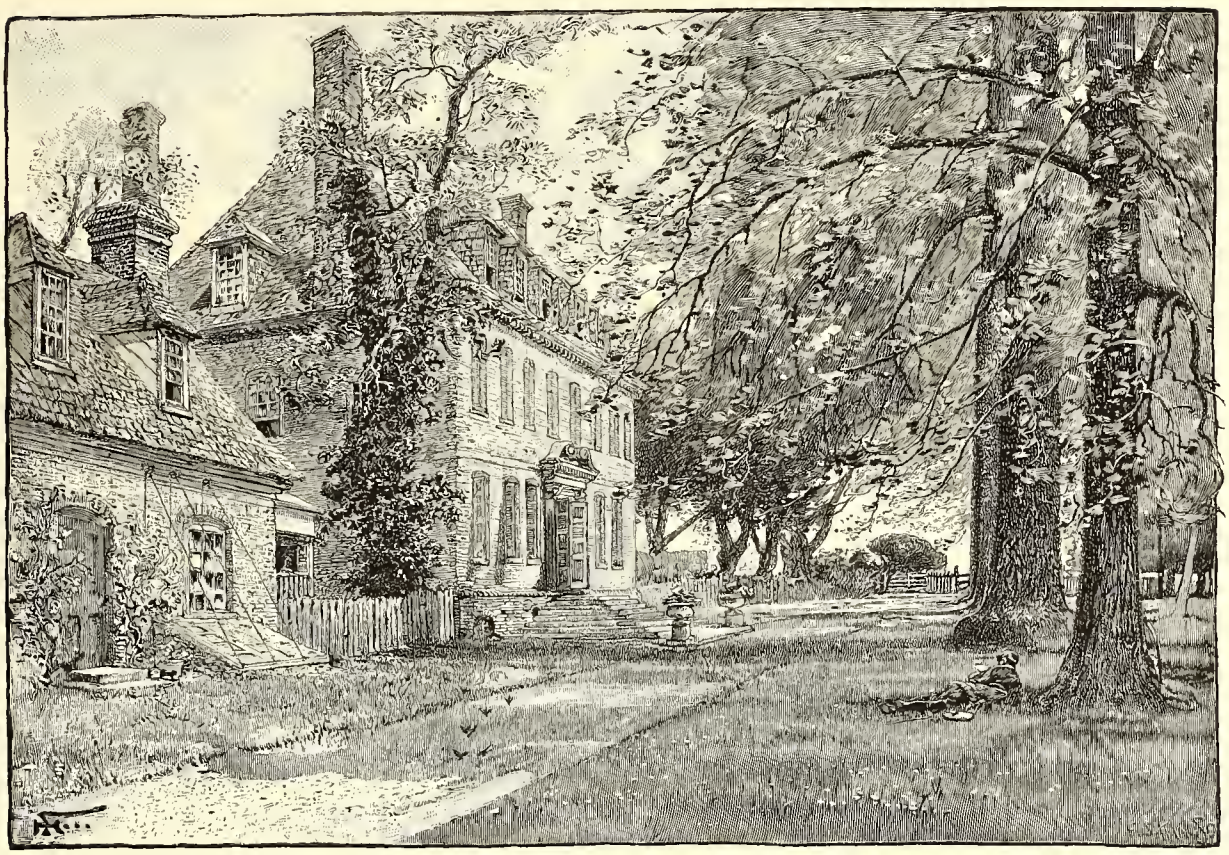
secured a grant of land from the crown, covering nearly the whole site of modern Richmond, and of Manchester on the opposite bank of the James. With his wife Mary, daughter of a Kentish cavalier named Warham Horsemanden, and a garrison of fifty able-bodied men, Captain Byrd took up his abode in a dwelling called Belvidere, built by him on the height overlooking the present State penitentiary, and well-fortified against Indian forays. Behind these stanch walls and solid palisades children were born to the young pioneer. Thence, more than once, he, like a Scottish border lord, led his followers to dashing sorties upon enemies in ambuscade. He was feared by the Indians, and respected by his fellow-colonists. Fortune smiled on his various mercantile endeavors, and he inherited a large estate from his uncle Stagg. He was chosen to be a burgess, aided Commissary Blair in establishing the College of William and Mary, and, as receiver-general of the king's revenues for the province, acquired the title of colonel, so often repeated in the annals of colonial history as to be puzzling to the student of the times. To his son, the second William Byrd, who in 1733 mapped out near the site of his father's little fortress of Belvidere a town "to be called Richmond," was reserved a brilliant and exceptional career as courtier, author, traveler, and patron of the arts, fairly entitling him to high rank among the leaders of his time.

Of the English origin of a family thus transplanted to Virginia soil the tale is told in full by a curiously perfect scroll of illuminated vellum to-day in possession of their representative in America. This parchment — a joy to the eye and the touch of the lover of old manuscripts — was recently pronounced by experts in the Heralds' College in London to be an undoubted relic of heraldic skill in Elizabethan days. Together with the volume of manuscripts from the hand of the second Colonel Byrd, and a correspondence including many names of



THE WEST GATE, WESTOVER.



WESTOVER.

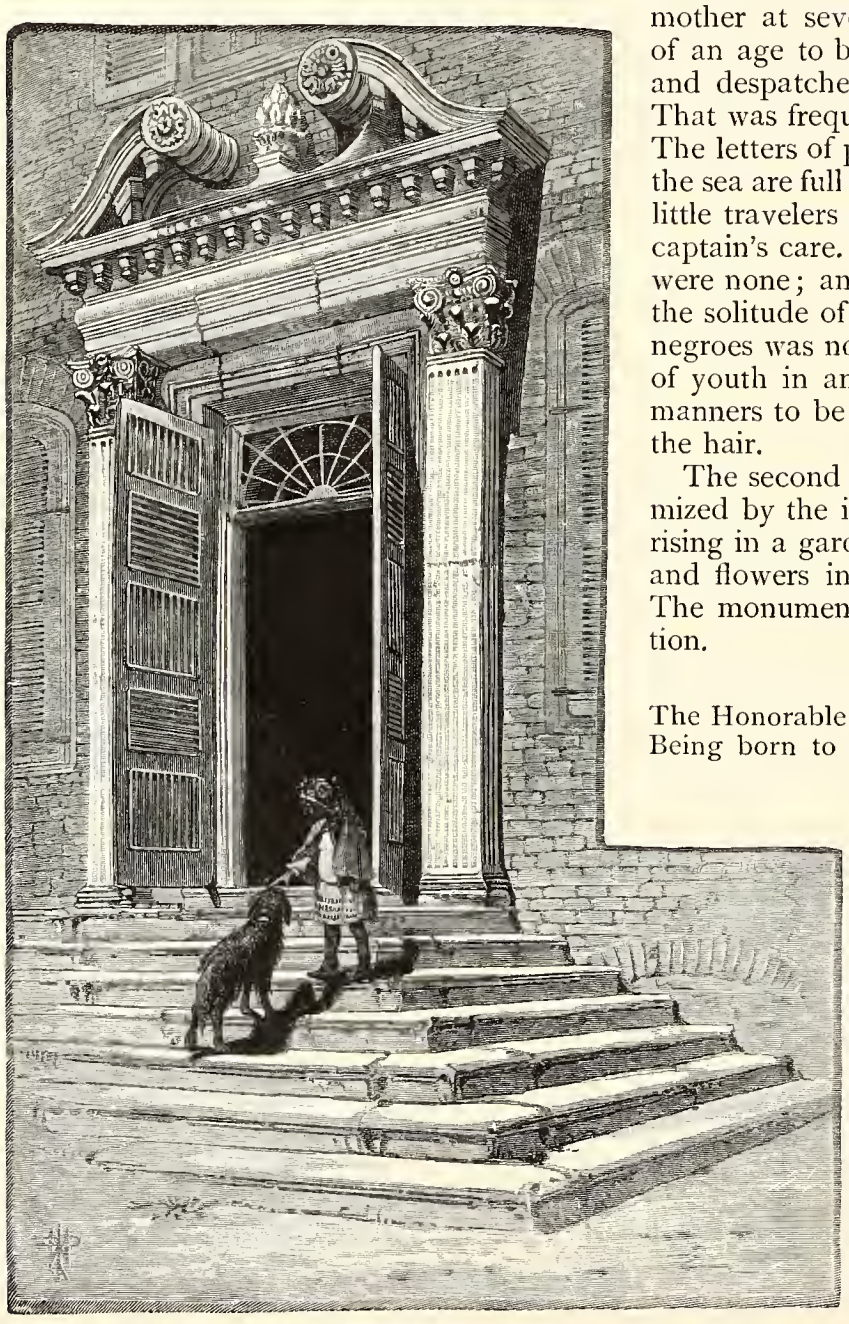
note at the courts of Anne and the two succeeding Georges, now at Brandon on the James, it furnishes a chain of history of which none of the links are missing, and none are dull. Such relics, as much a matter of course in the hereditary homes of England as ghosts or rats behind the arras, are more rare, but should not be less esteemed, in republican America.

As the boat at seven A. M. moves from her dock at Rocketts, and proceeds leisurely downstream, there is ample time to consider Virginia's relation to the past, and at every turning of one's head or glass there is some point familiar through association with the founders of the Commonwealth. But in this paper it will suffice to consider the family best known in the person of William Byrd the second — and in their ancestral home, Westover, to be seen from the boat soon after passing City Point.

Westover House, with its broad façade of red brick, its steep slated roof, and its glorious row of overshadowing trees, stands amid close-shaven lawns and wide encompassing fields of wheat and clover, close to the river's edge. These fields are to-day the pride not only of their owner but of the State. One does not readily forget a drive over grassy roads behind fleet Virginia horses, skirting on one side the fence inclosing a hundred and forty acres of growing wheat, a vast sea of living green rippled by winds of May, but showing neither dimple nor ridge in the soil below, and on the other, clover as rich, wherein stand Jersey cattle knee-deep in purple blossoms amid the booming of inebriated bees. The mansion and estate, more fortunate than many others in being admirably kept up, convey to modern guests some of the same impressions carried away by Chastellux, the airy marquis, who as he journeyed through Virginia at the close of the Revolutionary war threw kisses from his finger-tips to kindly entertainers. At Westover the Frenchman broke into pæans over the great extent of rich acres, the happy slaves, the elegance indoors, the sport, the sturgeons, and the wall of honeysuckle covered with humming-birds. Seen through the hall, always open in summer weather upon outer flights of quaint three-sided steps of stone, the great gates, surmounted by the martlet crest, display their iron tracery against a background of wheatfields girdled in by woods. To the right and the left of the door upon the river-front the avenues from the boat-landings are cut off for vehicles by smaller gates of delicate design, wrought in England two hundred years ago, their hinges moving stiffly in the embrace of the roses and the wistaria of yesterday. The line of trees whose tops caress the dormer windows of the roof has grown up since the founding of the house. Some of them have survived war, fire, and lightning-stroke. Looking out through their branches by moonlight from the bedroom windows at the wide reach of shining river beyond a lawn washed in silver brightness, one

may, if he listens keenly, hear them whisper the secrets they have been hoarding this century or so.

There have been many stirring scenes at Westover since the redman ceased to launch his canoe in the river that was for so long Virginia's highway. The dispossessed monarch brought his tomahawk back to these forest glades in 1622, and thirty-three souls of white settlers were here called to a swift accounting. Once owned by Sir John Paulet, the estate passed into the possession of Theodoric Bland and his brother before it was bought and built upon by William Byrd of Belvidere. The house erected by Byrd stood intact until 1749, when, through the upsetting of a brasier of hot coals on which a careless housekeeper had left her posset simmering, it took fire and was partly destroyed. The dwelling, as at present seen, was restored in the same year, and has since been little changed. In the track of successive armies, it has known rough visitors but no material harm. Bacon's men, bivouacking here on their daring expeditions against the Indians, ate, drank, slept upon their arms, and rode away. Benedict Arnold, on his way to capture Richmond, landed and slept at Westover. In the old nursery on the ground floor Cornwallis quartered the horses of his troopers, but stout timbers and well-set brick defied their ravages. During our recent war several generals of the invading army made their headquarters at the mansion so popular with the soldiers of earlier revolutions.



THE DOORWAY AT WESTOVER.

Such was the pleasant home in which young William Byrd the second and his little sister Ursula ("Nutty" they call her in the family chronicles, afterward married to Beverley the historian of Virginia, and dying a wife and mother at seventeen) spent their years until of an age to be put aboard slow-sailing ships and despatched to England to be educated. That was frequently a feature of colonial life. The letters of parents written to friends across the sea are full of prayers and yearnings for the little travelers sent oftentimes alone under the captain's care. Schools in the province there were none; and even if a tutor might be had, the solitude of those great estates peopled by negroes was not adapted to the development of youth in an age that held polish for the manners to be as indispensable as powder for the hair.

The second William Byrd's history is epitomized by the inscription upon a stately shaft rising in a garden full of old-fashioned shrubs and flowers in the rear of Westover House. The monument is still in excellent preservation.

Here lyeth
The Honorable William Byrd, Esqr.
Being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country,
he was sent early to England for his education,
where,
under the care and direction of
Sir Robert Southwell,
and even favoured with his particular
instructions,
he made a happy proficiency
in polite and various learning;
by the means of the same noble
friend he was introduced
to the acquaintance of many of the
first persons of that
age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or

COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD. (FROM THE PORTRAIT AT BRANDON.)

high station, and particularly attracted a most close and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He was admitted to the bar in the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the low countries, visited the court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.

On the other face of the tomb is continued:

Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver-general of his Majesty's revenues here, was thrice appointed publick agent to the court and ministry of England; and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president of the Council of this Colony. To all this were added a great elegancy of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid œconomist and prudent father of a family, with the constant enemy of all exhorbitant power and hearty friend to the liberties of his country. Nat. March 28, 1674. Mort. Aug 26, 1744. Ætat 70

When, at his good father's death, this Colonel Byrd took possession of the Virginian property

he was about thirty years of age, debonair and handsome, to judge from the portrait in the drawing-room at Brandon. Although the general style of the picture suggests what Macaulay irreverently styles "the round-faced peers, like each other as eggs to eggs, who look from the middle of the periwigs of Kneller," the features are clear-cut, the brows arch over almond-shaped dark eyes, and beneath the line of the thin lips the chin is cleft with the dimple said to be fatal to the peace of mind of woman. But the rather effeminate appearance of the portrait is contradicted by what we know of the man. Hardy and virile, he spent days in the saddle, tracking the pathless wildernesses of Virginia and North Carolina, enduring all hardships with an airy indifference that inspired his followers to continual endeavor. He was an ardent agriculturist, sportsman, hunter, fisherman, and, in fine, knew as well when it was time to put away his lace ruffles and silver snuff-box, as when to take them out.

Two years after coming into his inheritance — his father died in 1704 — Colonel Byrd married Lucy Parke, daughter of the aide-de-camp of the Duke of Marlborough who carried the news of the victory of Blenheim to Queen Anne. Another daughter was the progenitress of Martha Washington's first husband and of the wife of General Robert Edmund Lee. One of Kneller's portraits of Colonel Daniel Parke hangs in the dining-room at Brandon, another in the house of General Custis Lee at Lexington, Virginia. In both he is gorgeously attired in crimson velvet, with embroidery, and with a steenkirk and ruffles of costly lace, wears around his neck the queen's miniature set in pearls, presented to him by her placid majesty in reward for his good tidings, and looks prodigiously well pleased with himself, while the battle of Blenheim is raging in the background.

Mrs. Lucy Parke Byrd did not too long enjoy her life at Westover, for, on going to London to join her husband for a visit in 1716, the poor lady was swept away by smallpox, that scourge of our ancestral homes. In the same year a lonely, motherless little girl was sent out from Virginia to console her widowed father, and remained in England until ready to make her appearance before the fashionable world. This was Evelyn Byrd, the charmer who, in immortal youth, from her place of honor in the Brandon gallery continues to win hearts. Her portrait, which in the lapse of years has had several backings of canvas, has lost the artist's name, but possesses a charming quality of tone and style to which reproduction can do no justice. She is painted as a shepherdess in a robe of blue-green, in color like Enid's of the "shoaling sea," a red-crested *bird* perched on a brown bough overhead, a straw hat wreathed with morning-glories in her lap, a knot of the same flowers in her hair, one brown lock escaping upon her shoulder, and a little *accroche-cœur* upon her brow, her pretty pensive face set on a swanlike throat. Thus she has received the homage of generations of pilgrims both before and since her removal from Westover to Brandon, whither all the family portraits went on the marriage of their owner. With the exception of one adventure,—that of being hurried with grandfathers and grandaunts, statesmen and warriors, into a farm wagon and jolted miles away into a remote country where the chance of war might not invade their solitude, — Evelyn has hung on the wainscoting at Brandon since before the century came in. When, on her return from this enforced journey, her mild gaze again rested on her accustomed haunts, it was to find a house with roof and walls indeed, but without windows; the floors knee-deep in drifted leaves; birds, squirrels, and foxes its tenants; a house wantonly made desolate by useless gunshots from gunboats in the James, and by vagabond marauders. And now that Evelyn once more beholds the outward semblance of a happy home restored, of that which is irrevocably gone her sad eyes seem to say, "What matters it to one who has seen almost two centuries of sorrow, one to whom a war or a heartbreak more or less means nothing?"

Let us glance in passing at the conditions of English society under which this fair scion of Westover grew up to womanhood, and, at sixteen, made her courtesy to the king. Of the toilet worn upon the great occasion of Miss Byrd's presentation at court there remains, in possession of Miss Harrison of Brandon, a tiny carved fan of Chinese ivory carried in the maiden's hour of triumph. To handle it is to be transported to the time of England's history when the Jacobite cause had just received its death-blow in the banishment of Bishop Atterbury, who had dared tell Bolingbroke that he stood ready to put on his lawn sleeves and proclaim James Stuart king at Charing Cross so soon as the breath should leave the body of Queen Anne. Lord Orrery, Colonel Byrd's nearest friend, was, according to Mahon, one of the junta of five peers suspected of conspiring with the Pretender; and certain we may be that Evelyn,—a daughter of cavaliers and like other women,—carried the white rose of the Stuarts in her heart if not upon her breast. At this period the world of London was recuperating from the collapse of so many hopes and fortunes with the South Sea Company. Sir Robert Walpole, another good friend of Colonel Byrd's, whose clever little boy Horace was then a puny weakling of five years of age, was

MISS EVELYN BYRD. (FROM THE PORTRAIT AT BRANDON.)

bending all his energies to the task of pacificating Europe. In the dawn of peace there was great hilarity, and at all the routs, drums, balls, plays where Mistress Evelyn appeared with her papa, she was fêted and followed to her heart's desire. She was toasted by the young bucks assembled in coffee-houses or strutting upon the Mall. But that the gentle Addison had recently passed into the shadows, he might have been impelled to put this trans-Atlantic blossom between the pages of a choice number of his incomparable "Spectator." But when it was reserved for the most famous gentleman in Europe — my Lord of Peterborough — to set the stamp of his approval on the new beauty, what could have mattered that of a mere literary man?

In addition to her personal charms, "Mrs." Evelyn had the reputation of great wealth; for the colonel, although vaunted on his tombstone an "œconomist," shed his guineas with pleasing prodigality. The "Belle Sauvage" the beaus may have called her, in memory of her predecessor, the other American princess,

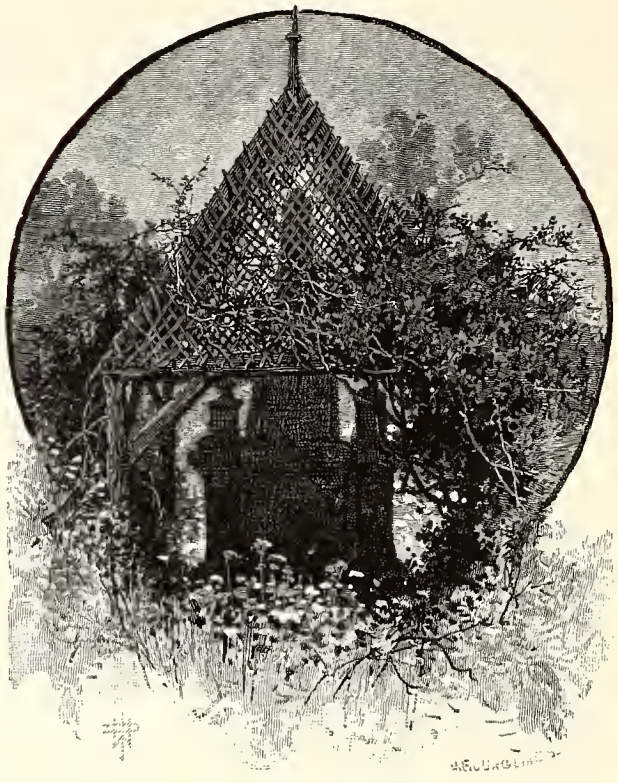
Pocahontas, so much glorified, and to this day so much more respected in England than in irreverent America.

What an atmosphere for the dewy innocence of the colonial girl was that court of George, the brutal husband of the imprisoned Countess of Ahlden! One can fancy the watchful father playing lion to his Una.

And now for the tradition connecting Evelyn Byrd's name with that of the Earl of Peterborough, to whom she is said to have been actually affianced, and for the love of whom, her father interfering, she preferred to die unmarried. It is a thankless task to stick pins into the bubbles of family tradition, but if Evelyn Byrd pined away for the sake of Charles Mordaunt, then verily the world was out of joint. The earl, born in 1658, was sixty-four years old when he is supposed to have been betrothed to the young Virginian of sixteen. Brilliant and renowned, having achieved undying glory as a leader of England's armies on sea and land, a companion of the brightest wits and literati of the day, he may have dazzled her young imagination into fancied love; but this is scarcely credible in view of the reverse of the medal. Peterborough was ever gallant to young women. His approval decided the claims of a fashionable débutante. It will be remembered that to Miss Beatrix Esmond he presented "a grinning negro boy with a bird of paradise in his turban and a collar with his mistress's name around his neck." Perhaps Evelyn took one of those tea-table Mercurys, to be seen in the prints of Hogarth, back with her to Westover. Thackeray tells how this unconquerable squire of dames, when full seventy years of age, fell to writing love-letters to Mrs. Henrietta Howard, afterward Countess of Suffolk, who "accepted the noble old earl's philandering; answered his queer letters with due acknowledgment; made a profound courtesy to Peterborough's profound bow, and got John Gay to help her in the composition of her letters in reply to her old knight." But Peterborough was also eccentric to absurdity, notoriously dissolute, even in that age, and threw his glove in so many different directions that it is unfair to think Evelyn would have stooped to pick it up.

It may be that the memoirs destroyed by his widow (the excellent Anastasia Robinson, the singer, whom he married in 1724 and acknowledged as his wife in 1735), and which are said to have contained his confession of three capital crimes committed before he was twenty-one years old, might have thrown light on the Byrd affair.

Peterborough's marriage with Mrs. Robinson had taken place two years before Colonel Byrd's family returned to live in the colony. He died, "laughing and mocking in the intervals of agonizing pain, and entertaining a company of ten at dinner immediately before the end," eleven years later, yet it is still asserted and accepted in Virginia that the persistent wooer followed Evelyn to her home and there renewed the suit upon which her father frowned. Evelyn never married, and two years after her reputed lover was laid to rest found a grave under the oaks at Westover. Upon her tomb is the following melancholy inscription, which yearly the moss and lichens do their best to hide from sight:



THE TOMB OF WILLIAM BYRD.

HERE IN THE SLEEP OF PEACE
REPOSES THE BODY
OF MRS. EVELYN BYRD,
DAUGHTER
OF THE HON^ble^ WILLIAM BYRD, ESQ.

The various and excellent endowments
of Nature, improved and perfected
By an accomplished education,
formed her
For the happiness of her friends,
For the ornament of her country.
Alas, reader!
We can detain nothing, however valued,
From unrelenting death —
beauty, fortune, or exalted honour.
See here a proof!
And be reminded by this awfull tomb
That every earthly comfort fleets away,
Excepting only what arises
from imitating the virtues of our friends
And the contemplation of their happyness,
To which
God was pleased to call this lady
On the 13th day of November, 1737,
In the 29th year of her age.

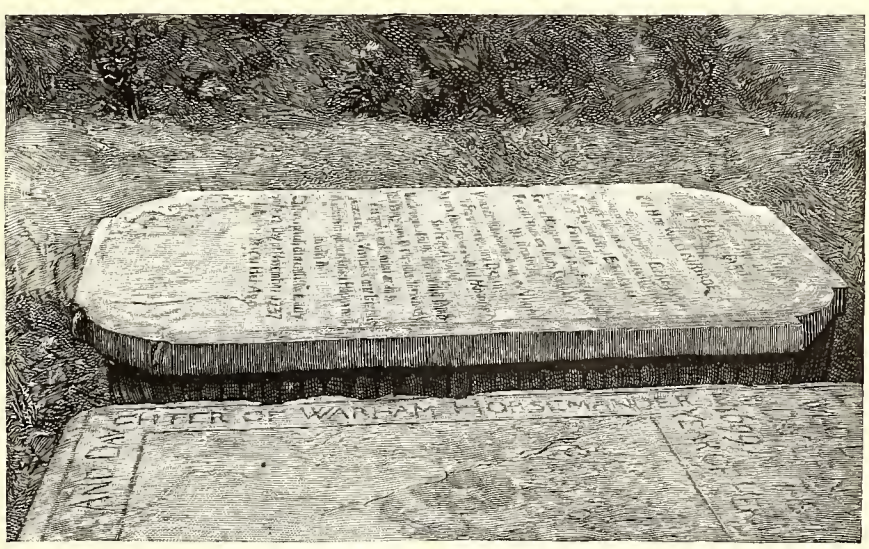
And, as no well-authenticated haunt of ancient aristocracy is to be found without its ghost, Westover traditions tell twilight listeners, or groups around the fire at Yule-tide, how the tap, tap of Evelyn's high-heeled slippers continues to be heard in the corridors or on the stairs of the home from which she faded broken-hearted to the grave.

All of this is delightfully consistent with the canons of romance. It has thrown an enduring halo around the memory of the fair one whose hand was kissed by my Lords Oxford and Chesterfield; of whom sneering Hervey deigned to approve; who supped with Pope at his Twickenham villa, while yet the town was ringing with the success of his Odyssey; who was noticed by Beau Nash, the autocrat of Bath; who saw Cibber and Mrs. Oldfield play; who read Gulliver's Travels as they were first presented to the public by his reverence the dean of St. Patrick's, then resident in Dublin; who from the presence-chamber of unroyal royalty, through a society reeking with wine and musk and snuff and scandal, passed back to her plantation home in the New World as unblemished as she came.

But a later-day skeptic must protest against allotting for the hero of bonny Evelyn's love-idyl one more grotesque than picturesque. "I should have liked to have seen that noble old madcap Peterborough, in his boots," says Thackeray, "(he actually had the audacity to walk about Bath in boots), with his blue ribbon and stars, and a cabbage under each arm, and a chicken in each hand which he had been cheapening for dinner." Hogarth caricatured him upon his knees before the singer Cuzzoni, who draws in his gold pieces with a rake. A spirited description is that of Horace Walpole. "Peterborough was one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace who scatter a thousand *bons mots* and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors stare to find themselves authors. Such was this lord, of an advantageous figure and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis, and as brave, but a little more expeditious in his journeys; for he is said to have seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe. . . . He was a man, as his friends said, who would neither live nor die like any other mortal." In one of the witty letters written by Peterborough to Pope occurs this example of his views of womankind: "You seem to think it vexatious that I should allow you but one woman at a time to praise or love. If I dispute with you upon this point I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favorite privilege of our church. . . . I find you don't mend upon correction; again I must tell you you must not think of women in a reasonable way. . . ."

That Miss Evelyn's papa was busy on his own account with secrets of the heart at this time is revealed by a bundle of letters, still extant, addressed in the autumn of 1722 by the colonel to a mysterious "Charmante," one of the Sacharissas of high fashion who had enslaved his fancy in London. The best comment upon them is to be read in his own indorsement on the packet.

"These passionate billets were sent to a lady who had more charms than honour, more wit than discretion. In the beginning she gave the writer of them the plainest marks of her favour. He did not hint his passion to her, but spoke it openly, and confirmed it with many a tender squeeze of the hand which she suffered with the patience of a martyr; nay, that she might have no doubt of his intentions, he put the question to her in the plainest terms, which she seemed to agree to by a modest silence, and by great encouragements for more than a month afterwards. She saw him every day, received his letters, and fed his flame by the gentlest behaviour in the world, till at last, of a sudden, without any provocation on his part, she grew resty, and, in a moment, turned all her smiles into frowns, and all his hopes into despair. Whether this sudden change was caused by private scandal she had received about him,



THE TOMB OF MISS EVELYN BYRD.

or from pure inconstancy of temper, he can't be sure. The first is not unlikely, because he had a rival that had no hopes of success openly, and therefore it might be necessary to work underground and blow him up by a mine. This suspicion is confirmed a little by the rival's marrying her afterwards, who then was so poor that 't is likely the good-natured woman might wed him out of charity; especially as at that time he was so unhealthy that he stood more in need of a nurse than a wife. She did not choose him for his beauty and length of chin, tho' possibly she might for those pure morals which recommended him to his Grace of W——r for a companion. But if, after all, she did not marry him for his virtue neither, then it must have been for that worst quality any husband can have — for his wit. That, I own he has his share of, yet so overcharged and encumbered with words that he does more violence to the ear than a ring of bells; for, if he had never so sharp a wit, a wife may be sure the edge of it will be turned against herself mostly. . . ."

The true name of Charmante and her successful suitor are not given. The colonel, however, lived to fight another day. In 1724 was celebrated his second marriage, with a charming and well-born young lady, Miss Maria Taylor of Kensington. In the reigns of Anne and George the suburbs of Kensington were still a lovely rural region, dedicated to "milkmaids and sportsmen," and carpeted with daisy-sprinkled turf. Here, it is evident, the colonel's wooing sped better than in the garish atmosphere around perfidious Charmante. The new bride, in person, fortune, and connections, was all that he could have asked.

No portrait now certainly known to be that of Maria Taylor remains to rejoice the eyes of her numerous descendants in America. Her letters and those of her husband concerning her give ample proof of her strength of character and unselfish tenderness.

Through this alliance Colonel Byrd became connected with a family handed down to literary history by the biographers of Alexander Pope. A near relative of the Taylors had married Teresa Blount, the elder of the two daughters of Lyster Blount of Mapledurham who were the charm and consolation of the poet's tortured life. An exquisite painting of "Miss Blount," brought to Virginia by Colonel Byrd, is now at Upper Brandon. This is a half-length portrait of a young woman in amber satin, sitting by a harpsichord, and holding a sheet of music in her hand. She is a brunette, with soft dark eyes, and chestnut hair, and a complexion radiant with the tints of the peach on its sun-kissed side. Gazing upon her mellow loveliness, one does not wonder that Pope chose Teresa first, Martha afterward. For although tradition has linked with this portrait the name of Martha Blount, we have Walpole's evidence that Patty was a blonde, with "blue eyes that survived her other beauties." Warton says, "Swinburne the traveler, who was Martha's relation, tells me she was a little, neat, fair, prim old woman, easy and gay — her eldest sister, Teresa, had uncommon wit and ability." Teresa, also described as "religious and jealous," was "in the full bloom of her beauty at the coronation in 1714, and it is most natural to suppose that Colonel Byrd would have selected for transportation to Virginia her portrait rather than that of Martha.

It was through the Blounts, no doubt, that Evelyn Byrd formed the acquaintance of Pope, and received the hospitality of his villa at Twickenham, since Pope declared to Gay that for fifteen years he had spent three or four hours of every day in Patty Blount's society.

A delightful, laughter-loving dame, whose name repeatedly appears in the letters of Colonel Byrd, is she who is called "my invaluable sister," and "Cousen Taylor," the wife of Mrs. Byrd's brother, and a member of the family of Lord Camden. As viewed in the line upon the Brandon walls she is tall, slight, long-waisted, dressed in red satin over a hooped white satin petticoat, with agraffes of pearl and gold fastening the bodice, and her dark hair secured with a pearl dart. One pink-tipped hand is extended, the other holds back her gown coquettishly. She is a fair illustration of her correspondence, merry, witty, and a creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food. She was, after his return to Virginia, the colonel's fountainhead of town talk, and her letters sparkle with gossip and philosophy — news about a new game called "whisk" (whist), the latest scandal in high life, and what is said in private circles about the affairs of the "Queen and Mistress Vane."

"Lord Orrery," says Walpole of him who was called Byrd's bosom friend, "was one of a family where genius had hitherto been a sort of heirloom, and he had not degenerated." But modern biography, which despoils us of ideals, gives another version of the character of this earl. "He was a dull member of a family eminent for its talents," writes Mr. Leslie Stephen. "His father had left his library to Christ Church, Oxford, ostensibly because his son was not capable of profiting by it. The son, eager to wipe off this imputation, sought the society of Swift, Pope, and other wits." A portrait of him is among those now at Brandon, as is also a rather saturnine-looking, life-size picture of Sir Robert Southwell, who

MISS BLOUNT. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY KNELLER AT UPPER BRANDON.)

died in 1702, and had been a second father to the young Virginian during the time of his tutelage in England. He was a barrister, statesman, and diplomatist of high rank, and was five times chosen president of the Royal Society.

Sir Charles Wager, whose fine monument may be seen in Westminster Abbey, and whose portrait is included in Colonel Byrd's gallery, was a sailor of the best old British stock, treasurer of the British Navy, first lord of the admiralty, and is said to have originated and matured the idea of Commodore Anson's voyage around the world. In private he was manly, simple, and beloved. Brave as a lion when in action, cheerfully submitting to be bled or hacked by the surgeon's knife, if needs must, he had a fierce antipathy to doctoring by medicine. "You may batter my hulk as long as you please, but don't attempt to board me," he would say to his surgeons, when they prescribed pills or potions.

To Sir Charles Wager some of Colonel

Byrd's most pleasant letters from Virginia are addressed. He was a believer in the colony, and interested in many schemes for its development.

Colonel Martin Bladen, the gallant soldier of Queen Anne's wars, and later one of the lords of trade and plantations, who was also a litterateur, finding time to edit Cæsar's Commentaries in the intervals of service to the State, was a close associate with Colonel Byrd in affairs of business and of pleasure.

There is a letter from Byrd to him, projecting a canal between the sister colonies of Virginia and North Carolina, "one moiety of the stock to be subscribed in England, one moiety here, that the project may have friends on both sides the water," and naming as additional members of the ring Sir Charles Wager, the Earl of Orkney, and Governor Gooch.

Another correspondent and ally was Peter Beckford, son of the governor and commander-in-chief of Jamaica, whose grandfather had been a tailor in Maidenhead, and whose descendant was to be the author of "Vathek" and the builder of Fonthill Abbey, that new wonder of the world. Mr. Beckford, indeed, had thought of settling in Virginia near the Byrds, but decided in favor of Jamaica. He was the father of the well-known Alderman Beckford, and grandfather of the owner of Fonthill.

Of William Anne Keppel, second earl of Albemarle, there is a finely executed portrait in miniature style. He wears a red coat covered with gold embroideries and looped with gold cords, and a resplendent periwig. This nobleman, who was a godson of Queen Anne, fought gallantly at Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden, and was commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland. He was well liked by George II., and was appointed colonial governor of Virginia in 1737.

The Duke of Argyll, who to readers of Sir Walter Scott will claim remembrance as the protector of Jeanie Deans, has a place among the portraits selected by Colonel Byrd. Near him hangs Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, a dilettante scholar, and collaborator of the poet Prior, with whom he composed the well-remembered parody of "The Town and Country Mouse." Byrd, with his own bias for elegant literature, would have been sure to affiliate with this polished amateur. The Earl of Egremont and Sir Robert Walpole complete the list of portraits of the nobility brought to Westover, but now at Brandon.

In this aristocratic circle a certain Master Waltho, clerk of the court at Williamsburg, offered Colonel Byrd a diamond ring for permission to hang his own picture, wearing his cocked hat. The merry colonel took Waltho at his word. Facing the stately line of English noblemen may be still seen the swarthy countenance of the grim little republican under a self-assertive hat, and his ring sparkles on the finger of the chatelaine of Brandon.

One of the most notable of Colonel Byrd's collection, however, and prized now for its intrinsic worth as a work of art, is a lovely half-length portrait, handed down as a Sir Peter Lely, and said to be Elizabeth Claypole, Cromwell's favorite daughter, whose death preceded her father's by a few weeks only. She is sitting with a book in her left hand, resting her cheek in the right hand, an exquisitely graceful figure, a beautiful face, with reddish brown hair escaping in a single errant lovelock, and with drapery of palest blue. Is not this Mrs. Byrd herself?[1]

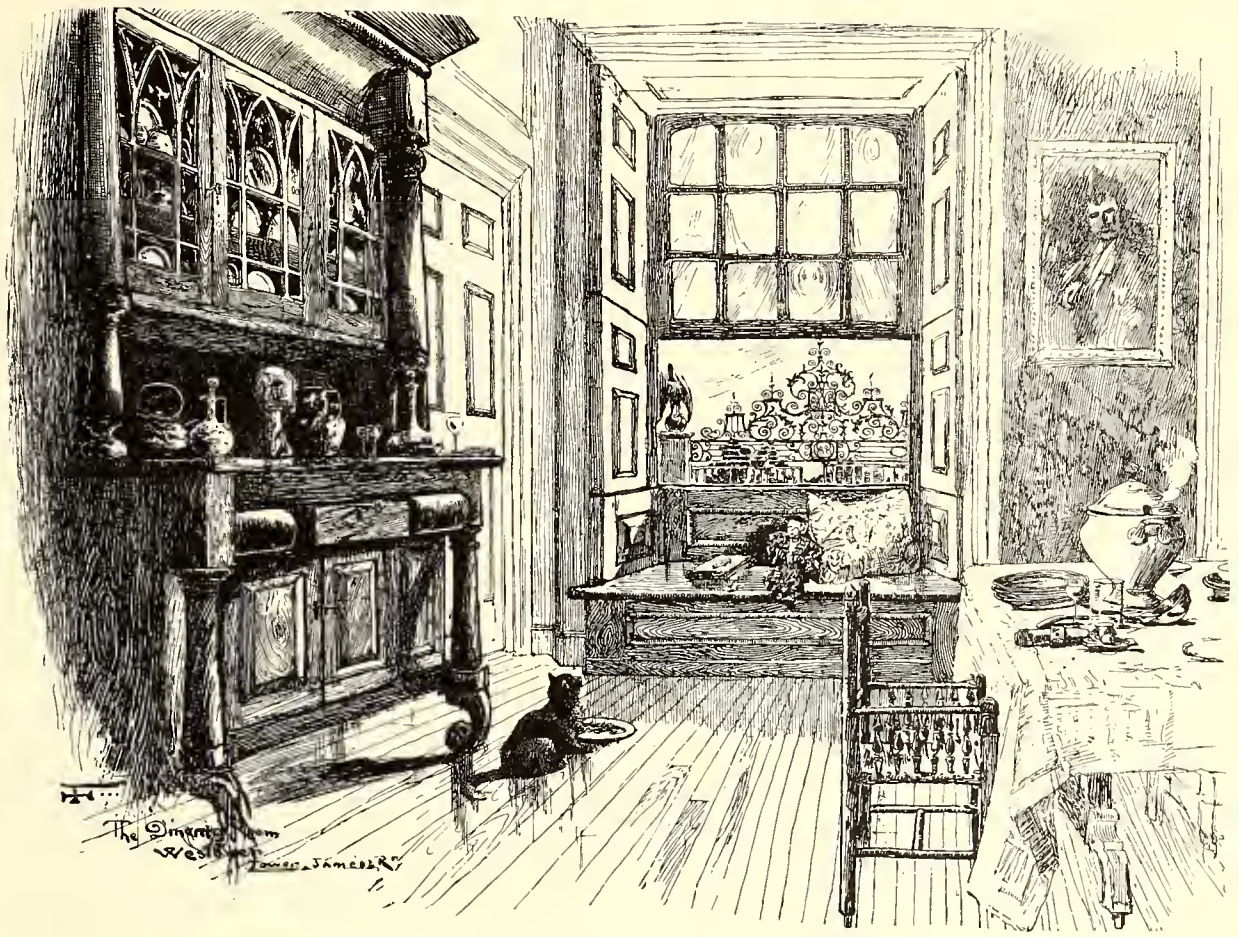
And now we have come to the time when, renouncing the congenial joys of London life, Colonel Byrd decided to return to Virginia and to take up his duties as a colonist. He not only covered the walls of Westover House with pictures but filled the stables with horses and stocked the cellars with fine wine. From far and near came his friends and kinspeople to taste his royal hospitality. The iron gates he put up were ever ready to fly open at a touch. In his library, the best in the province, the catalogues of which, in the Historical Society of Virginia, show the shelves to have been exceptionally furnished with well-chosen books, he sat penning numerous letters, verses, fables, full of quips and quirks of wit, and bristling with his favorite points at the expense of womankind. His visitors and cronies were Sir Alexander and Lady Spotswood; Sir John and Lady Randolph, and many Randolphs, all descended from his father's friend, "Will" Randolph, the squire of Turkey Island; the Reverend Peter Fountain, the rector of his parish; the Carters, Burwells, Harrisons, Bassetts, Pages, Amblers, Carys, Bollings, Digges, Nicholases, Beverleys, and other friends and neighbors, arriving in relays to wait upon the master of Westover, and to kiss the hands of his fair English lady, and of the celebrated Miss Evelyn, whose praises had long since come across the sea to gladden the ears of her compatriots.

Although we have no time to touch upon his connection with colonial affairs, the colonel was not one to rust in idleness. With pen, purse, and brain he was ever ready to serve

[1] Why should Colonel Byrd have included in a collection of family pictures and portraits of his friends a likeness of Cromwell's daughter? And how could he have failed to secure a portrait of his own beautiful wife? This canvas, in the dress and pose and in the arrangement of the hair, seems to be of the same date as the pictures of the other ladies I have mentioned; and it appears to be the work of the same school, if not of the same hand.

the king and the province. As a pleasant picture of a plantation of the day, we insert here a letter written to Mr. Beckford, which, with a few changes, might serve to describe the Virginia of immediately before our war.

I had the honour to pay you my respects in June last and to send you as perfect a description of my seat of Westover as truth would permit me. I represented it honestly as it is, and used not the French liberty of dressing it up as it ought to be. But since my last I have got a person to make a draught of it, which perhaps will appear a little rough; but if it should not be found according to art, it will make amends by being according to truth. I wish with all my heart it may tempt you at least to make us a visit in the spring. But if the torrid zone be still your choice, and you should resolve to lay your bones where you first drew your breath, be so good as to honour this country with one of your sons, of which I hear you are blessed with several. You may make a prince of him for less money here than you can make him a private gentleman in England. We live here in health, in plenty, in innocence and security, fearing no enemy from abroad, or robbers at home. Our Government, too, is so happily constituted that a governour must first outwit us before he can oppress us. And if ever he squeeze money out of us, he must first take care to deserve it. Our negroes are not so numerous or so enterprizing as to give us any apprehension or uneasiness, nor indeed is their labour any other than gardening, and less by far than what the poor people of other countrys undergo. Nor are any crueltys exercised upon them, unless by great accident they happen to fall into the hands of a brute, who always passes here for a monster. We all lye securely with our doors unbarred, and can travel the whole country over without arms or guard. And all this not for want of money or rogues, but because we have no great city to shelter the thief, or pawnbrokers to receive what he steals.[1] If these happy advantages can tempt either you or any of your friends or relatives hither, my plantation of Westover is at your service.



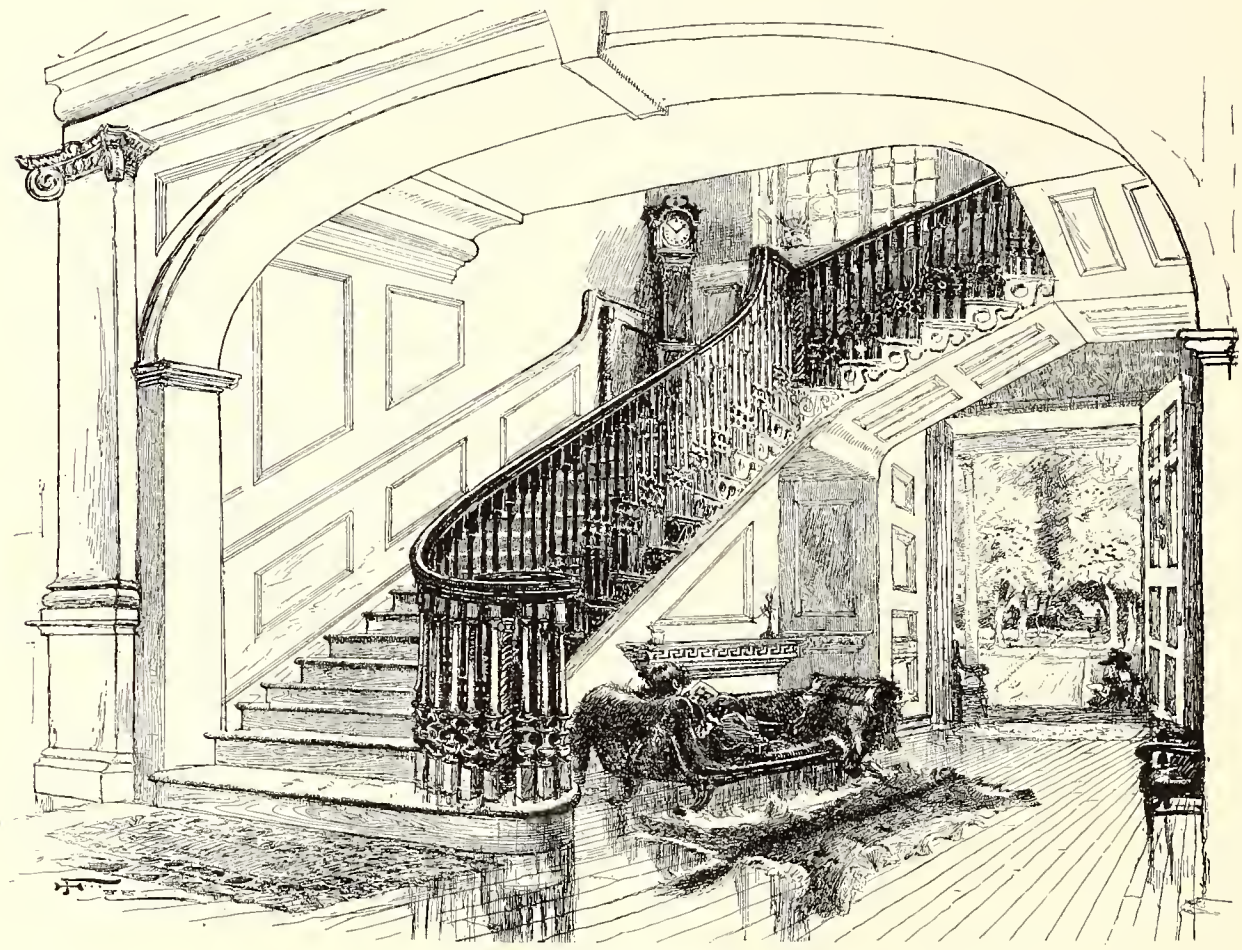
THE DINING-ROOM AT WESTOVER.

By the summer of 1728 we find the frequenter of courts and coffee-houses settled down to the life of a Virginia burgess, and father of an increasing family. To "Couzen Taylor" he writes: "Your great-niece Griz begins to prove her sex by the fluency of her tongue,

[1] The first provision to give shelter to such marauders was made by Colonel Byrd himself, in 1733, when he mapped out two towns, "one at Schoccoes, to be called Richmond, the other at the point of the Appomattox, to be called Petersburg, localities naturally intended for marts. Thus we build not castles but cities in the air," he wrote, commenting on his project.

and, like Mrs. P——, talks nonsense very prettily. She is a sound, sturdy little wench, never having had any disorder but from breeding teeth." He complains of having had no recent letters from England, and says he is reduced to read the former ones as often as he does the Psalms. He protests against being forgotten as if he were dead, but asserts "a substantial advantage over the harmless people of the other world. We can at least pelt you with plaintive epistles, which no dead person ever sent to the liveing in our days, but Tom Brown to the Bishop of Cambray." He assists in carrying out the "darling project" of Sir Jacob Acworth, of growing hemp in Virginia. He receives from Lord Islay and from Mr. Warner — "the owner of extensive gardens of curiositys in the North of England" — grafts of vines and fruit-trees, with which he is experimenting on the sun-warmed slopes of Westover. He frequents the polite society of Williamsburg during the sessions of the House of Burgesses, and entertains at Westover many coachloads of pleasure-seeking gentry. Above all, he dictates to his secretary — for whose legible chirography the student of colonial manuscripts must ever be grateful — page after page of letters to the originals of his gallery of portraits, jaunty disquisitions upon English politics, fears that "the ally of Hanover, and particularly Great Britain, hath shewed a very unusual patience in bearing with the peevish humour of the Spaniard," and hyperbolical satires after the manner of the day.

It was thanks to the piping times of peace enjoyed by Virginia during that second quarter of the eighteenth century that Colonel Byrd found such opportunity for literary dalliance. He has left behind, in addition to these numerous drafts of letters, a large manuscript volume bound in vellum, and beautifully transcribed, containing the three works known as "The Westover Manuscripts." A recent perusal of this ancient tome in its stronghold behind the ivied walls of Brandon, and under supervision of the smiling author in his frame, has revealed a fascinating glimpse into Virginia life during that period, of which the records are so scant.



THE HALL AT WESTOVER.

The most considerable of William Byrd's productions is the "History of the Dividing Line," a chronicle of his expedition, in 1728, as a commissioner from the crown to establish the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia. The "Journey to the Land of Eden" and "Progress to the Mines" are briefer but not less sprightly diaries of local travel.

In the autumn of 1728, after due waiting "for the snakes to retire into winter-quarters," the party, consisting of three commissioners and two surveyors from each State, reinforced by a famous guide named Epaminondas Bamton, and accompanied by Indians, negroes, pack-horses, and dogs, pushed their toilsome way on horseback from the lowlands near the Dismal Swamp to the Appalachian mountains, across three hundred miles of bog, brake, flood, and forest, returning as they went. An addition supplied by authority was the chaplain, good Mr. Peter Fountain, "sent along by Government for our edification and to christen the Gentiles on the frontier of Carolina"; and there were as many as one hundred baptisms, by gurgling wayside springs, in tents, and in cabins, wherever the family of a pioneer had pierced the fringe of the wilderness to live, for the changing of little backwoods heathen — called by the colonel "arrant pagans" — into legitimate appendages of Mother Church. The chief part of the way lay through virgin woodland. Daily they must force a trail through resisting undergrowth; burst from the embrace of strangling vines; fight intermittent fever with tea from the bark of dogwood; ford torrents; scale precipices; feed on their own bread and "rumm" and pork, supplemented by the meat of "buffalo, deer, bear, and turkeys,"— the last three killed every day,— and at night, listening to the bark of wolves, fall asleep upon oozy soil, till they "were more like otters than men." And always they were in continual fear of a surprise from Indians. Through these varied adventures the colonel's bright spirit seems never to have abandoned him. He "travels five miles on a Sunday, and pays for violating the Sabbath by losing a pair of gold buttons"; takes a hand at tooth-pulling; "knocks down" game; discovers ginseng, the "plant of life," by its scarlet blossom; picks chestnuts that his men, "too lazy to climb the trees, cut them down to secure"; runs upon an inscription carved on a tree by "traders who slept there in 1673"; and makes fun of all his comrades, especially "the small major, who has had a small fever, and bore it like a child." On a supposed alarm from hostile Indians "the little major, whose tongue had never lain still, was taken speechless for sixteen hours. . . . After we put ourselves in battle array we discovered the whistle to be nothing but the nocturnal note of a little harmless bird. We were glad to find our mistake, and, commending the centinel for his great vigilance, composed our noble spirits again to rest till morning. Some of the company dreamed of nothing but scalping all the rest of the night."

To obtain the full account of this successful expedition, we recommend a search for the now rare volumes of a small edition which was allowed by the owners of the Westover Manuscripts to be printed in 1866. Elsewhere the original documents tell of Byrd's visit in 1732 to Germanna, the settlement where Virginia's late governor, the martial Spotswood, had first established his palatines sent over by Queen Anne to assist in the manufacture of wine and iron in the colony. At the outset of his ride to the Rapidan Colonel Byrd, "for the pleasure of the good company of Mrs. Byrd and her little governor, my son," drives in his chariot from Westover about half-way to what is now Richmond. "There we halted not far from a purling stream, and, on the stump of a propagate oak, picked the bones of a piece of roast beef. By the spirit which it gave me I was the better able to part with the dear companion of my travels and to perform the rest of the journey on horseback by myself. I reached Schoccoes before two o'clock, and crossed the river to the mills. I had the grief to find them both stand as still for the want of water as a dead woman's tongue for want of breath. It had rained so little for many weeks above the falls that the naiads had hardly water enough left to wash their faces."

Stopping overnight at a friend's house, the colonel is caught in a flood of long delayed rain, and makes himself agreeable to the ladies by reading aloud the "Beggar's Opera," which had enjoyed a run of forty nights in London; then, getting sleepy, goes off to bed, leaving "Mr. Randolph and Mrs. Fleming to finish it, who read as well as most actors do at a rehearsal. Thus we killed time and triumphed over the bad weather."

. . . . . .

Beyond the deserted village of Germanna — for the palatines had by that time moved on across the river — Byrd espies the "enchanted castle" where Sir Alexander has enshrined his bride, Mistress Anne Butler Bryan of Westminster, goddaughter of the Duke of Ormond. The master of the house being from home, he is graciously made welcome by my Lady Spotswood in a saloon "elegantly set off with pier-glasses." While they are chatting a tame deer strays into the room, catches sight of his own reflection in one of the mirrors, makes quickly for his imaginary rival, crashes the glass with his antlers, and overturns a table laden with the china nothings dear to a lady's heart. Lady Spotswood, however, meets this trial with "moderation and good humor." The host returns; they talk of iron chiefly, Spotswood complaining of one Graeme's management, and says he "is rightly served for committing his affairs to the care of a mathematician whose thoughts are among the stars." They walk with my lady and her sister "Miss Theky"

through a shady lane, and drink "fine water from a marble fountain," thence to the banks of the Rappahannock, "fifty yards wide and so rapid that the ferryboat is drawn over by a chain, and is here therefore called the Rapidan." At night they sup, and tell "a legion of old stories"; "drink prosperity to all the Col.'s projects in a bowl of rack punch, and then retire to our devotions."

"Having employed about two hours in retirement," writes the traveler, "I sally'd out at the first summons to breakfast, where our conversation with the ladys, like whipt syllabub, was very pretty, but had nothing in it. This, it seems, was Miss Theky's birthday, upon which I made her my compliments, and wish't she might live twice as long a marry'd woman as she had lived a maid. Then the Colonel and I took another turn in the garden to discourse further on the subject of iron. He was very frank in communicating his dear-bought experience.

"We had a Michaelmas goose for dinner of Miss Theky's own raising, who was now good-natured enough to forget the jeopardy of her dog. [There had been a scene at breakfast between Sir Alexander and his sister-in-law over her offending lap-dog.] In the afternoon we walked in a meadow by the river, which winds in the form of a horseshoe about Germanna, making it a peninsula containing about four hundred acres.

"30th. The sun rose clear this morning, and so did I. It was then resolved to wait on the lady's on horseback, since the bright sun, the fine air, and the wholesome exercise, all invited us to it. We forded the river a little above the ferry, and rode six miles up the neck to a fine level piece of rich land where we found about twenty plants of ginseng with the scarlet berries growing on the top of the middle stalk. The root of this is of wonderful vertue, particularly to raise the spirits and promote perspiration. The Colonel complimented me with all we found in return for my telling him the vertues. We were all pleased to find so much of this king of plants so near the Colonel's habitation, and surprised to find it on level ground, instead of on the north side of a stony mountain. I carried home the treasure with as much joy as if every root had been a graft of the Tree of Life, and wash'd it and dry'd it carefully.[1]

"This airing made us as hungry as so many hawks, so that between appetite and a very good dinner 't was difficult to eat like a philosopher. In the afternoon the lady's walk't me about amongst all their little animals with which they amuse themselves and furnish the table. The worst of it is, they are so tender-hearted they shed a silent tear every time any of them are kil'd. At night the Col. and I quitted the threadbare subject of iron and changed the scene to politicks. [How the ministry had receded from its demand to raise a standing salary for all succeeding governors of Virginia, for fear "some curious members of the House of Commons should enquire how the money was disposed of that had been raised in the other American colonies for the support of their governors," etc.]

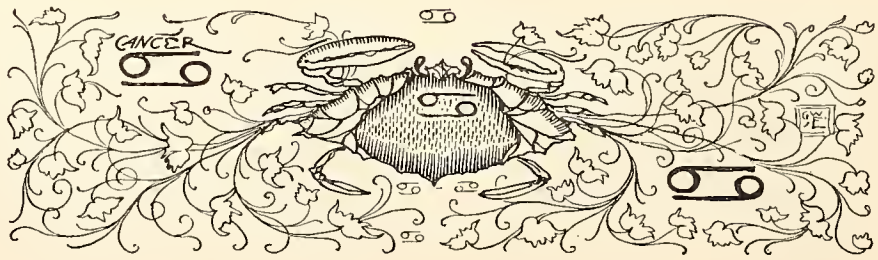
"Then the Colonel read me a lecture on tar, affirming that it can't be made in this warm clymate after the manner they make it in Sweden and Muscovy, etc.; and then we entered on the subject of hemp."

This is almost the only glimpse history affords us of the latter-day life, at home, of the famous leader of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, the Tubal Cain of Virginia, as he has been called for his ardor in founding the iron industry in America, the ex-soldier under Marlborough who carried about with him a wound in the breast received at Blenheim, the stern ruler of Virginia, who, as deputy of the absent Earl of Orkney, is among the few of the crown governors deserving to be held up for the praise of future generations. After it we must stop for want of space, leaving again to their mellow solitude the writings of "Will Byrd, gentleman," who, surnamed in Virginia the "Black Swan" or "*Rara Avis*" of his day, lived to the green old age of seventy, and sleeps at his own Westover in the sunshine of the garden near the river-bank.

By the passing traveler Westover, and Brandon too, may be descried under summer garniture of leaves as the boat plows down the James. But to absorb the full flavor of the legends of both homes one must know them from within.

Constance Cary Harrison.

[1] There is a letter to Sir Robert Walpole from Colonel Byrd recommending this plant for some malady, and forwarding a decoction of it made at Westover. Ginseng would seem to have been much discussed in England at the time, and is still in great demand among the Chinese.



PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE SOCIOLOGICAL GROUP.

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It is understood that each writer has had the benefit of suggestions from the Group, but is himself alone responsible for opinions expressed in a paper to which his name is subscribed.

PENSIONS AND SOCIALISM.

VARIOUS trains of argument have been used to justify the indiscriminate and lavish distribution of pensions in which the national government has lately been indulging. Every intelligent man who is not blinded by partisanship apprehends the true cause — a determination to be rid of the Treasury surplus in any way productive of political results, and therefore under the guise of patriotic gratitude to secure the vote of the soldiers in the late war with it. But so adroit is the reasoning of those who seek political benefit therefrom that they not only deceive others but even themselves by sophistries which cannot too often be exposed. The present, the immediate future, and the times of posterity may be influenced by them and a bias given to other matters with even more disastrous results.

We are told that the state owes a debt to those who have endangered their lives in its service, and that the payment of pensions is an obligation like that incurred by contract.[1] Every one admits the obligation, but the ground of it is a sense of gratitude which establishes no right for those who have served and suffered. Viewed from any standpoint there is no department of the public service more glorious than that of the coast guard or life-saving patrol. Every station along the shore bids defiance to the elements. Restless and treacherous ocean, stormy winds, and blackest night combine against the seafarer. But the surfboatmen sometimes baffle them all and bring safe to land tens upon tens and hundreds upon hundreds of human beings with precious lives. The personal risk of every member of every crew is extreme; exposure produces disease and brings on premature old age. The whole character of the work demands the utmost devotion, and not only subjects the men to intellectual and physical strain but jeopardizes their lives. And yet their pay is a pittance, the pay of the day laborer; neither individually nor corporately do they demand a money reward from the rescued and government grants only temporary pensions. He who saves lives has simply done his duty, and in private life would be regarded as a monster if he demanded all or any of the wealth of those whose lives had been spared through his agency.

On the other hand gratitude is expected from the rescued, and if he does not show it men mark him down as less than human. And gratitude is shown by some return, but not one commensurate with ability, for that would be compensation and destroy gratitude, which rests on a sense of obligation and honor. Hence even if the state were not the sovereign which it is, daily bestowing on the man benefits which he can only acknowledge but never requite, still the ground of its obligation to surviving soldiers and the families of those who died would be gratitude, and gratitude measured by the personal good will of its citizens.

And speaking of the sovereignty of the State we come to the legal aspect of this question of debt. The field is too large for extended discussion. It is believed that there is absolutely no precedent for the contention seriously made by so many advocates of the present pension system, that the claim of the soldier for support is a legal claim like any other presented for services rendered. The powers of the judiciary under which the individual seeks redress from the State are all granted by one of the parties concerned, to wit, the political

[1] For a veteran soldier's views on the subject of pensions, see a communication from George L. Kilmer in The Century for August, 1889.— Editor.

sovereign, and limited to such pleas as deal with unfulfilled obligations laid upon the political corporation by its members. Local governments are responsible for the condition of roads and the proper lighting of streets, for sanitary conditions in certain instances, and can be sued for failure to perform their duty, the damages to be commensurate with the loss. But such governments were created for that purpose and lay taxes expressly to fulfil it. Was it ever conceived, however, that a householder should have the right to demand damages for the silver stolen by a burglar, the theft being possible by reason of inefficient police supervision? Could his family, if he were murdered in defense of his property, demand a pension of the state for their support? And the theory becomes the more absurd when it is urged that the soldiers who were once in arms saved the Union, that in so doing they preserved for us all that we have and all that we enjoy, and that therefore we are niggards when we refuse to share and share alike on the ground of a technicality in the laws which justice demands should be remedied by statute. The truth is that man as a social and political being incapable of either physical or spiritual welfare without the state has therefore a double character. On one hand his personality, his manhood, his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness must be his first concern. On the other hand all these come to him only in organized society; and in the necessary sacrifices, even to the risk of life, which he has to make for it under the safeguards of constitutional government he is merely performing an act of enlightened selfishness. Whatever obligation is incurred is one with the conditions of his existence in the personality which is everything to himself, which is in fact himself. In this way he is the state in a truer sense than that in which Louis XIV used the phrase.

Many classes of men go to war; but for our purposes they may be separated into two categories — those who serve for gain whether as wages, booty, or political advancement, and those who serve for honor and patriotism. With the former we have nothing to do; they embark like every adventurer on an enterprise the success of which is all their own if it comes, and the risks of which they must therefore take. But the citizen-soldier who enlists from a sense of duty, jeopardizes his lawful calling, and with cheerful courage and self-denial ventures all for his country and his home — does not he also receive pay? There may be two opinions as to this question. If the comparatively small sum which is given to the soldier either in the ranks or as an officer is an adequate return for his services in a difficult and dangerous occupation then there is an end of it, and there is no obligation on the part of the employer lasting for the lifetime of the employee. But many things combine to discredit this view. In the first place if we compare two men of equal parts and equal social standing, one fighting in the field, the other pursuing his occupation at home, the pay, equipment, and rations of the former are far less than the earnings of the latter, about sixty per cent. being a fair estimate. The soldier can sustain life and spare something for the support of those who are dependent upon him. And that is all; there is no question of growing rich by honest means in the military profession. On the other hand he pays no tax on his income and is not subject to forced contributions except in the uncertainty of pay day. It looks as if the burden of war were thus divided between the fighting citizen in the ranks and the tax-paying citizen at home. But in the second place the salaries of professional soldiers in the regular army are certainly calculated with reference to the life-long pension paid on retirement or disability. This pension is as much a part of the remuneration as the full pay during service, the total being spread over a lifetime to guard against imprudence, thriftlessness, or misfortune on the part of the recipient. If then the volunteer soldier, as is normally the case, receives the same pay as the regular or less without promise of pension, it follows that the idea of compensation does not enter into the offer of either bounty or monthly payment made on enlistment. Taking therefore either horn of the dilemma, that the citizen soldier either does or does not receive hire, he is neither legally nor morally right in demanding a pension for disability, much less for service. The state in emergencies has the power and the right to the assistance in some form of all its citizens, and by the enforcement of war contributions upon the capital of all and upon the labor of the non-combatants equalizes in a measure their burden with the service of those who fight.

It appears then that the citizen soldier has neither a moral nor a legal right to a pension. But, if so, why have most civilized nations been in the habit of granting pensions to disabled soldiers? The answer is one creditable to human nature. Gratitude, wisdom, and a sense of merciful compassion prompt us to a liberal pension system on the ground of disability. At the close of the civil war we were told, and properly so, of the nation's widows and orphans, of the nation's dependents, and the nation's wards. To all who take great risks, whether of life, property, or credit in the public service, we owe an endless debt of gratitude. Such a debt cannot be paid, and so the world has de-

vised a system of military promotion or decoration, of societies and uniforms, which are a public proclamation of the nation's debt. Distinction and honor in some form are the rewards of merit, and human experience has stamped as both inexpedient and dangerous any attempt to transmute them into money.

> Giving to honor grace, to danger pride,
> Shine, martial Faith and courtesy's bright star
> Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of war!

But the general common-sense and right feeling of mankind realizes that for the disabled, for the widows and young children of the fallen, something more must be done. After the close of the war Americans showed themselves more grateful and lavish than any people had ever done. Every provision for the care and comfort of the sufferers was made in hospitals and soldiers' homes, and pension laws on a scale of liberality never before known were enacted. The sums granted were large and were steadily increased by successive acts; in one class of pensions from twenty-five to seventy-two dollars a month for the honorably discharged private. The restrictions as to those who were to receive the pension of the killed were so magnanimous as to give it to a widow, child, dependent mother or orphan sister, and three years after the war additions were made so as to increase the pension by a fixed sum ($2.00 monthly) for every child under sixteen. The whole system was right and most creditable to the nation. Under this plan the number of pensioners increased steadily as might have been expected for ten years after the war. There were 85,986 in 1865 and 238,411 in 1873. Under the same system the decrease in numbers as was natural then began, falling until the passage of the Arrears of Pensions Act in 1879, at the rate of about 2500 a year, the figures for 1878 being 223,998. Correspondingly the disbursements ran from $8,525,153 in 1865 up to $33,077,383 in 1871, decreasing to $26,844,415 in 1878. But since that date the number of pensioners has increased to 550,000 in 1890 and the appropriations for pensions to something over $100,000,000, without deficiencies.

This growth in pension expenditure has been brought about by several causes, some of which are in themselves not connected with wrong tendencies in the nation as a whole, but inhere in the insufficiency of all human devices. One of these is the practical impossibility of determining on legal evidence such as the Pension office demands the fact of disability — so that many worthy cases were without remedy under the old statutes. Another is the tendency of men under the prevailing evolutionary philosophy to trace the causes of disease to remote periods, and surviving soldiers who are now growing old and suffering from the ordinary physical ills which herald approaching incapacity for labor trace their origin with unerring certainty twenty-five years back to the hardships and exposure of camp and field. Still a third is a sentiment, one of the purest in the human mind and ordinarily very rare in American life — that of veneration. But uncommon as it is, and splendid as it is in the right place, the adversary is using it for bad ends.

Special cases call for special remedies, and in our earlier history the feeling had sometimes good, sometimes bad practical results. So arduous and meritorious were the services of the officers in the Revolution regarded, that the country bestowed upon them in 1785 a service pension. But many of them had no other return for private means expended in the public service, and the measure was not abused. In 1818, however, when, as Madison said, "Most of the survivors of the Revolutionary struggle had paid the debt of nature, but some still living and not provided for by existing laws were reduced to indigence and real distress," Congress passed a bill to pension every soldier who had served nine months or more, and "was in need of assistance from his country for support." The expectation of Mr. Bloomfield, the promoter of the bill, was that there would be something over 700 pensioners under it, and that the annual expenditure would be about $40,000. The fact was that public morality was so debauched by the prospect of getting something for nothing that the appropriation required in the first year was a little less than two and in the second nearly three millions. Congress was therefore driven to pass stringent measures in 1820 to diminish fraud and punish offenders; but in 1822 there remained 12,331 pensioners under that bill, and there are still a number on the rolls. In 1832 we granted service pensions to some of the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 and in 1871 to such as were sixty-two years of age. We have at present 9000 pensioners of that war on our rolls. In 1878 we followed the same policy with reference to the survivors of the Mexican and Indian wars. In all such cases we acted from a sense of veneration. We waited long, set a limit at the age beyond which men work with difficulty, and the total number under all such bills is about 117,000. Nevertheless the claim is made and reiterated, that the precedent for dependent and service pensions was set by the fathers, the wise men of old. If the pension office would relax its stringent rules as to evidence, and the cases of soldiers not disabled while in service, but afterward incapacitated by disease for labor, should be handed over to the local authorities, where they belong under

our federal system, the moral force of such arguments would be spent as far as the government at Washington is concerned. But there is no remedy for the folly which, dazzled by the logic of extremes, would apply the veneration argument for dependent and service pensions to the veterans of the civil war, except imminent national bankruptcy.

Even under the normal disability statutes many men of means draw substantial sums of money year by year. Every one of us has personal knowledge of individuals well-to-do in various walks of life, day-laborers, tradesmen, professional men, who think it not only no harm but thoroughly just to increase their income and their comfort by drawing from other taxpayers what they do not really need. The community at large sustains them in their course of conduct, which is either taking advantage of a technicality, their disability coming under the language of the statute not precluding self-support, or else accepting money as compensation for services rendered. It is to be hoped for the sake of American honesty that the latter is the conscience-salve applied by such persons. But a lofty principle of independence and patriotism should forbid it, and the State should refuse it to those who have not a nice sense of honor. If notions of that kind were to pervade a whole community it would be an end of strength in the government should other wars arise. No land dare deliberately enter upon the uncertainty of war knowing that the surviving soldiery would expect and demand so lavish a reward in the event of success and that public opinion would uphold their mercenary spirit. If the tender compassion shown by right feeling to the few is to degrade the many, destroying their self-respect and extinguishing the heroism of peace, then our nation is verging to its decline and American virtue is to go down before petty temptations.

But mischief of this kind produced by the selfishness, greed, or thoughtlessness of a comparatively small minority could be checked if the majority were sound in its views and scrupulous in its conduct. Since 1879, however, there have been many symptoms of tendencies in the national mind which indicate neither lethargy nor happy-go-lucky good-nature, but point to a thorough reversal of old and tried opinions as to the essentials of American life. Some facts which justify such a fear are clear. See how tolerant we have been of inequality in taxation and the creation of privileged classes. Many illustrations might be given, but we confine ourselves to pensions.

During the last war there were enlisted into the Union armies 2,778,304 men, of whom 2,418,082 survived. There were 489,000 on the pension rolls at the beginning of last year, and about 1,100,000 are still living. The inception of this process of inflation in expenditure dates back to 1879, fourteen years after the war, when under the operation of a reasonable but humane pension system a diminution in the number of pensioners and in the expenditure for benefactions to disabled soldiers and their families had been constant for six years. The theory up to 1868 had been that five years of pension arrears was more than enough, in other words that within that period any disability contracted in service would show itself. But in 1879 all such limitations were discarded and Congress passed a bill, the notorious Arrears act, which became a law, granting to every successful claimant of the nation's bounty the amount of his monthly dole dating from his discharge from the service. This statute withdrew no less than $500,000,000 from the national treasury. The deed was the more flagrant because previous bills of the same nature had failed under the scathing denunciations of the great leaders in the war, and one of them had actually been vetoed by President Grant. He declared it to be "needlessly extravagant, uncalled for as offering the most dangerous inducements to fraud, as not demanded by the soldiers themselves, and as likely to benefit them less than the pension and claim agents who were the real authors of the measure." The act of 1879 was a victory not for the honest pension agent, but for the "pension shark."

Since that date there has been a steady succession of similar measures varying from the stealthy private bill to the most monstrous proposals for service pensions on a scale of extravagance hitherto unheard of. President Cleveland said in one of his vetoes: "Every relaxation of principle in the granting of pensions invites applications without merit and encourages those who for gain urge honest men to become dishonest." If to those weighty words he had added by saying: those who for gain *or for partisan purposes* urge honest men to become dishonest—he would have exactly portrayed the next stage of development in the disastrous agitation. The great accumulations in the national treasury were a standing menace to honest government and a clear indication of a dangerous and unscientific system of taxation. They furnished therefore an irresistible argument against the conditions under which we were living. Hence some means must be contrived to distribute the surplus and empty the treasury. Adroit and unscrupulous managers were quick to take advantage of the fealty of one great party to the economic system now in vogue, and enlist its representatives in the plan of indiscriminate

pensioning. They speciously represented that it was either that or the over-throw of protection. Other attacks on the surplus had been made and had failed. This was the last resort and it succeeded. Public opinion was swept from its old moorings and the second stage to the end was passed. We now have a law granting a pension to every man who served for ninety days, and was honorably discharged; if he suffer under a permanent disability not caused by his own vicious habits "which incapacitates him from the performance of manual labor in such a degree as to render him unable to earn a support." The nation maintains every soldier who cannot maintain himself, without regard to his services, to his sufferings for his country, or the reason of his disability. The hero covered with honorable wounds, the faithful and courageous soldier who served long and bore the brunt of battle, is now no better than the deserter, the straggler, the bounty-jumper, and the coward. Could the true military spirit of any people bear up and survive such a blow? Already within the year[1] more than 600,000 applications have been made under the measure; $30,000,000 have been added to the pension appropriation; if the demands are favorably considered next year $80,000,000 will be needed, and the grand total expenditure will be something like $200,000,000.

The next step, that to a *service* pension law, is easy. If more than two-fifths of the total cost of national administration is to be taken from the earnings of one set of men for the support of another, why not say three-fifths or even four, and swell the annual outlay of the Federal government to seven or eight hundred millions? Words like these have actually been used in the Senate of the United States. It is as easy to say one sum as another. They tell us this is not a cheap nation; and advise us "to be noble"! Yet we must face the facts and the direction in which they point. A most striking historical parallel could be drawn. Rome won her great and early wars, in contrast with Carthage and other nations, by the valor of her own citizens. But no reward was too great for the generosity of the nation to bestow on her victorious legions. Expectation and performance finally laid such a burden on her that mercenaries had to be employed for economy's sake, until at last the professional soldier realized his power and became the arbiter of her sinking destinies. Since then the tale has been more than twice told. Can we too, like the great and unsuccessful Austrian premier Prince Schwarzenberg, learn nothing from history? If we were really paying pensions instead of indulging in the dangerous trifling with the eighth commandment which is called in these days by various euphemisms we would abide in practice by the standard meaning of that word. Prussia under Frederick the Great distributed annually to disabled veterans less than one week's expenditure in the United States at present, and the total German pension appropriation to-day after three great wars fought within thirty years is about nine millions of our money. France gives somewhat more. Grant thought that $27,000,000 annually was not only an ample but a lavish provision for those who had suffered in the last war, barring all schemes of back-pay, service and dependent pensions which he denounced as highway robbery. Garfield in 1872 said that nothing but unwarrantable extravagance would increase the pension list above $29,000,000 a year. But we have changed all that, and the great surplus being annihilated at one stroke, by the next the utmost resources of this rich land will be taxed beyond endurance, unless we come to our senses and retrace our steps.[2]

There are extant a few copies of the first volume of a work by Freeman entitled: The History of Federal Government from the beginning of the Achaian League to the disruption of the United States of America in 1861. Mention of the title brings a smile to the faces of most of us, possibly a blush to that of the author; and yet if the date had been advanced

[1] 1890. The figures for 1891 are of course not available.

[2] See the "Weekly Tribune," for July 9, 1890, editorial "Time to Halt," which shows that about half the entire revenue of the Federal government is paid to an eightieth of the population at the per capita rate of $224 a year. The exact amount of the pension appropriation including deficiencies for last year was $167,824,733.33.

On July 30, 1890, the editor explained officially the attitude of the paper to pensions. The Tribune "*has stoutly maintained that the soldiers of the Union armies are entitled to a Service Pension*"; "that the ability of the government to grant a Service Pension would necessarily depend on what other legislation was enacted," and as a canvass showed *that seventy-five per cent. of the veterans preferred the Service Pension Bill first*, but the G. A. R. committee on pensions favored the Disability Bill which is now a law, and as that bill makes greater demands than the treasury can meet, the veterans, "poorer as a class than they would have been had they not served . . . will cheerfully stand aside until after the really dependent and helpless have been cared for and *until the proper time comes for renewing their own appeal before Congress.*" The italics are mine.

On February 9, 1891, was published a strong and sensible editorial calling attention to the change in public opinion due to excessive appropriations and the disclosure of abuses in the pension department. It gives warning that if it appears that "the system is an instrument of plunder rather than of national gratitude" the payment of pensions to the deserving may cease. It calls for a revision of pension rolls and the reform of abuses, but there is not a word withdrawing the claim that a Service Pension would be righteous if only there were money in the treasury.

about thirty years and for disruption had been substituted centralization — the title would not have been so misleading after all. Philosophers tell us that the whole man is, in the phenomena of which he is the theater, the cause and the spectator. In this fact lies the difficulty of founding a scientific personal psychology. Much the same thing is true of national psychology, but while all analysis is distinction all distinction is not separation. If, therefore, we discover in ourselves many actions which point in one direction unmistakably, it will not do to reply that we mistake what is accidental for that which is essential. The almost unrebuked and unbroken trend of our legislation is towards centralization and state socialism.

We are no longer on the verge of socialism, we are in it, far advanced in both the principle and practice of what was but a very few years ago an abhorrent doctrine to all Americans. Nothing can explain our tolerance of the present and prospective pension expenditure but socialism of an extreme and dangerous type. It is not formulated as such a movement in the national mind, perhaps not even in the minds of most men who favor it. But no other explanation can be found for our legislative career than the insidious increase of state socialism as a force in the land. Protection, admirable within limits as a means of national growth and the conservation of balance between classes, has gone to lengths which were never contemplated by its early and philosophical advocates. What masquerades to-day under that name is simply the distribution to one class in the community of what belongs to another. The legitimate demands of a well-planned system of internal improvements have been exaggerated into River and Harbor Bills which grow as does nothing else but evil report. The practical politician, as he calls himself, knows that in their current shape they are merely the means of distributing a percentage of the national revenues among henchmen who do not necessarily waste the money, but do use the employment of laborers to influence votes. Nearly successful were the attempts made to parcel out what is the property of the whole country among the people of one section under the name of educational grants. But the climax is reached under a system approaching, not socialism but communism in the pension measures already operative and those which are seriously proposed as possible. Bishop Berkeley's panacea for Ireland was: "Let them be good." Any political system, however vicious, will work, in a way, where citizens have lofty principles and exercise self-restraint. But where thousands and millions of people with neither principle nor self-control are brought under a polity the corner-stone of which is manhood suffrage, the danger is clear. Demagogues struggle to buy votes at any price, trusting in their star, or Jesuitically justifying the means by the end; and more insidious still is the gradual dissemination of the feeling that where civil and political equality are universal, economic and social equality must follow as a corollary.

Some curious psychological phenomena are revealed to the close observer of American life. One of these is the substitution of legality for morality in the minds of vast numbers who lie outside the immediate limits of that educated and polite society within which we are sadly familiar with the idea, "Get wealth, my son, honestly if thou canst, but get wealth." But even the children of honest God-fearing immigrants hold the same view. They are educated in the common schools too often just far enough to have the pride of opinion and fear of the masses without the check-wheel of moral training. Soon comes the discovery that any religion which demands of its adherents a rigid outward observance of ritual is an object of ridicule among their schoolmates, and false pride destroys the hold of ancestral belief. Growing to manhood they lose along with their religious profession the morality which had its sanction in faith. So unconsciously they change the religious sanction for a legal one and pass into the unfortunate mental attitude of the servant who declared to a possible employer that she was neither a Roman Catholic nor a Protestant — she was an American. Among large numbers of a higher social rank there is the same confusion, but in their case it is largely due to easy good-nature. Holland, the greatest of the late English writers on jurisprudence of a certain school, defines a legal right as that which a man can get without the use of force, *i. e.*, by means of organized public opinion. The natural conclusion then is that whatever desirable thing can be had from whatever source is to be taken if only public opinion does not condemn. It is awkward if the taker land in jail, and in that case of course the means by which he laid hands on others' property are highly reprehensible. But if he escape the condemnation of the courts a large section of society, high or low, receives and secretly admires him. And if legislation, the law of the land, invites thousands to dishonesty why shall not the leaven of legality permeate the whole lump?

In reality it was by an appeal to such undeclared but powerful sentiments that our present socialistic condition was reached. Loud and noisy outcries were made to a forced, exaggerated, and unreal sentiment of gratitude in the case of pensions. National self-preservation was the plea in the matter of educational

grants. The amelioration of the condition of the poor and general blessedness, without any experiences of suffering, are the professed ends of the Nationalists; and the single tax will not merely aid the poor, it will abolish poverty. All such arguments are made by men of the highest probity, but they are also the fleece in which the wolf disguises himself. So with the various responses to them. There are many ill-balanced enthusiasts who forget that if the ten commandments had never been promulgated amid the thunders of Sinai, both tables would still be valid to-day as the crystallization of human experience in society. But far more numerous are the thoughtless, would-be honest people who find human law a tangible standard and fail entirely to grasp either the nature or validity of ethical principles. An English chartist was told that if the wealth of all the Rothschilds were equally divided among all the men in England his share would be about seven shillings. "I ha' naught to do with it," said he, "I ha' six pun' in the bank myself."

Militant socialism finds unblushing and public support in two classes of organizations of differing degrees of respectability. One class acts under the mask of ostensible ends; the other manfully avows its purpose. The right of association is one of the most important in the history of free government, but there are so-called political societies which have neither political nor moral aims. They exist solely for the creation and distribution of spoils, that is, of taking by the machinery of the state large sums of money from the pockets of individuals which are not needed for good government and putting those sums into their own pockets. An even more scandalous procedure is perhaps the more common, that of taking for personal and private ends the money raised and needed for good government and leaving the duties of office unperformed. Scarcely a great city in America is without some such hall, ring, or machine, as it is variously called. Such socialism does not of course deserve so comparatively decent a name. It is adroit rascality taking advantage of the insufficiency of all human devices. Sometimes associations of the purest aims sink temporarily or permanently into similar practices.

When our armies were disbanded in 1865 the whole world looked on in delighted wonder as the men and officers returned to the duties of private life with the same ease and readiness with which they had taken up arms. There was no blustering, no lawlessness, no discontent. They were even better men in every walk in life than they had been before by reason of the severe discipline they had undergone. Gradually, however, as they watched with discontent the process of reconstruction, and misapprehended in some measure the temper of their gallant but defeated foes, their association became closer and their meetings more frequent. At last the Grand Army, theoretically organized for laudable purposes of sociability and the perpetuation of the most ennobling memories and sentiments, became more or less a political organization. It took new strength as a body with political aims, and for a time stood blameless even in the eyes of unsympathetic opponents. But in so doing it lost its moral force and hold on the nation as a disinterested band of war-worn veterans who had deserved well of their country. In its latest stage the question is asked whether it be even a legitimate political association. Its foes within its own household try to make it a machine with all the ear-marks of "bosses," "demands," and "workers." It has many honorable members who do not sympathize with its course, men who abhor dependent and service pensions as the devil's device to degrade the military profession into a huckstering trade. But so far the country has vainly waited for them to organize for the reform of their society from within or for a rupture and protest from without. The one great object of the war had been Union, to prevent present and future disintegration and avoid the disastrous example of Europe in the contiguity of States with discordant interests and therefore perpetual wars and enormous armaments, taxing every man, woman, and child for their unproductive support. But the brave defenders of this sound principle have helped in peace to bring about exactly what they fought to prevent by war, *viz.* unjust and unnecessary taxation. We spent for the war on the northern side thirty-five hundred millions between 1861–65, excluding the expenses of states, cities, and towns and the values destroyed by Confederate privateers. What the war cost the South can never be known. But since 1865 we have already disbursed in pensions one-third of the total expense of the national government for the war, and will probably on the present system spend as much more. If service pensions become the rule our outlay will far exceed the cost of our own war in its entirety, saddling us with a permanent annual expenditure sufficient to support the enormous armaments of France and Germany combined. At this moment the 62,000,000 people in the United States are annually paying $44,000,000 for a military establishment, $22,000,000 for a navy, and $160,000,000 for pensions including deficiencies — a total of $226,000,000, which is 80 per cent. of what the combined 86,000,000 people of France and Germany together pay for their armaments. We bemoan their sad fate and the

oppressive burdens under which the men, women and children of old Europe groan. But this is the pass to which we have come: 86,000,000 of French and Germans pay $265,000,000 for armaments and pensions—63,000,000 of Americans already pay $226,000,000. A simple sum in ratio. At our rate they would disburse $308,000,000, about $40,000,000 more than they actually do. And yet the appetite of some posts in the Grand Army whetted by the Disability Pension Bill is clamorous for more! This democratic land, neutral, industrial, and devoted to the arts of peace, is to be taxed for war reasons far beyond the dreams of the most ardent war-lord of Europe. Not long since you could scarcely open a newspaper without reading of the "demand" made by some post for a service pension.

It seems almost a waste of time and energy to say anything about avowed theoretical socialism in the face of such unavowed practical communism. But I have tried to find the most dispassionate and yet the frankest statement of its aims and the argument by which it tries to support them. It seems most tersely and candidly put by Bax in an essay first published in one of the leading English reviews and now reprinted in a volume to which it gives its title, "The Ethics of Socialism." The author claims, and he is in substantial harmony with the latest exponents of socialism, that according to its ethic every man should identify himself with humanity not in the way of self-sacrifice to other individuals as such but by the identification of the material conditions of individual well-being with those of social well-being. This being an economic age these conditions are economic. We ask ourselves in passing whether this is not on the whole a truthful generalization of the drift of the popular mind and the tendency of legislation. But hear the writer in his own words: "In what I may term a concrete ethic self-sacrifice can never be more than an accident. The substance of such ethic consists not in the humiliation of self before God but in the identification of self with humanity. By this we should observe is not especially to be understood the 'living for others' of the current Christian ethics which at best means sacrificing oneself for other individuals as individuals. What we here mean is . . . . that affirmation of self with or identification of self in society which in the first instance can only be brought about by the identification of the material conditions of individual well-being with those of social well-being." Put in less philosophical terms this seems to mean that we are not, as the Christian ethic claims, to live for others but on others. Legal right, not duty, is the rule of conduct. The obligations of the moral law and the golden rule must yield to changed standards just as far and as fast as public opinion can be brought to tolerate them. The organization of the socialists is on the whole more dignified than that of the advocates of indiscriminate pensions because it is open and avowed, but as far as the latter have gone it looks as if their aims were identical. Even the German socialists, fiercest of their kind, now propose to abandon strikes and boycotts except in emergencies of the most extreme sort. They too propose to appeal to the majority. This is not caution or gentleness born of recent emancipation, as has been suggested, but shrewdness. They believe, wrongly we hope, that they no longer need force for their schemes, but that what is done every day under specious pretexts by others may be done through peaceable agitation and openly by themselves.

There is one aspect of the whole matter to which allusion has incidentally been made which deserves somewhat further emphasis. The giving and taking of money where service has been rendered are honorable acts. They are honorable in a still higher degree where necessity is relieved by an able and generous patron; as when the feeble, aged, or incapable are cared for by the state. But they are dangerous in every respect to both parties where neither service is rendered nor real want exists. The legitimately pensioned soldier is a man worthy of all respect; but the individual who masquerades as a disabled soldier where military service had nothing to do with his weakness is an impostor or self-deceived. When a great class of such men are offered and accept grants from the treasury (that is from the pockets of their fellow-citizens) not only is their own manhood destroyed, which might be endured, but there rises at once a far more serious menace to the public welfare in that their example becomes contagious. There was an old debate among the encyclopædists as to whether strong individuality be the representation of class or differentiation from class. The man who widely differs from all of his kind is eccentric; class type makes the strong personality. If this be true the pauperization of any class will produce representative paupers whose effrontery rests on the support of numbers. This is already happening, and the men with glib tongues and spurious arguments who support measures such as we are discussing grow more numerous and influential every day. We are threatened with the pauperization not of a few of the million unpensioned survivors of the late war but with the degradation of a body of citizens once the most heroic in the land. The old soldier, independent, self-respecting, and ubiquitous, should be a strong moral force in the community, an example and

inspiration to us, to our children, and perhaps to our children's children. But, alas! the prospect is otherwise. Already the decline of his influence has begun. Veterans of the army wonder why they often fail to arouse enthusiasm where once they were received with rapture. In the ordinary community, city or country, their power, which should be enormous, is nothing at all, for they are too often immovable partisans and drones without energy. The reason is surely not because the flight of time has dulled our true gratitude or diminished the luster of glorious service. As yet there is not a respectable community where a man putting forth a fraudulent claim against his fellow-man, and supporting it by false evidence, could hold up his head. This is done, however, every day in the matter of pensions. Prosecutions have been tried, but, as a rule, they fail because the jury will not convict. Now juries are in an important sense the barometer of public morality, and we are forced to confess that the country as a whole tolerates the recipients of fraudulent pensions. The reason is in part cowardice born of political affiliations, in part a general feeling that any one who can get something from the government is a clever fellow and ought to enjoy it. But the general moral sense, though degraded, revenges itself in a diminished respect for the sharpers, and secondarily on the military survivors as a class.

There are crises when the truth must be told. This is one of them. Never was there more elusive duplicity in any movement than in the whole pension agitation since 1879. It is a time which calls for men fixed in principle and conduct, fearless to proclaim the truth when branded as pessimistic and un-American, words which are nearly worn out in the service of wire-pullers and job-masters. As Burke said of the repeal of the stamp act — done "in the teeth of all the old mercenary Swiss of state, in despite of all the speculators and augurs of political events, in defiance of the whole embattled legion of veteran pensioners and practiced instruments of the court, we have powerful enemies but we have faithful and determined friends and a glorious cause. We have a great battle to fight, but we have the means of fighting."

What are these means? Above all, the great Irish leader said: "Agitate, agitate, agitate." The country is not rotten: "tidal" waves or, as the phrase now is, "land-slides," of sterling honesty and sound sense still occur at regular intervals on the sluggish surface of politics. And the first one to be set in motion must be that of economy. Let us be mean, stingy, if need be, in our federal taxation. After all, the chief functions of government throughout this Union are entrusted to the State members of it. In them taxation is direct and, being so, is promptly felt and carefully regulated. Last year the total of taxes levied by the States was about $70,000,000, a very reasonable sum for 62,000,000 people. Of course we may not hope under our system for direct federal taxes in the immediate future, but we may so far rouse ourselves as to demand that the sums raised indirectly shall but suffice, and barely suffice, for the expense of government. This is no place to unfold a plan, but there are able men who can and do explain feasible methods, and the necessity cannot be too strongly urged.

But agitation is not sufficient without organization. We want no new parties; constitutional government is not only hampered, it is endangered by the existence of minor political groups. But a well considered and easily understood appeal for a tax-payers' league to watch and expose the conduct of members of Congress who bind burdens of extravagance and folly on the public ought to be tried. There never was a time when free government owed more to a free press in the exposure of shams than now. Let everything be done to uphold the hands of journalists by displaying the public appreciation of fearlessness whenever shown. A group of right-minded men in every city, willing to unite and pay for the services of an active secretary to collect and disseminate abundant, ungarbled, and trustworthy evidence concerning the disability or service pension sham, would very soon correct the socialistic tendencies of pension expenditure, and shatter the false pretence of veneration which masks it. If to that were added the courage of conviction in the action of the same and similar men inside of party and out, our present well-grounded fears would shortly vanish.

And then it seems as if we must make a passionate appeal to the hitherto unheard sane majority in the Grand Army to save their comrades from themselves. So far there have been a few influential and manly protests,[1] but they have been inoperative. We can easily understand that those who make them shrink from

[1] The letter of General Francis C. Barlow printed in the "Evening Post" of August 9, 1890, was seasonable and vigorous. To it and similar articles by soldiers and clergymen which appeared in many journals, I am indebted for important suggestions. "Other things being equal," says General Barlow, "the soldier of our great army will stand higher in public estimation than his neighbors who did not share in the dangers and toils of the war, and in most States he is preferred to others by the civil service statutes in public employments. This and his own approving conscience is the soldier's surplus reward over and above what the government agreed to pay him. This can be taken from him only by his own act in seeking to barter it for money. This indiscriminate pensioning in my judgment is not only a great wrong to the tax-payers of this country but is fatal to its military spirit and to the manhood of the soldier."

unpopularity with comrades whose virtues all men admire. But blindness to fault and feebleness in action sometimes become criminal. Let us have, if necessary, reform from without. I can conceive of no more helpful institution to the country than a compact association of the soldiers who are self-respecting, modest, God-fearing citizens — and there are tens of thousands of them — pledged to redeem the good fame of our military service by opposition to both disability and service pensions, by demanding that the case of any deserving applicant shall be adjudicated by local officials, judges, or State officers, without regard to technicalities of evidence, and by securing, where disability not caused by service must be relieved, the necessary legislation in State legislatures to establish proper homes or retreats for the very exceptional cases of those soldiers who, through no vicious habits, but by misfortune or sickness have become unable to earn a living.

And yet we ought solemnly to consider that no public movement is possible, based on a principle of ethics either much higher or far lower than the average moral standard of the citizen. Such is the intricacy of society that not only is it difficult to trace chains of cause and effect, but even the single link is often inscrutable. The lack of high principle in individuals undoubtedly lies at the foundation of immoral public action, but on the other hand popular movements powerfully influence private judgment. Hence remedies for both evils are essential, and with every suggestion for the organization of agitations there must be an appeal to the pure standard of personal morality which John Bright hoped might be the measure of state action. Here, therefore, is the great opportunity of the church. For one, I believe in political preaching, not to advocate partisan measures but to bring to every listener the most difficult lesson that emotional, intellectual, and practical morality are one and the same thing. The counting house, the polling booth, and the church have not different morals nor different theories. The history of progress has been a history of the separation of organs. The early king was legislative, judiciary, and executive all in one. Now we have a hundred thousand men to carry on all the nice divisions and subdivisions into which each of these functions is cut up. So also with the occupations of men. A single pioneer builds a whole house, is architect, carpenter, mason, plasterer, and what-not. In high civilization each man of the forty trades called into requisition by house-building can do but one small thing, and his capacities in every other direction suffer atrophy. And so in the intricacy of our modern lives we are often scrupulously moral on one side, but find it, alas! most difficult to be moral all around; in our relations to the State as well as in our relations to persons like ourselves; in the fervor of religious emotion and in the reaction of commonplace trade or profession; in the quiet of well regulated private life and in the mad tumult of public business. Morality without the sanction of religion is, I believe, of doubtful possibility, but too often the charge is brought that what passes for religion is common enough without morality. If this reproach were taken home by the church, and the remedy found, the pension grab would find its place under the rubric of the moral law where it belongs. We would hear less said about law-abiding citizens like pensioners under a disability or service statute, and more about good men; less of legality and more of duty, less of economic socialism and more of personal exertion for ourselves and others.

Nothing which has been said above is intended to destroy the sentiment of gratitude for the soldier, or the moral obligation of any individual in this great nation, expressed in the immortal words of Lincoln's second inaugural.

> With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; *to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan*, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

But the words are: "who shall have borne the battle." The honor of such is magnified in the receipt of the country's ungrudged gifts, the honest pensioner is the stimulus to patriotism of the generations which grow up about his knees. Reverence and love are his due, for his example calls for imitation; and the assurance of ease in his declining years is the guarantee of similar self-sacrifice when danger again appears. Heroism and patience mark the loftiest type of character. Let those whose welfare has been secured by his suffering praise him in the gate and shower their benefactions upon him as far as may be consistent with his manhood. The nation has nothing but the tenderest interest in such as these. It is for the sake of his honor, to preserve unfading his hard-earned laurels that we protest against the shame of legislation which in his name depletes our purse in the interest of pension brokers, and against the undiscriminating lavishness which draws no distinction between suffering heroes and those who should be content with the honor, which pales before no other, of having saved their country in the hour of her greatest need.

Wm. M. Sloane.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LAST SPEECH.

THE OLD ARMY.

DELIVERED AT THE PRESS CLUB DINNER TO H. M. STANLEY, AT DELMONICO'S, JANUARY 31, AND PRINTED FROM MANUSCRIPT DICTATED BY GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Sherman said:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

'T was Burns, I believe, who said,

> A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,
> And, faith, he 'll prent it.

Here I find myself among a hundred such who will print their notes with variations, and silence would better become me. Von Moltke has the press reputation of being silent in seven languages, yet on a visit some years ago I found him not only communicative on professional topics, but fluent on the subject of his experience in the Turkish service on the Tigris and Euphrates. The same was true of General Grant, who could be most congenial and fluent with boon companions, but as dumb as an oyster when a news reporter was announced.

Therefore, Mr. President, I ask of you the special privilege to speak on this occasion from notes, giving my own version of what I intend to say to your official reporter, to be printed or not as you may order.[1]

The toast assigned me is "The Old Army." Yes, that army is "old," older than the present government. It began to take form the moment the colonists made a lodgment on the coast of Massachusetts and Virginia; grew in proportion up to the French war of 1756, and still larger during the Revolutionary War, 1776–1783.

In 1783 the armies of the Revolution were all disbanded, except "eighty privates and a due proportion of officers, none to exceed the rank of captain," to garrison West Point and Fort Pitt.

In June, 1784, the Congress of the thirteen States provided for two companies of artillery and eight of infantry, not to exceed 37 officers and 700 enlisted men. In 1786 it increased the number to 46 officers and 840 men. At that date these troops garrisoned the frontier posts, viz.: Fort Harmar, now Marietta, Ohio, Vincennes, Indiana, and Venango, New York, in addition to West Point, Fort Pitt, and Springfield, Massachusetts. Then came 1789, with its new Constitution, and Washington became its first chief executive. He was the father of this nation. No man ever better comprehended the meaning of the expression "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; that government was meant to "govern," not to be governed; that *force* to compel the right was as necessary as patriotism, industry, thrift, and patience to the citizen, and one of his first acts was to organize an army as the right hand of his administration of law and justice in the face of clamoring theorists. His efforts resulted in the formation of the present army of the United States.

Its first commander was Josiah Harmar; and the army was composed of a battalion of artillery commanded by Major John Doughty, and one regiment of infantry, of which Harmar was lieutenant-colonel, the whole numbering 46 officers and 840 men.

Before Washington had concluded his eight years of administration in 1797, he had by his influence with Congress raised this force to one general officer (James Wilkinson), two of the general staff, one corps of artillerists and engineers, two companies of light dragoons, and four regiments of infantry, aggregating 189 officers and 3158 men.

Were I to follow all the changes for a hundred years, I know that you gentlemen of the press would be more fatigued than when your mothers made you read the Book of Numbers. Let me, however, conclude this branch of my subject by stating that at the end of the last century the old army was composed of 2347 officers and men; that the pay of a lieutenant-colonel was $50 a month; a major $45; a captain $35; a lieutenant $26; and a cornet $20; that a sergeant's pay was $6 a month; a corporal's $5; and a private's $4.

Nevertheless, in proportion to the population and wealth of our country, that small army exceeded in strength and cost the present regular army of to-day.

But it is not the numbers or pay which constitute an army, but the spirit which animates it. Every military expedition, great or small, demands many conditions — a clearly well-defined object or purpose to be accomplished, ample means, a leader with unbending will, confident of his strength and power, and followers obedient, loyal, and with intelligence

[1] The General did not, however, read the notes, but followed them from memory. The speech was not reported.

enough to understand the nature of the work to be done.

That little army possessed all these qualities, bequeathed to us lessons of inestimable value, and were in fact the pioneers of civilization on this continent. They fought the Shawnees and Ottawas in Ohio, Michigan, and Canada; the Cherokees and Creeks in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi; the Comanches in Texas; the Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes on the plains; the Utes and Apaches in New Mexico and Arizona, and the Nez Percés in Oregon, without expectation of honor, reward, or profit; and I am sure Stanley learned here from personal expérience and from reports much that was of great use to him in his three several expeditions into the heart of the dark continent of Africa. He now reports that in his recent expedition from the mouth of the Congo to Zanzibar he traveled from west to east, by river and land, 6032 miles to rescue the governor of Equatoria, who found himself cut off from his base (Egypt) by the death of Gordon and the reconquest of the Soudan by the fanatic Mahdi. Thirty thousand pounds sterling had been subscribed for his use in England, and Stanley had volunteered to go and rescue Emin Pasha, which he did at terrible sacrifice of life and money. He has recorded the tale well and truthfully, and I think that the man he went to save, who could not rescue his followers from the tight place in which he found himself, was not worth the cost. Stanley, however, did his part heroically; therefore all honor to him and his faithful associates; and I repeat that I am sure he had received in America inspiration from the examples of our old army during its history of the past hundred years. One or two of these, of which he must have known, I will briefly trace.

In 1803 Mr. Jefferson bought of Napoleon for fifteen millions of dollars the Upper and Lower Provinces of Louisiana, as little known then as are Unyoro and Uganda to-day. You young men of the press think you are smart and original, but if you will search the journals of that period you will find that for personal abuse and wit your predecessors were your equals if not your superiors. They poured on President Jefferson their choicest vocabulary, and said that he had bought "the great American Desert, fit only for Indians, buffalo, and rattlesnakes." 'T is true these did then abound, but behold the result! The territory then acquired by purchase now comprises twelve States of our Union, with unlimited minerals, pastoral and agricultural resources, in fact is one of the great granaries of the world. But in 1804 it was a wilderness, and the French village of St. Louis was like a seaport where trappers, traders, and explorers fitted out for voyages to last three, four, or five years, often covering eight or ten thousand miles of travel. Mr. Jefferson desired to explore these regions to see what he had bought, and naturally turned to the little army of which he was the constitutional commander-in-chief. The first expedition fitted out was in 1804, that of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark, of the old army, with a detachment of soldiers, boatmen, and trappers with orders to ascend the Missouri River to its source, thence cross to the Columbia River, descend it to the Pacific Ocean, and return to St. Louis. There were no steamboats then, and for 1800 miles they had to pole, cordelle, and drag with towlines their bateaux against a current which steamboats now can hardly stem; then march afoot across the mountains, build new boats, and paddle down the Columbia. All was accomplished, and their report of what they saw and encountered is as true to-day as when it was written.

The next noted expedition was in 1805 by Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who ascended in like manner to the source of the Mississippi. On his return to St. Louis he was ordered up the Osage River to restore some fugitive Indians, and then go on to explore the Red River, which was the boundary line between Spanish territory and our new purchase. Mistaking the Arkansas for the Red River he followed it to its source, became bewildered among the snow-clad mountains, got back to the plains for game, then went south to the Sangre de Cristo Pass which he crossed to the head of the Rio Grande del Norte, called the "Colorado" or Red; built a fort when he found himself on the wrong Red River, was captured by Spanish troops, taken to Santa Fé, and afterward sent on to Chihuahua. His journals were taken from him, and he and his small party were sent back to Natchitoches, Louisiana, by way of Texas. His experiences were recorded and printed in 1810, and are most interesting, especially to us who can now travel the same route in palace cars where he suffered such privations. In the war of 1812, he was killed by the explosion of a magazine at Little York, now Toronto, Canada.

I might go on with similar tales, but must refer the curious to Washington Irving's "Astoria" and "Bonneville." It was not until 1842 that Captain Frémont, of the Topographical Engineers, began his systematic explorations of the transcontinental routes with adequate means and proper equipment, and since that day the government has caused every nook and crevice of that vast region, nearly a thousand miles north and south and two thousand east and west, to be explored. Four great railways have been built with numerous branches, so that you can buy a ticket here in

New York which will carry you to Puget's Sound, San Francisco, or Los Angeles in one week — a trip which took us a whole year in 1846. In all this development, more like a dream of Aladdin than of reality, the little regular army has gone ahead, pointing out the way and encouraging the pioneers. I know of my own knowledge that the builders of the Union Pacific Railroad, the pioneer of them all, would have abandoned the enterprise in 1867–68, had it not been for the protection of the army of the United States.

Indeed the history of the old army is the history of the United States; and the spirit which animated it is illustrated by the example of Colonel James Miller of the 21st Infantry at the battle of Lundy's Lane, who when asked by General Scott if he would capture a certain battery answered, "I 'll try, sir"; afterward when the desperate nature of the undertaking was pointed out to him, he answered, "It must be done, I 've got the order in my pocket"—and it was done.

The hardships and privations from the revolutionary war down to that with Mexico lay the foundation for the heroic virtues which prepared us for the herculean struggle of the civil war, and brought down to the memories of officers yet living, personal triumphs, one of which I will endeavor to paint.

During the years 1842–46, just before the Mexican war, Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, was garrisoned by four companies of the 3d Artillery, commanded by its colonel (Gates). I was one of the lieutenants, and Brevet Major Martin Burke was the senior captain who habitually commanded us on drill and parade. He had entered the service in 1820; had imbibed all the habits, prejudices, and thoughts of the olden time, resisted all innovations, and could not learn new inventions such as Scott's Tactics, or the percussion musket, but always contended there could be no better weapon than the old revolutionary firelock with flint and steel, and in spite of regulations clung to his old Steuben's Tactics. The Mexican war of 1846 came, which scattered us—Burke to Mexico, and me to California "around the Horn."

Early in 1850 I came back to New York bearing despatches to General Scott at his office in Tenth street; delivered them into his hands and received orders to report to his office daily till he was ready to send me on to Washington. Taylor and Scott were the heroes of the Mexican war; the former was already president, and Scott was the ideal of the soldier and gentleman, six feet five inches high, about sixty years old, fond of admiration and conscious of his fame. I on the contrary remained a lieutenant, feeling oppressed by the thought that I had lived through a great war without having heard a hostile shot in anger. I reported daily and was ordered to dine with General Scott, and listened to his special grievances and to his estimates of the men who had composed the army which conquered peace with Mexico. On one occasion I ventured the expression, "Of all your great feats in war, General, the one that arrests my attention is, that you made a hero of Martin Burke." "Yes," he replied, "Martin Burke! Martin Burke! Every army should have one Martin Burke, but only *one*, sir. I recall me," he continued; "it was at Contreras that the enemy occupied the crest of a plateau to our left. I detached Riley with one brigade to march that night to the left rear of the enemy by a circuit, and Persifer Smith with another brigade to the right by another circuit to fall upon and dislodge this force: and then Major Burke was ordered to move straight forward with his battalion of artillery through a *cornfield*, as a feint. Everything resulted as planned. The enemy was driven by the rear attacks down the face of the declivity to a road leading towards Churubusco, along which all the army followed, the result the next day being the battle of Churubusco—a victory to our arms. When at night the rolls were called all were present or accounted for except the artillery battalion of Martin Burke; and where was Martin Burke? Why, sir, he was back in *that* cornfield, and would be there to-day had I not sent orders for him to come forward."

During the great civil war this same Martin Burke was a colonel, commanding the island Fort Lafayette in the Narrows of New York harbor, a safe place for political prisoners, and there for years he fought gallantly against writs of habeas corpus and of contempt. No sheriff's officers were allowed to land, and he defied the powers of the great State of New York to rescue civil prisoners committed to his custody by Secretaries Stanton and Seward. To his last day he regarded the great writ of habeas corpus as a monster, and for years after the civil war would not risk his person in New York City for fear of writs of contempt which he believed were in pursuit of him. He died in this city on April 24, 1882. The last time I saw him was about 1878 at Fort Wool, on Bedloe's Island, where the majestic Statue of Liberty now stands, and where by permission he was quartered with a garrison of one old ordnance sergeant, to defy the minions of your State courts who dared to claim possession of any person committed to his safe keeping. I tried to persuade him that the civil war was over; that without fear of "habeas corpus" or "writ of contempt" he might land at the Battery, board at the Astor House or the Fifth Avenue Hotel; go to the theaters, and live out

his short remainder of life without fear and in absolute comfort; but he preferred the isolation of that island fort and the security of that little flag of the Union which he and his old sergeant could hoist to the morning sun, and take in at its setting, to demonstrate to the active, busy world outside that he still lived. Times had changed, but Martin Burke could not change. He was reared in the old school: the soldier should obey his superiors; defend his post to extremity; be firm, yea, stubborn in upholding his government, civil and military, as Caleb Balderstone did the master of Ravenswood.

He is gone, like nearly all of his type, but we realize that new boys are born as good as those in the past; they grow up into stout manhood and will take our places and be none the worse for the old traditions of courage, manhood, and fidelity passed down to them legitimately by the "old army" which you have so kindly remembered in this festive hour.

William Tecumseh Sherman.

[THE bust from which the accompanying portrait of General Sherman was taken was made by Augustus St. Gaudens during the winter of 1888–9 and was the last sculpture-portrait made. It was modeled entirely from life in about eighteen sittings of two hours each. The sculptor avoided purposely the use of photographs in order to get a clear personal impression of his subject.— EDITOR.]

SHERMAN.

I.

GLORY and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory,— made war that war might cease.

II.

Glory and honor and fame;— the beating of muffled drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapped coffin comes.
Fame and honor and glory, and joy for a noble soul;
For a full and splendid life, and laureled rest at the goal.

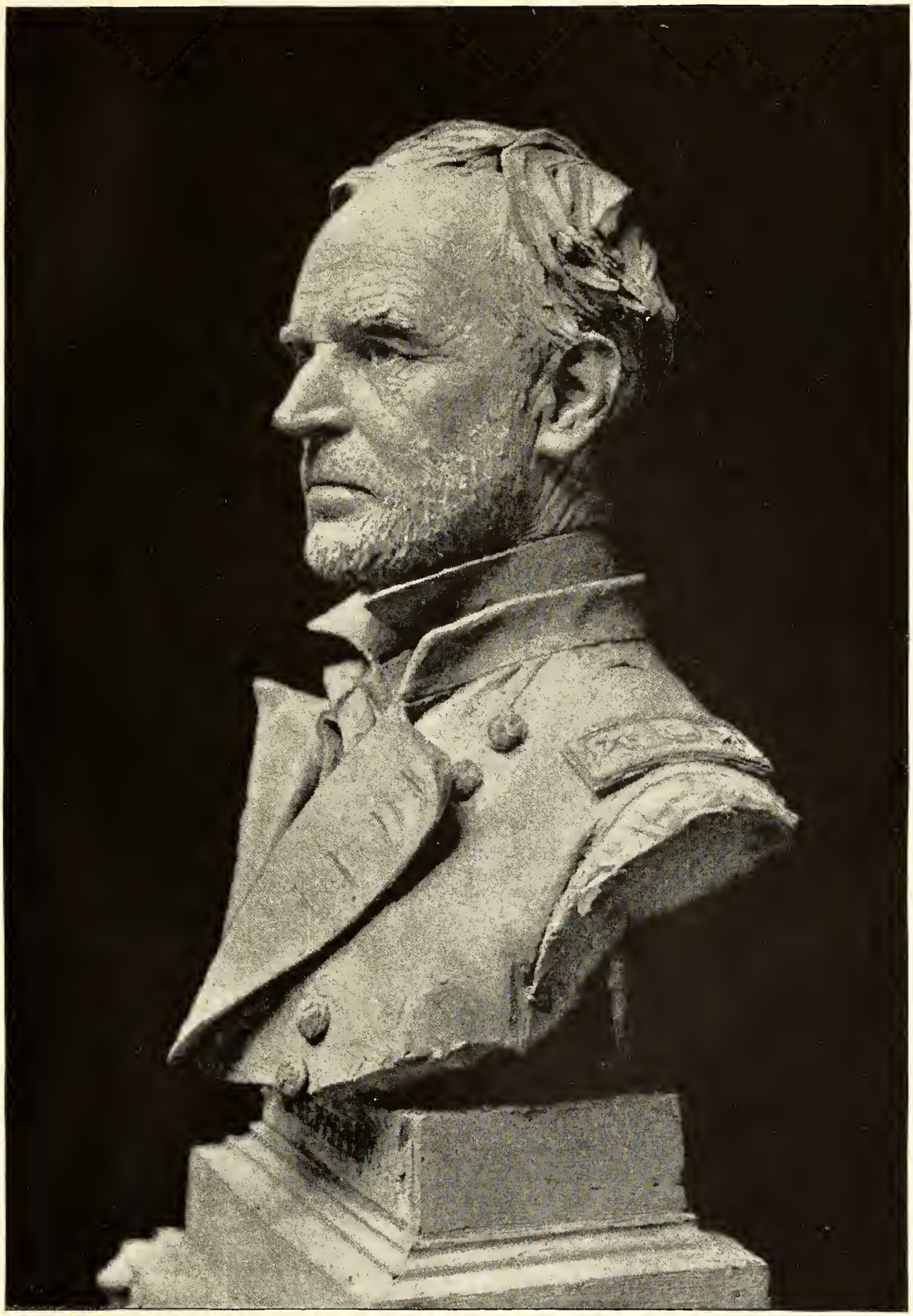
III.

Glory and honor and fame;— the pomp that a soldier prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns, the clatter of horses' feet,
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

IV.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of to-day, or the statue we build to-morrow;
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen,
Is the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

R. W. Gilder.



AFTER THE BUST BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, MODELED FROM LIFE IN 1888-9.

W. T. Sherman

PLAY AND WORK IN THE ALPS.

I. PLAY.

THE BRIDGE AT NEUBRÜCKE.

GOING to Switzerland was one of the bravest things we ever did. The hundreds of thousands who yearly crowd the playgrounds of Europe go innocently for amusement or rest, or, if they are English, because it is the correct thing. They do not know that their arrival is an intrusion, their departure a blessing, and they themselves but impudent or ridiculous Americans, cockneys, and Cook's tourists, to be sneered at as they deserve by the some five hundred Englishmen for whom alone the Alps were created. But we knew this only too well when we started for Zermatt,—the very holy of holies of the Alpine Club,—and this is why I think our bravery as great as that of any of the heroes immortalized in the "Alpine Journal."

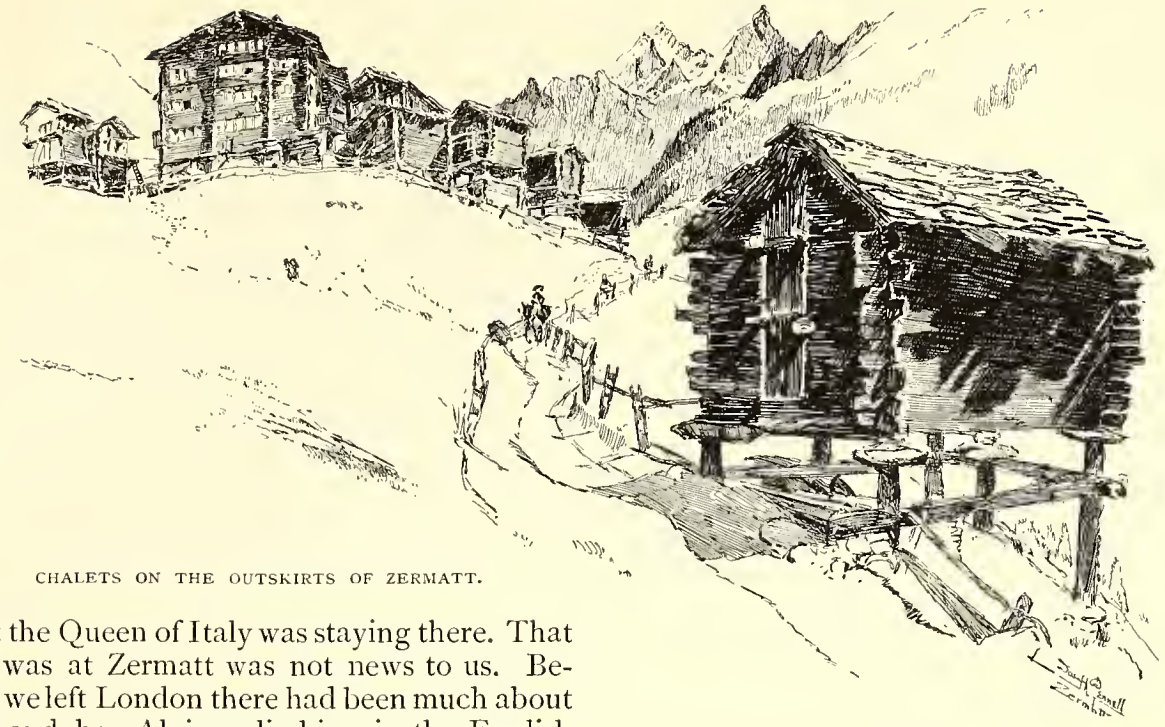
We arrived one rainy August day at Visp, a town you reach by railway, going up the Rhone in a train the speed of which is rivaled only by that of the slow-plodding mule of the country.

At the station three gorgeous porters in gold-laced caps invited us in fluent English to ride for nothing to their hotels. But we had sent our baggage, as we had been advised, to the post-office, where we at once went. The bag which we wished to post to Zermatt seemed to us very heavy, but scythes and barrels and bundles of old iron, labeled and addressed, were lying on the floor, and we supposed it must be all right, though the postmistress, as soon as we had paid our money, turned away without giving us stamps or receipt, and had nothing more to do with us. We need not have worried, for the Swiss post-office takes anything and everything that the express companies at home would carry; and if one does not bother about his baggage, it is as certain to turn up at his journey's end as it would be to disappear in England, if one ventured to let it take care of itself.

We got off the next morning about seven, for, though the rain had stopped, it looked as if it might begin again at any minute. From Visp to St. Nicholas, half-way up the valley, there was only a bridle-path on the mountain-side, though probably by this time the railroad on which we saw men working has been opened. We passed through Neubrücke, a tiny village which, with its high-pointed, one-arched bridge spanning the deep river-bed, might have been the composition of an old landscape-painter; and later, an hour and a half from Visp, we lingered for a while at Stalden, which was crowded with tourists, and like a great German beer-garden; and at last reached St. Nicholas in the rain.

The talk at lunch was all about Zermatt and the difficulty of getting rooms at its hotels now

THE CHURCH AT STALDEN.



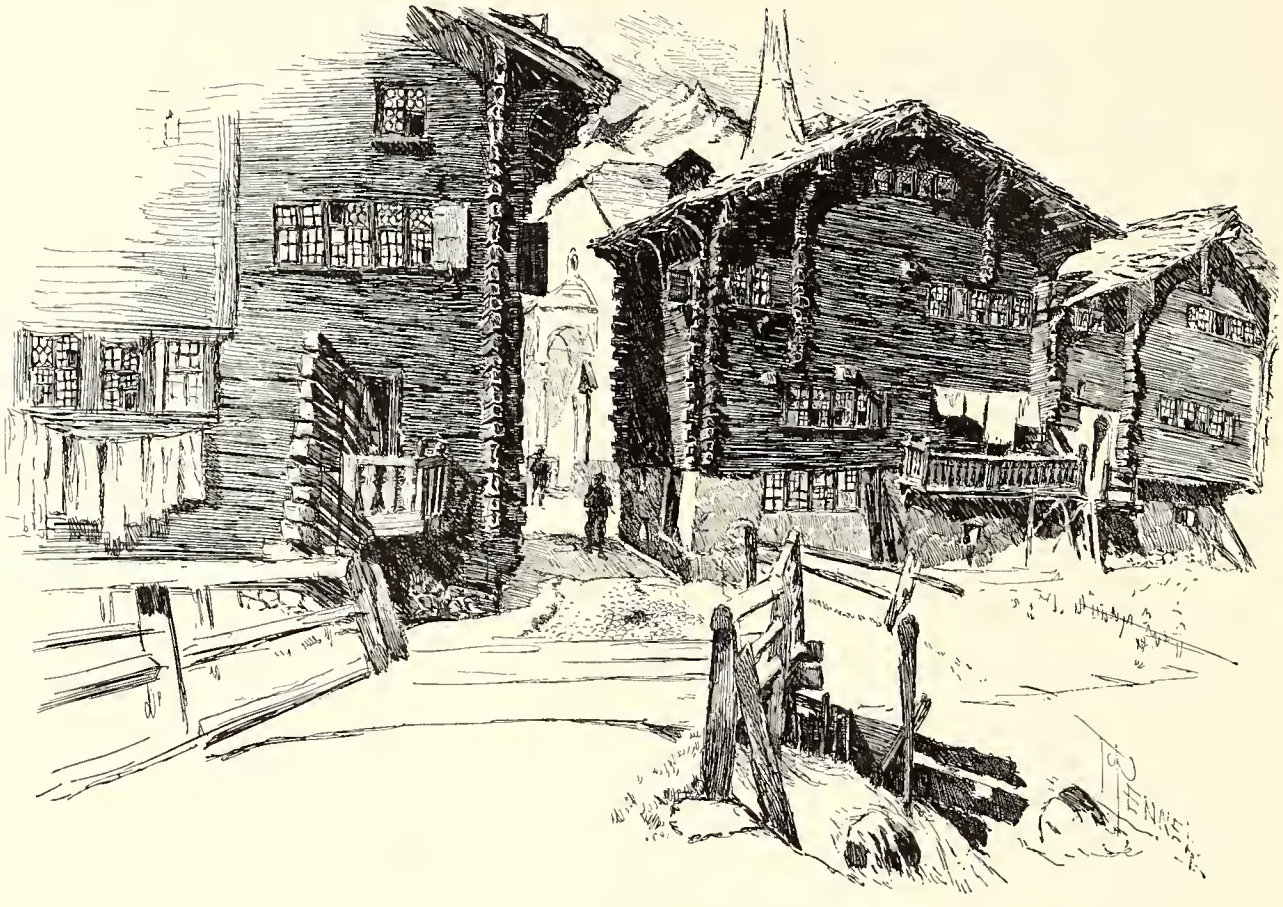
CHALETS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ZERMATT.

that the Queen of Italy was staying there. That she was at Zermatt was not news to us. Before we left London there had been much about her and her Alpine climbing in the English papers, which indeed had encouraged us to come. What she could do we thought most certainly we could too. As several English families who had telegraphed for rooms had been answered that there were none, almost every one decided to pass the night in St. Nicholas. This made us hope that there might be more chance for us, especially as the inn kept filling with people coming down the valley; so, without telegraphing, we left as soon as we had lunched.

From here there was a carriage-road the rest of the way, and the gold-laced porter ordered out one of the two-seated wagons — the native *chars* — drawn up in front of the hotel, and brought a ladder by which we mounted into it. For driver we had a delightfully picturesque little fellow, with gold rings twinkling in his ears, and with a broad-brimmed felt hat into which a feather was stuck. The afternoon was indescribably dreary. The rain poured in torrents, the clouds fell lower and lower, and the farther we went the colder it seemed to grow, for even here, it must be remembered, we were as high as the top of Mount Washington or of Snowdon. At Randa, a village by the way, of which all that I remember, indeed all that I saw, was the hotel, we waited an interminable half-hour while the mule and his driver had something to eat. Another carriage drove up behind us, and we knew that if it got to Zermatt first there would be one chance the less for us. For relief we turned to our Baedeker. But our view, between the steady drops of rain, was bounded by an horizon apparently about twenty-five feet off in the clouds, and a few yards of mist and streaming rain were all we had to look at for the rest of the afternoon.

We had been driving for an eternity, it seemed to us, — in reality for about five hours, — when a slight descent brought us to a level stretch. "It is Zermatt," our driver said, and he took off his blanket, emptied the water from the brim of his hat, and jumped into the carriage. A few black masses developed into chalets; one or two large, gray, shadow-like forms became hotels, with dreary tourists looking out of the windows; and then an enormous pile began to shape itself into a huge barrack with windows and a long porch, and "Hotel Mont Cervin" painted in big letters on its face. A group of men in broad-brimmed hats, hands in their pockets, pipes in their mouths, were lounging at the door as we drove up. Madame the manager came running out.

AN OFF DAY AT ZERMATT.



A STREET IN ZERMATT.

"Has Monsieur telegraphed?"

"No."

"Then there is nothing for Monsieur." And she simply turned and left us.

We drove on, jolting up and down over the vilest cobbles, through a narrow street, between black chalets with water pouring in streams from the spouts which stick out like gargoyles from their eaves, to a small, low building with "Hotel Mont Rose" over its door. Again a madame ran out to meet us.

"Has Monsieur telegraphed?"

"No."

"Then,"—but very polite and sympathetic,—"I regret that Monsieur can be given nothing."

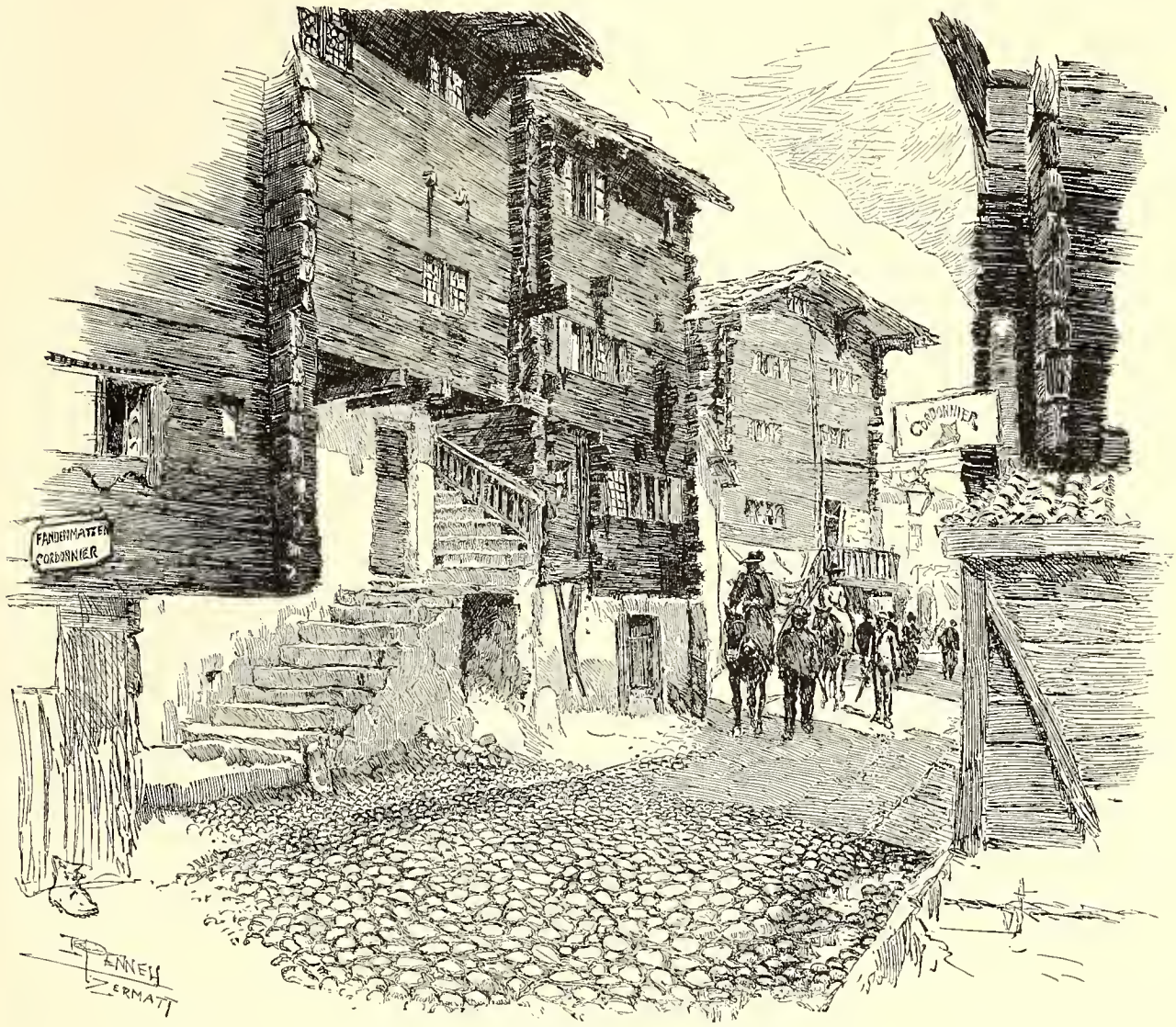
Opposite, with a wide open space between, was a third hotel, the Zermatt, and here, when we were again asked, "Has Monsieur telegraphed?" we began to wish ourselves back in St. Nicholas and royalty anywhere but in the haunts of common men. But madame, standing for a minute in the rain, seemed to feel sorry for us, and, though there was nothing, she promised us a salon for the night and sent us to her own room in the mean time.

It cleared during the night, and the next morning when we went out we could see that the little green plain of Zermatt formed the arena of a vast amphitheater of mountains, many with dense pine forests almost to their apparent summits, others with little patches of yellowing grain on their lower slopes, though not anywhere were there signs of the pleasant orchards and vineyards which ascend from the Lake of Geneva far up the hillsides, and border the rocky bed and wild swamps of the Rhone. So completely did the heights shut in the plain that they hid from it the loftier peaks men have risked their lives to conquer, save at the upper end of the valley, where the mighty Matterhorn towered alone.

It was a reminder of what had brought us here to the very heart of the High Alps, and at once we took our boots for the orthodox supply of nails to one of two rival cobblers who, just a little beyond the Monte Rosa Hotel, looked across the street at each other. We walked on to select good, sound alpenstocks from one of the half-dozen shops for tourists. Two or three carriages bumped past towards St. Nicholas; on the steps of the post-office Englishmen were reading the "Times" or the "Star"; the Swiss army, in the shape of one soldier in red and black uniform, was chasing a goat round a corner; women with handkerchiefs over their heads were carrying huge bundles of hay or fagots of wood into the black chalets; the guides with the broad-brimmed hats now touched them to us as we came to the Mont Cervin Hotel, in front of which they still lounged; and tourists went by on mules or on

foot, the iron points of their alpenstocks clanging in time with their steps.

To climb in shoes and without nails would have been too amateurish, and so our first day was spent in waiting for our boots. We found some young French Anglomaniacs playing tennis in front of the hotel; and on the porch men in knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets suggestive of Highland moors, and girls in



THE COBBLERS OF ZERMATT — ON THE MAIN STREET.

approved Thames costume, were grouped about a telescope which was directed towards the Matterhorn and balanced by an empty bottle hanging from it. Every minute the crowd increased, and parties crossed from the Monte Rosa to look, for a man and his two guides, the first to venture after a heavy snowstorm, could be seen upon the great peak. In the course of the morning we managed to have one peep each, but just as with much difficulty I had discovered three black things like ants crawling over the snow, I had to give way to the next in the long line waiting. All day long the interest never wavered. Men smoked their cigarettes, women wrote their letters, close to the telescope, while whoever had his eye at the glass played the showman. "Now they 're on the snow. They 're going up the shoulder. The poor fellow 's on all fours; the first guide is away ahead, but the second keeps very close. You can't see them now; they 're behind the rocks. There they come again. Oh, dear! what a hard time he 's having!" And so on, and on, and on, in a ceaseless stream. For a little while at lunch the porch was deserted, but the afternoon brought back as large an audience as ever. Either the snow made it really difficult, or the poor climber was as exhausted as he looked, but certainly at half-past six, when we went to dinner, instead of being back in Zermatt, as he should have been, he was but two-thirds of the way down to the first hut, and excitement at the hotel was intense. For the time I was deeply impressed with the dangers of the Matterhorn; but the next day before noon thirteen men had been seen upon its summit.

In Zermatt the Matterhorn is not only the dominating feature in the landscape but the

great center of interest, the chief topic of conversation. Sometimes in the evening there was an attempt at dancing, and an Italian and his two daughters came with violins, guitar, and mandolin, but the dancers left the *salon* before the musicians. Sometimes during the day there were polite, languishing games of tennis. Few climbed, and the only other resource was to watch the man on the Matterhorn, who, in making the ascent, was therefore providing not merely for himself but for all below an occupation with a decided flavor of excitement. Nowadays every one who goes up anything goes up the Matterhorn, unless indeed he objects to its price: $50 for one day's climb, to say nothing of incidental expenses, is no light matter, and there are people who think the game not worth the candle. But this is the only consideration. Times have changed since every Alpine climb was a journey of discovery; and terrible as the cliffs of the Matterhorn still look from the valley, they have been shorn of their chief danger. Rocks have been blasted, chains and ropes hung, huts set up on its slopes, and a comfortable hotel built at its foot.

The street between the wall and the hotel was called the club-room of Zermatt, and it was there that my feelings of respect for the cliffs and precipices of the Matterhorn perished. For there I heard the story of the fat German hauled like a log up the peak by four guides, the rope tied around his waist and fastened to his feet with a slip-knot, and he swinging from rock to rock, suspended thousands of feet in the air, and they never bothering to look at him; and of the Italian count who made the ascent with seven guides in front, seven behind, and one man to keep his legs straight against the rocks; and of the boy of fourteen following in the train of the conqueror; and of the woman reaching the top, and then, as the guides literally ran her down, quietly sleeping all the way back from the lower hut until the bells of the little church in Zermatt awoke her. And yet even the cynics who laughed at these tales could be stirred into a show of enthusiasm, and more than once were we roused from our first sleep by the ringing cheers with which the men at the Monte Rosa greeted the return of the last hero of the Matterhorn. And, after all, there are certain perils which the exploiters of the Alps cannot wholly counteract.

THE CLUB-ROOM AT ZERMATT.

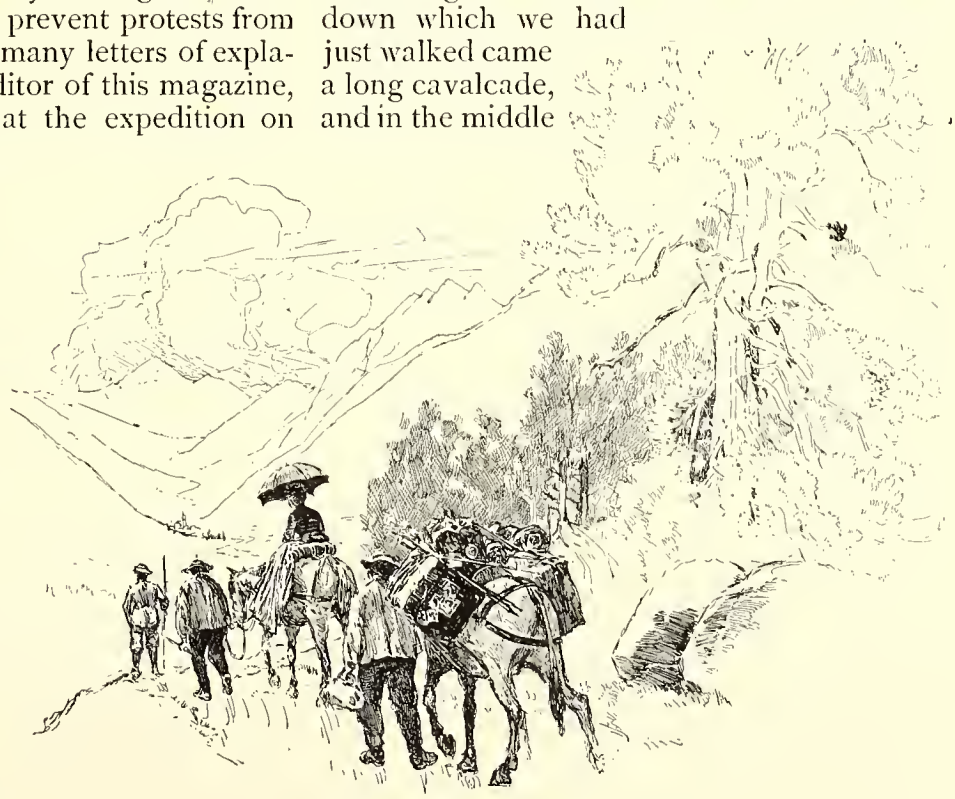
The second morning after our arrival our boots were in fine working order — at every step we left an impression of nails on the hotel floors, on the gravel paths in front, on everything but the cobbles. And so, with Baedeker in our pocket, and the Matterhorn lifting its peak in front of us, we started on our first Alpine ascent. We were going to the Riffel, but our Baedeker was four or five years old, and the directions not clear. We consulted some Germans, who explained at great length, pointing to the road straight ahead. As we could not understand a word, we relied upon

CHAISE À PORTEUR.

their gestures, and kept on until we crossed a little bridge over a stream that rushed down towards the Visp. And here most unaccountably we lost the mule-track, and made a path for ourselves up the green slopes of the mountain, apparently just below the Matterhorn. Here our climbing began. For me it ended above the last group of chalets, where the last tiny field of grain gave way to rough boulder-strewn pastures. But to prevent protests from the Alpine Club, or too many letters of explanation inundating the editor of this magazine, let me at once admit that the expedition on which I collapsed is usually taken comfortably on muleback by old ladies and small children, and that the point where I left off is thousands of feet below that at which the real climber begins.

From a sunny lichen-covered rock I looked down in sullen disgust on the great curve of the Gorner Glacier as it came sweeping round the opposite heights, where stood two hotels, one above the other, evidently those for which we thought ourselves bound; and beyond to the mountains I had gaily planned to climb. Far below, Zermatt, set out like a toy village in the midst of green fields, was shut in by its ramparts of hills, which from here I could see were separated from each other by the white lines of glaciers and of streams leaping from them, and were crowned by snowy peaks. And even as I looked, and listened to the cow-bells ringing sweetly from the near pastures, I wished myself back in London. And I wondered at the foolish infatuation of the people toiling up the foot-path, some with guides, and all with eyes fixed upon the ground. Where was the pleasure? J—— came back finally, and had an ascent to talk about. He had climbed, and climbed, and climbed, and made his way through snow quite two feet deep, until he was sure he was half-way up the Matterhorn, when suddenly he saw on a wild and desolate platform in front of him a big hotel with a sign bearing, in enormous letters, "Hotel Schwarz See, 8392 feet," while far above it, and seemingly but little nearer, the great peak sprang aloft into the blue air.

That very day we saw the Queen of Italy returning from a royal expedition. We had made another attempt to ascend the Riffel, for no sooner had I recovered my breath and my temper than I was eager to be mounting something else. Round a turn in the road down which we had just walked came a long cavalcade, and in the middle

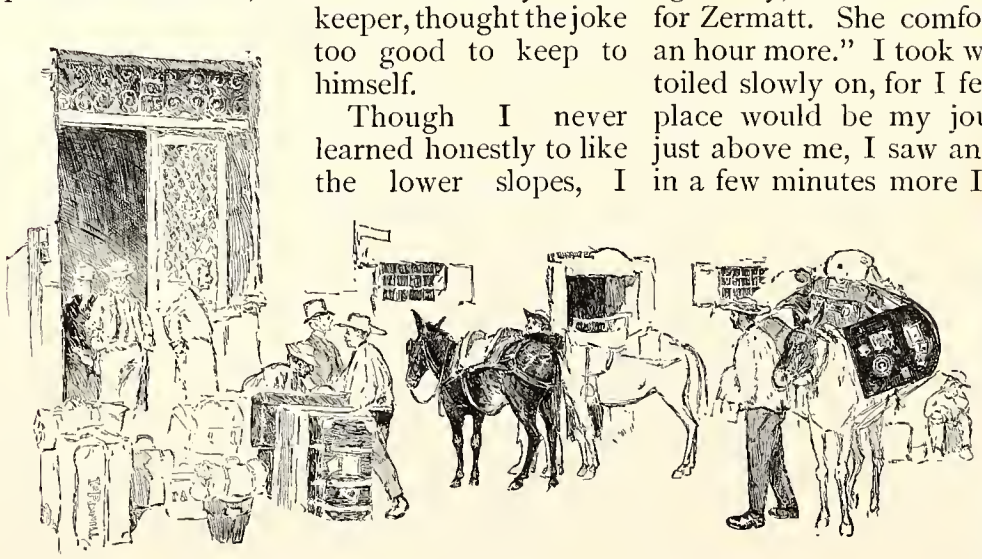


GOING TO THE RIFFEL.

a horse bearing the queen. But could this disheveled woman, with the big gray felt hat and draggled feather on the back of her head and suspicious streaks marking her face, hanging on with all her might and main to the railing of her saddle and bobbing up and down on her horse, be the same we had seen, so elegant, and handsome, and smiling, and perfectly dressed, driving through the streets of Rome? It was well Italian subjects did not see their queen. We stood and stared, and it was rather surprise at her ludicrous appearance than any latent radicalism which made J—— omit to take off his hat. But I do not know why she should have been so utterly demoralized, for she made her ascents on mules or in *chaises à porteur*. She was a perfect mine for guides and porters, who, for the time, deserted their usual lounging place in front of the Monte Rosa for the Mont Cervin, where she had her apartment. I only hope she proved as profitable to the proprietor, who has fought shy of royalty since the ex-Emperor of Brazil came to Zermatt. His majesty and suite, numbering twenty-five in all, had also taken possession of the Mont Cervin, and for them the whole place was turned topsy-turvy, and illuminations were given in their honor, and there were fine goings on, all of which were duly remembered when the time came to make out the bill. His majesty himself studied every item attentively, looking at the bill from beginning to end, and then handed it back to Seiler with twenty-five Cook's hotel coupons! And Seiler, who is no ordinary hotel-keeper, thought the joke too good to keep to himself.

CHOOSING A GUIDE.

Though I never learned honestly to like the lower slopes, I gradually got used to them. The very next day I managed to reach not only the Riffelalp, the first of the high hotels, but the Riffelhaus. When we started from the Hotel Zermatt we were given luncheon-coupons good in either, so we had the day before us. I let J—— go at his own pace, which was really very amateurish; it is only your novice who tears up a mountain. I walked as slowly as a guide or as a mule, though not as steadily, for I rested every half-hour or less. This gave me a chance to see, between the blighted and gnarled pine trees, on one side a dazzling stretch of glacier, on the other the far blue Oberland, as unsubstantial as the clouds above its summits. Up, up, up went the path, always through the woods, save for a little space where it skirted a grassy level. "How much farther is it?" in despair I asked a benevolent-looking middle-aged lady, in bonnet and dotted net veil, bound for Zermatt. She comforted me. "Only half an hour more." I took what hope I could, and toiled slowly on, for I feared my next resting-place would be my journey's end. At last, just above me, I saw an enormous hotel, and in a few minutes more I was on the wide terrace in front, where J—— was already established, a half-dozen guides were loafing, and an artist was painting the valley of the Visp, from which uprose one white church-spire, the center of a village, while the far horizon was bounded



AN ARRIVAL AT THE RIFFEL.

by the shadowy blue mass and faint white peaks of the Bernese Oberland.

It was so cold every one was sitting inside. When the lunch-bell rang, and I went to present our coupons, I found groups of women in heavy wraps on the glass-inclosed porch, and round the stove in the hall others were seated, only their faces showing out of a bundle of shawls. We had come too late. Every place in the large dining-room with its three long tables, every place in the small dining-room, was taken. "You can go up to the Riffelhaus," the waiter said. Of course I could, and die on the way. And people come to the Alps for pleasure!

There was nothing else to do, however. Behind the hotel the path continued its windings, though now above the trees, on the bare mountainside, where cows were grazing on the scant pasture, and snow lay in great patches. Up here the ground on every side was white with snow. One or two guides and porters waiting in the open space in front of the hotel were stamping their feet to keep them warm. Inside, women were lunching in their fur-lined cloaks, men in their ulsters. The porch in front, as at the hotel below, was inclosed with glass, and here after lunch we had our coffee. Once the place was literally invaded by a phenomenal French family, father, mother, five daughters, and four sons, all in white berets, chattering, laughing, shivering, enjoying themselves immensely and undisguisedly to the disgust of a group of solemn Englishmen in a corner. "All those who want coffee hold up their hands," said the father of the family when he gave his order.

Outside, when we ventured again into the cold, the clouds were falling, and a keen, sharp wind was blowing. It would have been as much fun to walk in a blizzard at home, and we turned back.

But the Alpine fever was upon us. I am sure I cannot explain the reason, but the more disgusted we were with one expedition, the greater always was our impatience to make another, and the next morning we were off on a long glacier walk. For this we took a guide, and as we conferred with him outside the hotel, just as we had seen the superior climbers confer with their guides, and followed him in single file, I flattered myself that we looked as if we meant business.

The first part of the journey was up the mountain side to the Schwarz See, but I was too impressed with our appearance to give up as on the first trial. Perren, the guide, kept us to the mule-track and made the pace, but he never volunteered to stop, and I noticed that Mr. U——, who was with us, and I were so delighted with the fine view of the Gorner Glacier and the snow-range beyond that now and then we stood in mute admiration, surreptitiously getting our breath, while the guide pointed out the different peaks. At the Schwarz See Hotel we lunched, and then went on, for a while still towards the Matterhorn, until we dropped down upon the Furgg Glacier, over the moraine, which from above always looks like a level pile of stones and rubbish, but which, once you are on it, develops into a succession of rough hills and rougher ridges of unsteady rocks and stones, to cross which is like climbing over the ruins of a city. The guide wound his way through the maze of crevasses which from the rocks had seemed only so many beautifully marked lines and curves on a smooth icy surface, but which now opened at our feet, sinking to profound depths, with polished walls of purest blue and green. Into them he threw stones in the approved fashion for amusing the tourist, and then, when we drew near the edge, pulled us away to inspire us with proper respect. Here and there he cut steps in an icy wall we had to scale, and at a miniature *bergschrund* which the Alpinist would have despised he even lifted me in his arms down to the lower side, and altogether did his best to give the walk an air of adventure. On the short dry grass of the slope above, where sheep were wandering, more pipes were smoked, and the guide showed us the book which every guide carries, and in which many

THE VILLAGE OF FINDELEN.

THE MATTERHORN FROM OUR WINDOW.

men had written compliments, especially upon his gallantry to ladies; and these, after the episode of the *bergschrund*, I could but reëcho.

After we had crossed the Gorner Glacier, and were on the road again, nearing Zermatt, the guide quietly fell behind for the first time. Among guides it is good form to lead when danger or, at least, work is ahead, but to let the tourist lead when only the glory of a successful home-coming awaits him.

This walk was our most enterprising so long as we remained in the valley. Another day we did manage to get up to the Findelen Glacier, one of the many gulfs of thawless ice between the heights which rise behind and beyond the mountains encircling Zermatt. And we walked up the Zmutt Thal to the Zmutt Glacier, just below the really inaccessible cliffs of the Matterhorn, to meet a friend — a hero — who was coming over the high snow-pass from Zinal, and who arrived an object of pity, with scarlet face, cracked nose and lips, and the stubby beard of a few days' growth, wearing clothes in which we would not have recognized him at home. We also took a rough climb along the footpath, hopelessly losing itself every now and then among the rocks, high above the Trift Glacier, on the mountainside where so often the long threads and wreaths of cloud lay quietly, and where edelweiss grew in rich velvety clumps.

It was the day after this climb that we moved up to the Riffelalp, all our belongings on a mule, while we followed on foot, as if merely out for an afternoon's walk. There we found many well-known faces from Visp, and St. Nicholas, and Zermatt — the Archbishop of Canterbury in knickerbockers, sack-coat, and low hat, with archiepiscopal suggestion in the turned-up brim and button in front; the young ladies with their sketch-books, vigorously attacking the Matterhorn; the guides loafing with the inexhaustible pipes in their mouths; the climbers, now revolving round the woman famous for losing her toes by a night spent at the bottom of a crevasse; the maiden ladies with Dorcas and missionary propensities writ large on their benevolent faces. The only foreigners were an elderly Frenchman and his young wife, who sat hand in hand under the trees, laughing ecstatically, and an Italian artist, who never worked, but spent his time exchanging cards with likely patrons in knickerbockers.

We had a delightful corner room with two windows and a balcony. When we jumped out of bed in the morning the first thing we saw, beyond the pines and the glacier and the snowfields, was the Matterhorn; and as we dressed for dinner we could watch its cloud-banner turn to gold, as the light of the unseen sunset fell upon it, or else, from the other window, we could look far down the valley of the Visp, where, perhaps, we had already watched the shadows slowly creeping up the mountains, which on each side stretched far away to the dim peaks of the Oberland. And when I blew out the candle at night, and there was a moon, the last object upon which our eyes rested was still the Matterhorn, pale but distinct in the soft silvery light.

From the Riffelalp I made my most enterprising expedition, and started for the second hut on the Théodule Pass, from which you look down into Italy. Our path led high up the mountainside above the Gorner Glacier, and then dropped steeply down upon it. A thin coating of ice still covered the little streams and pools, but gradually the hot morning sun melted it, though the wind blowing over the great snow-range was fresh and cold. One man with his guide overtook us and passed quickly out of sight, but we saw no one else. I hardly know what happened the rest of the way, for the mountain sickness, I suppose it was, seized upon me, and I wearily dragged one foot after the other, as step by step I felt the steeper rising of the glacier. I remember how for an hour or more the little Matterhorn seemed only a few paces in front of us, but we never got any closer to it; and then some one pointed to a white dot on the rocks to our right, which he said was the first hut, and I eagerly kept my eye on it; but we walked and walked,

and yet it grew no bigger. At last we were at the foot of the rocks, and Perren started up a wall as steep as a mansard roof, with loose stones and sand falling and slipping from it, and the higher we climbed the higher it seemed to rise above us, until suddenly — everything is seen suddenly in the Alps — in front of us I saw a little two-storied house, with smoke curling gaily out of its window, guides drinking at a table at its door, mules coming up round the other side of the rocks, and tourists putting on their gaiters. A man with a napkin over his arm at once stepped forward to ask what we would drink.

In the mean time the rest of our party had eaten lunch, and were now putting on their gaiters. I would not look at mine. And yet from here to the second hut was the part of the walk for which I had specially come, for between lay vast snowfields it was not safe to cross without being roped, and until the rope was tied round my waist I felt that I should have had no real Alpine experience. From my sunny bed on the rocks I saw the others walk off, and just above stop and rope themselves together; and I was left alone.

When the climbers came back they found me comfortably seated at a table in the sun, eating some excellent soup, and bread and butter. They had not only been to the second hut, but had scrambled up the Théodule Horn, and altogether had been so brave and energetic that I walked back to the Riffel more ashamed of myself than ever. Whatever woman may be at the polls, I am ready to prove her man's inferior on the Alps.

One cloudy day, with a large party, we followed the long, weary windings to the Riffelhaus, and then kept on, up the path beyond, to the Gorner Grat, the roads becoming rougher and rockier at every step, though never quite impassable for the mules. It was like going up stairs steadily for an hour and a half, but on the way were no rocks as steep as those below the Théodule hut, nor was the path even as steep as the road to the Riffel. It came to an end finally on a narrow, rocky ridge, every hollow filled with snow, a wooden hut on one side, and at its door a telescope through which a placard offered us a look for fifteen centimes. Several groups of men and women, coat-collars turned up, alpenstocks and ice-axes at their sides, were gathered round unpacked luncheon-baskets, and they turned to glare, as we arrived, as if daring us to intrude upon them. We went as far away as we could, unpacked our own baskets, bought some extra luxuries at the hut for a price which included the 10,289 feet elevation of the picnicking-ground and the view it commanded. And then we glared in our turn as another party of tourists threatened us; but it was no use.

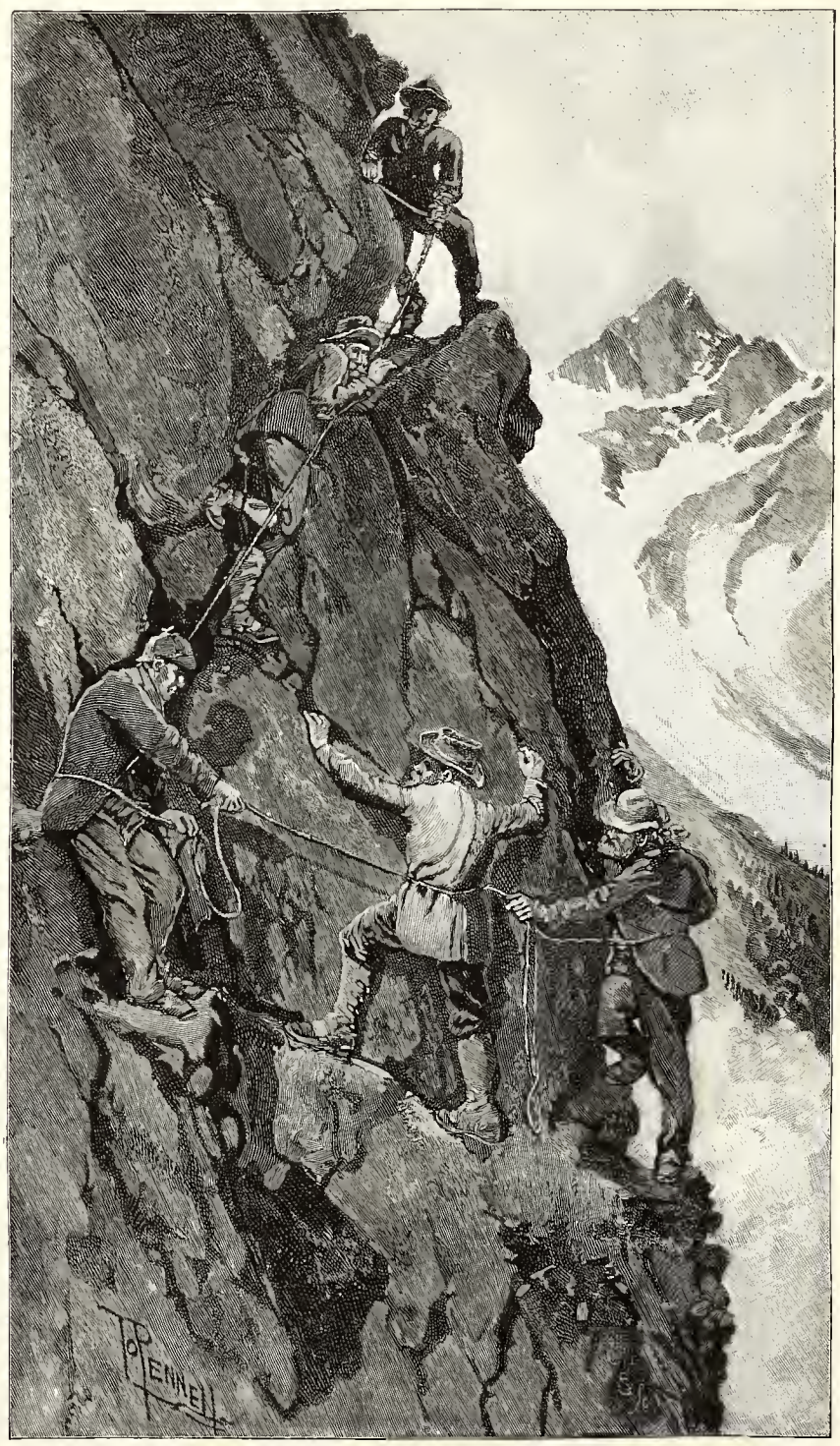
THE MATTERHORN AND THE RIFFELHORN FROM THE RIFFEL.

At last the clouds, which had been falling behind and over the Riffel all the morning, closed about us and blotted out the entire panorama. There being nothing more to eat or to see, we began our descent through the clouds.

"Some persons," Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "hold that every pleasure they cannot sympathize with is necessarily affectation." And the man who in the Alps is only happy on a mountain-top, or on the way to it, can hardly be expected to understand that there is real enjoyment left for those who sit all day long in the sun, or linger for hours in the pine woods,

or whose energies are exhausted by a three or four hours' journey. My only climbs were those of which I have just written, and yet no one could have felt more deeply the great charm of Zermatt and the Riffel. It seemed to grow greater with each day, and I think I never regretted leaving a place so much as the Riffelalp Hotel the September noon I made my last descent between the pine trees, when a keen sweet wind blew over the mountains, now arrayed in all their autumn glory of scarlet and gold, and on the plain men and women were cutting hay, its scent filling the pure air, and girls, minding a cow or a goat, were lying on the grass in the warm sunshine. If it were brave of us to journey to Zermatt in the beginning, let me be braver still in the end, and, risking the wrath of the Alpine Club, say that I know of no lovelier place to go for a month's holiday, as one at home goes to the mountains or to one of the many cities by the sea.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.



A DIFFICULT CORNER.

BREAKING THROUGH AN ICE-BRIDGE.

II. WORK.

"ALPS; yes," was the form of a cablegram which reached me one day last summer, and as soon as possible we were in Zermatt. For the first ten days I agreed perfectly with the eminent medical authority who, having climbed with his family on mules to the Riffel, on his return said that it was pure recklessness and foolhardiness to go up anything. But on the eleventh day a friend appeared. Now I have a very profound respect for him in many walks of life, but as an athlete my contempt for him was then unbounded.

The afternoon of the day on which he appeared he insisted on going off for a walk. He came out in a beautiful cap of an entirely new style, a most appropriate suit, a tremendous pair of hob-nailed boots,—they were ready long before he left London,—and a gorgeous ice-ax, which lived in a leather cover.

We went up to the Riffel, and on the way I did receive a lot of good advice. I discovered, for example, that one does not climb mountains at five miles an hour, and that there is very much to learn in the way of throwing your weight and placing your feet. Having secured rooms at the Riffel, he proposed that we should return by the Findelen Glacier, and in about an hour, over a good path, we reached the moraine, which from the distance looks like a winding brown ribbon, and which becomes a huge wall of loose rock the minute one gets on to it. From the top he pointed out the Rimpfischhorn miles away, up which we purposed later to climb. F—— half ran, half slid down the slippery mass of debris. I attempted to follow, but slid down altogether, and landed on my hands and knees on a great flat floor of dirty ice. Up the ice, which rose all around in front of us steeper than a church-roof, he walked with his ice-ax. I jammed my pole in, struggled up to it, went beyond it, and found myself fixed something like a V, the pole being one arm, my body the other. I endeavored to brace myself up, but suddenly sat down, and slipped backwards to the bottom. I then tried to crawl up, but only slid back again. F—— walked slowly down, seized me by the back of the neck, and with dignity, his ice-ax in one hand and me in the other, strode up to the top. I was beginning to have some respect for him. We came straight down over the end of the glacier, on which I now thought I was quite at home. I jumped on to a long, smooth dirt-covered slope in front of me, and in a

CROSSING A COULOIR.

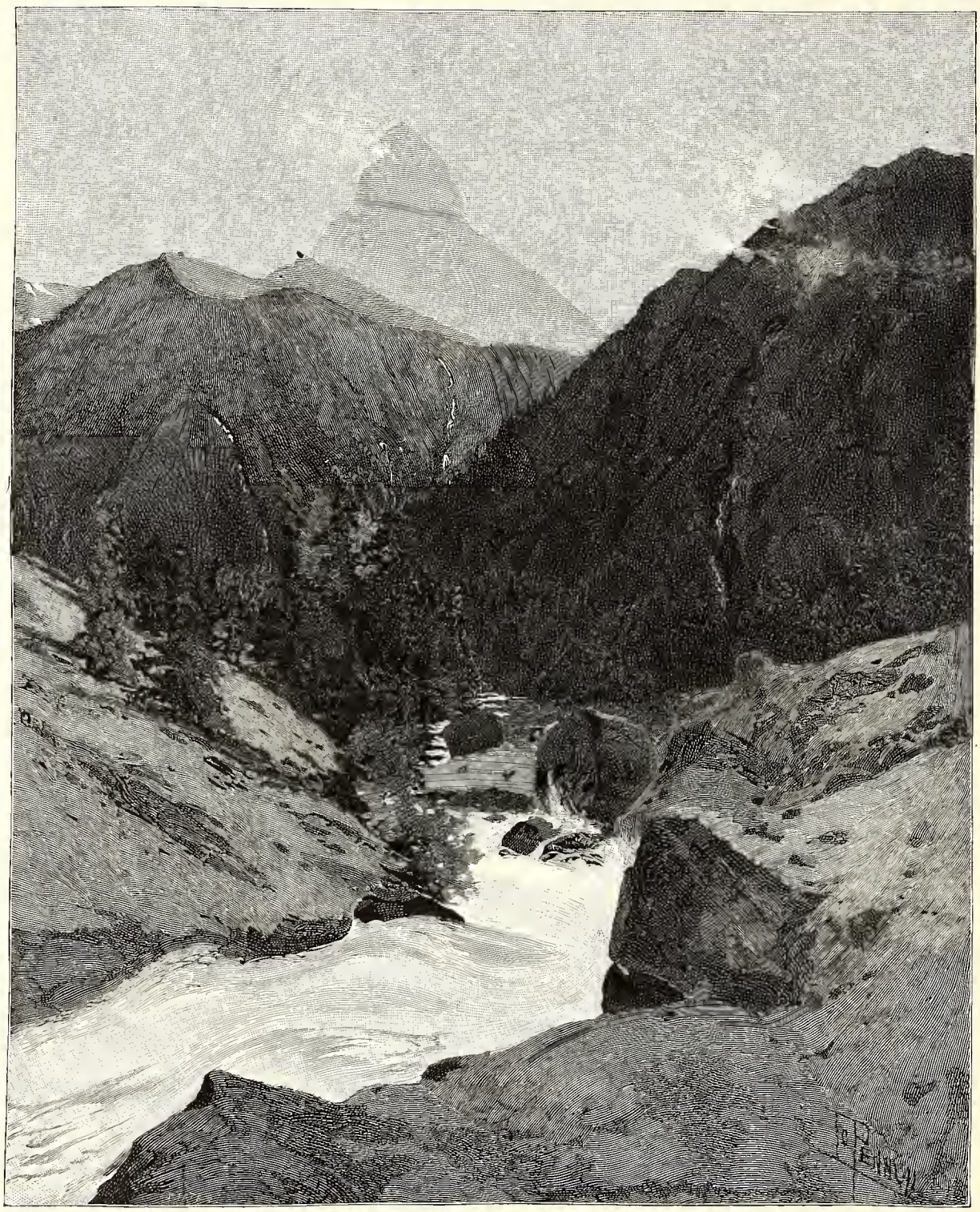
second was yards below the place where I had started, up to my knees in mud, small rocks, and water. It was a slope of pure ice hidden under a layer of mud and loose stones, and the whole surface had given way with me; and as I tried to pull myself out of the bed of the small avalanche I had set in motion, I heard F—— calmly remark, "Well, have you broken your neck?" Then he came down by the rocks on the side. Save for several holes in my hands and clothes I was none the worse for it. The walking here was very much easier, and we came out on a still, black little lake,—one of two which lie one on each side of the Findelen,—struck a curious level path which seemed to go for a mile or more along the side of the mountain, and blocked out the bare rock above from the almost sheer grass-slopes below. We followed this until we were just above the high chalets of Findelen, which seem to be anchored on the mountainside. At Findelen the only native who could understand my French informed us that it would take two hours to reach Zermatt, while we knew dinner would be served in three-quarters. We scurried down the continuous zigzags for about fifteen minutes at a pace which scarcely gave the slow-going peasant time to touch his hat and get off the inevitable good evening, until I noticed a dry water-course running straight down the mountainside, with Zermatt apparently a quarter of a mile below at the foot of it. Without waiting for F——'s advice, I jumped into it. Stones, dirt, mud, branches of trees started off with me, and, sticking the point of my alpenstock into the ground behind me, I went with them at about a 2:30 gait. Sometimes I bounded for about ten or fifteen feet through the air, and then I would slide twenty or thirty, tearing out stones and rocks with my hands, trousers, and legs. Suddenly the alpenstock went over my head and began on its own account a race in which I was badly beaten, and before I could think where I was going I found myself close to the little white church on the Findelenbach, half a mile from Zermatt, and I heard a voice away up the mountain saying, "Are you down there?" And when I said, "Yes," I saw another avalanche coming, and in a few minutes out of the bottom of it emerged F——, covered with mud and dirt from head to foot, and remarking, "What in the mischief did you come down such a place as that for?" To which the one obvious answer was, "Why did you do it yourself?" And a sermon on the dangers of sliding down unknown water-courses was cut short. But it seemed to me that doing

a two-hours' walk in about twenty minutes ought to be considered quite a feat. However, a few minutes afterwards we were in Zermatt togged up as if we were in London, with the addition of some ornaments in the shape of sticking-plaster, and I had made up my mind to go in for anything.

After this we went to work regularly; that is, we loafed two days, and then climbed one. We saw all those sights which E—— has described, and we did a lot of other things which she has not. By the end of another week I was considered a fit subject to be dragged up the Rimpfischhorn. We had been successful in many attempts, and were quite certain that we had enjoyed ourselves as much as the men who had done the Matterhorn, and we were happy, though we were deemed worthy only of the withering contempt of all respectable climbers.

The night before we were to start for the Rimpfischhorn, up which S——, who had planned everything for the whole trip, determined we should go, I went to bed as soon as it was dark, leaving the other two to arrange with old Perren the guide to get the lunch, to see to the rope, to find another guide — in fact to look after the endless details of such an expedition. I was to be called at twelve, and we were to start before one. Some time during the night I was awakened by a furious thunder-storm, but I went to sleep again, only

GETTING UP TO THE ROCKS.



THE MATTERHORN.

to be aroused by unceasing peals of nearer thunder on the bedroom door. I was dressed in a few minutes, and wandered downstairs. Soon a lightly tripping step announced the approach of F—— in his stockings, while an unusual amount of crashing in the upper stories told us that S——, who was near-sighted, was making his way down. I was beginning to chaff them for being late, when they silenced me by saying, that we were away behind time, that we ought to have started before the thunder-storm, that it was now after four, and that it was very doubtful if we ever got anywhere.

Breakfast did not take long. In the middle of it, Perren, looking rather sleepy and muttering about the weather, came in for the lunch, and as soon as we went outside we found him and Imboden stowing away into their sacks the things which the yawning, automatic waiter had given them. We started off in single file, suggesting Rembrandt's "Night Watch," though we were not so picturesque. In a comparatively short time we had gotten to the moraine of the Findelen Glacier, and crossed it. I had nearly upset the whole party by slipping down among them, and to save time was

ignominiously jerked up in front by Perren, and shoved from behind with the top of Imboden's ice-ax. The lantern had been left behind, concealed in a hollow tree by the path, for the morning was coming on, not with the Alpine glow, but with an increase of grayness, with here and there a watery star high over us in the heavens. We walked in a straight line up the glacier, here hardly crevassed, and almost a perfectly smooth incline nearly to the ice-fall. A few tacks around crevasses, and we crossed a small medial moraine; a few more tacks on very smooth ice, where Perren had to cut some steps for a foothold, a rapid slide down a steep slope, and a jump over a little *bergschrund*, and we stood on a ledge at the base of the great lateral moraine. As we were leaving the moraine we stopped for a minute and looked around. Down by the Riffelalp, behind and now considerably below us, a thunder-storm was again raging. In front of us the mountain of loose rock which hid the Rimpfischhorn stood up darkly against a clear sky. Between Monte Rosa and the Breithorn was rising that thick, heavy gray cloud out of which at home always comes a heavy snow-storm. Nobody said anything, and we went on. We came down off the moraine on to the last patch of grass, wound around a quiet little lake, and began to climb a mountain which was simply a mass of loose boulders. We wound around and over and under, and swarmed up these boulders, always coming out sooner or later on a little pile of stones topped by a bottle. By what sense Perren always struck these bottles was a mystery. We began a long process of skipping from one block to another, or rather Perren and Imboden skipped, and we jumped and stumbled about and fell in between them, rising a foot with almost every stone. A few flakes of snow began to fall, the wind, which had been slight, died away entirely, and the clouds crept up from Zermatt and poured over the sides of Monte Rosa and down the peak in front of us. And all at once long winding sheets of vapor gathered around us and spread from one mountain to another, completely shutting us in, and the snow fell thick and fast.

Perren led steadily onward across a small snowfield which we did not see until we were on it, and up a tower of loose rock which loomed momentarily out of the storm. Just below the top two great boulders, standing side by side and covered with a flat stone, made a natural shelter large enough to hold all five of us, and here we had our breakfast. Between seven and eight o'clock a furious roaring began up above us; the snow fled away before it, and a burst of sunshine followed and chased it down the valley up which we had come, until even the Matterhorn glittered in the distance.

As we wound around the corner of the rock, the wind, blowing almost level and carrying with it sleet out of the now clear sky, struck us full in the face. Mufflers, gloves, and goggles went on, and we dropped straight down on to another glacier. As we crossed this, the clouds came down again, only to be whirled away, giving us marvelous glimpses of jagged coal-black peaks above us, or a momentary peep down the valley, miles away and thousands of feet below. Then we began to ascend slowly and steadily; the ice became snow covered with a crust, through which, as the ascent grew steeper, we began to break. Then for an hour it was plod, plod, plod, up an ever-steepening slope in a thick mist through which we could not see at all. Gradually the mist began to lighten; suddenly Perren stopped, and said, "Look up!" and right above, seemingly almost over us, came a great snow-peak, rushing out of the mist as if to fall upon us. Then we came to some rocks which from the Riffel look like a mere stain on the snow, but which form a huge ledge, sheeted with ice, up which one has to crawl. Stretching to the base of the Rimpfischhorn, which we had not yet reached, was a snowfield, curving over into a beautiful cornice fringed on its under side with icicles, and above the curve of the cornice a sharp ridge, or *arête*, led right into the midst of the peaks of the Rimpfischhorn. All below us now was perfectly clear, though the higher peaks were still hidden, and as the snow was soft, we went steadily forward to the foot of the arête. To mount this was like going up the roof of a house. The mist came down again, and it began to rain, every drop freezing as it fell, and we could not see ten feet on either side of us. But after many grunts and protests from F—— as to the pace, to which Perren paid absolutely no attention, we reached the rocks. These Perren began to climb at once, while the rest of us stood still, he having to knock the newly formed ice off each rock before he could scale it.

The rocks sloped away upward in the mist, the strata lying like stairs, only the steps were so broken that merely two inches or so of foothold remained of each step, and sometimes for four or five feet these would be broken away altogether. Perren would climb the ten or twelve feet of his rope, and steady himself; I, who was next, would yell, "*Êtes-vous* sure?" A grunt would come back; I would begin to climb; my ice-ax would begin to slip; and then, with a wild tug at my waist, though we kept the rope tight all the time, I would be nearly jerked into space, and find myself alongside of him. The same thing would happen with the rest, except the placid, puffing Imboden, who had a most provoking way of walking

up these places without much regard to anybody. Then more snowy slopes and more rocks, the latter getting steeper all the time. Finally we reached a sheer smooth bit of rock ten or twelve feet high. I came up to Perren, who showed me where to put my hands and feet, and told me to stand firm. I looked up this face of rock; there was apparently nothing beyond it, and below I could see nothing. Perren took my ice-ax, and put the head of it firmly into a crack in the rock as high as he could reach. He then told me to brace myself, stepped on my knee, then on my shoulder, clambered to the top of the ice-ax, and then this lively old boy of sixty-five made a spring for the top of the rock, grabbed it, and disappeared over the other side. The rest of us, even Imboden, came up very much like bags of bones to a ledge decorated with two broken champagne bottles. Was this the top? It was hardly the bottom, and the clouds kindly blew away and showed us peaks almost over us. There was a drink all around, and then we started on again, one at a time. Just a little ahead was seemingly the last of it, but when we got there the face of the rock fell sheer away into the mist, and twenty or thirty feet beyond was another peak still towering above us. We had struck the top of a *couloir*. Connecting the two masses was a perfectly smooth sheet of ice thinly covered with snow, evidently leading down to the glacier we had left two hours before. Perren turned right towards it, swung his ax two or three times, and stuck one foot into the niche he had cut. He made two or three more niches, and came to the end of his rope. He swung his ax round with all his might and buried the point deep down into the slope above him. On this he rested his weight, and, turning round as far as he could, looked at me. "*Allons!* Courage!" If ever I needed courage, if ever I wished to be out of a mess, it was at that minute. F—— said, "Stick your ax in like his. Are you right? Step out!" As I put my foot into the step a piece of ice broke off and began to slide, picking up the snow with a queer hissing sound. I looked at it for a moment, and then over the other side; I shut my eyes, and began trying to sit down. But I at once heard the most complicated oaths in three or four languages, and was nearly jerked out by the tightening of the rope in front and behind me. Still it was no place for a lecture, and Perren cut another step, and I took another; F—— came on, and then S——, and then Imboden. And, strangely enough, after that first step I felt perfectly easy. There really is no more difficulty in standing in a little niche on a steep wall of ice a thousand feet high than there is in putting your feet together and standing on the floor. The only necessity is confidence in yourself and the people you are with. Some more rocks, another couloir, up, and not across, which we cut, one or two balancing steps on the top of it, with only clouds about us, another bit of rock, a yodel from Perren, and we were on the summit—a flat space a few feet around, a few stones, a little cairn, or stone man, some more bottles, and nothing to see. So we looked at one another. It was hailing hard, and our hair, eyebrows, and whiskers were coated with ice. F—— had become a Father Christmas; every one of Perren's wrinkles was outlined in ice. Icicles formed on the brims of our hats and on the tails of our coats; the rope was frozen stiff. And we were 13,700 feet up in the air. We filled a cup with snow, and, pouring wine into it, ate the mass. Perren put my name into the empty bottle. In less than five minutes we were chilled through and through, and we turned about and started down, Perren now being last.

One at a time we came down, our backs to the rocks, each one, even Perren, dropping his ice-ax, all but harpooning those below, for the rocks were now sheeted with ice like glass. The wind fell, and the snow descended in a cloud so heavy that by the time we reached the first couloir not a step that we had cut was to be seen. The long Imboden hacked out a new flight with all his might, but they were of the flimsiest description, and just as Perren, who hung on to the rocks in the rear as long as he could, had warningly said, "You must not slip here," F—— quietly remarked, "My step is breaking." Perren gave a fearful yell; Imboden, who was cutting, drove his ax in, burying the top in the ice. As the rope was almost perfectly taut between all of us save S—— and F——, who were stepping, F—— only slid about a foot, and hung against the slope, while he cut a new step for himself. Had not the rope been taut, as it should be, the papers at the beginning of last September would have been filled with the accounts of another horrible Alpine accident. As it was, although we came down much more slowly than we went up, we gradually reached the flat, smooth rock where S—— and F——, who had been leading by turns since Imboden had stopped his step-cutting, became perfectly blind with the snow beating in their eyes and filling up their glasses. Perren gave Imboden a longer bit of the rope, we let him out over the face of the rock, and he disappeared into space, the rope swaying about wildly two or three seconds. The ice-axes in a bundle next went down, F—— and S—— also disappeared, and it was my turn. I looked over one side before I started into the clouds; the rocks seemed simply to stick up right into the air. Perren asked if I was ready; he began to pay out the rope slowly, and, helplessly claw-

ing at the icy face with my fingers and toes, I was let down.

Each one struggled on down the rocks, and at last, with a howl and a rush, we came out upon the top of the arête, and tore down what we had so painfully toiled up in the morning. When we came to the next mass of rocks the whole upper world, which had been perfectly quiet save for the noise we made, suddenly became filled with a sound not unlike that made by a telegraph-wire in a wind. The heads of our ice-axes had a curious feeling, and in a minute every one of us knew that we were in the middle of a thunder-cloud, and were acting as lightning-conductors. Though we all felt this to be rather a risky position, we hurried on, and presently the sound ceased, and we knew that we had come out of the cloud. Out again, on to another snow-slope, and there it was as black as night. We walked ahead until we found ourselves going uphill; as we could not see from one end of the rope to the other, we turned back, and crossed a fairly level plain. The plain got steeper, the guides began to talk in *patois;* the plain curved rapidly over, and Imboden suddenly yelled wildly, "Halt!" Right in front of him the vapor broke away, and we now saw that we were traveling rapidly towards the edge of a mighty precipice. Perren turned straight about, and we slowly climbed the long stairway we had so quickly descended. When, after nearly an hour of climbing, we reached the top, every one sat down, for the moment thoroughly done. Some Alpinists may say that we had bad guides, but the fog was as thick as a London one, and I do not see that they were to blame for missing the track, as it was buried under nearly half a foot of snow. But we found our track at last, and passed on to our shelter in the morning. We tore on as fast as we could, sometimes breaking through nearly to our waists, and clapping our hands and rubbing our ears to keep up some sort of circulation, for it was bitterly cold. Once or twice, despite all Imboden's sounding with the pole of his ax, one of us would break through into a hidden crevasse; but we were pulled out by the tightening of the rope, though the wind was almost knocked out of us by the process. The snow soon got hard again, and we tramped silently along. At our shelter the rope came off, and the climbing was over. We had been about ten hours on the peak.

The rest of the provisions were eaten, and two or three pipes smoked, while we waited vainly to see if the drizzle which had now set in would stop. Instead, it turned to heavy rain, and in this we scrambled down our mountain of boulders, and at last came out on a sort of spongy hillside, where one could run without thinking about every step. The path seemed endless, but at last Perren took to the glacier and, slipping, sliding, running, every man for himself, we crossed it, and gained the little hut just beyond, where, soaking as we were, the guides insisted on stopping. Then on down the path, now turned into a water-course, stumbling over stones, tripping over roots, and sometimes almost falling in the darkness. Perren came to the lantern, and found a dry match somewhere about him; and at last, around one of the flanks of the mountain, the lights of Zermatt came in sight away below us, though they never seemed to get nearer, and the mountain buttresses never seemed to come to an end, until, when we were thoroughly sick of it, the lights of the Riffelalp showed through the trees. Into the hall we passed, leaving a trail of water and mud behind us, and here we aroused enough interest for one of the real Alpinists to ask where we had been. As I turned away I heard him say to another over his coffee, "What, to-day? I don't believe it."

And the worst of it was that the men who were below us on the Strahlhorn said that they had hardly been in a cloud!

Joseph Pennell.

IN SHADOW.

FROM the town where I was bred
I have been so long away,
In its streets I met to-day
Both the living and the dead.

Though the upland paths we trod,
Long ago, are overgrown,
When to-day I walked alone
Your step sounded on the sod.

Long I climbed the eastern hill
Till the woods lay at my feet;
In my heart your own heart beat,
On my hand your touch lay still.

Nothing there had changed; and there,
Through that hushed and shadowed place,
I passed, meeting face to face
My old fancies everywhere.

In still valleys I walked through,
My heart's throbbing deafened me:
Suddenly I seemed to see
Jealous Death's dim shape of you.

L. Frank Tooker.

A GIRL WITHOUT SENTIMENT.

"OBSERVE the dotted quarter notes, and mark the time carefully. All ready! One—two—three, one—two—sing!"

As the choir-leader began this exordium, the wheezy bellows was heard, packing the wind-chest against the time of need, and at the word of command organ and voices took up the strain of melody which in the morrow's service should lift heavenward the aspirations of devout, church-going hearts.

The choir of the Battleford Orthodox Church was led by Jared Ames, the teacher of the village high school. The voices, though in the main harmonious, were the untrained voices of a country chorus, to which almost any recruit is welcome without being required to pass a strict civil-service examination.

As the rehearsal proceeded the words sung were those of devotion, but some of the singers seemed not fully charged with devotional feeling. The leading basso cast a resentful look over his note-book at the chorister. Amateur sportsman, as well as amateur musician, he had that afternoon umpired a match game of ball, and, as autocrats soon come to brook no interference, a mild criticism from Mr. Ames had roused his ire. The prima donna, whose full, expressionless voice now waked the echoes in the distant corners of the ark-like auditorium, had just before been confiding to the contraltos near her some extremely amusing bit of gossip, and the laughter had not yet died from her jolly face as the rout of voices turned the corner of the third line and came in upon the homestretch in tolerably good form.

As the verse concluded, Tom Tanner, or "Tom Tenor," as he was usually called, leaned over to the yonkers in the bass row in front of him, and resumed his oracular remarks where they had been broken off.

"When you sing tenor," said Tom, "the better you sing the more of a discord it seems to you, and you think you are 'way off the key. That 's why it 's so hard a part to sing."

Most country boys who are musically inclined take naturally to the bass part when their voices "change," and, until they have been encouraged to attempt it, tenor is to them an object of awe. The Battleford boys had many a time looked admiringly upon Tom as agony followed contortion in his facial expression, and as his eyes bulged with his effort to reach the high notes of his score. Tom enjoyed at that day a local reputation as a singer, and by his present auditors his astonishing statement, being the dictum of an expert, was accepted as fact.

Richard Temple, from the bass row, acknowledged the confidence of the tenor oracle by a quick, backward look towards Tom's face. His glance in the circling return to his music-book paused to focus for an instant in the direction of the front soprano row, where gleamed in partial profile the bright faces of the girls who supported the *première*.

Had you followed his gaze, a bright bit of color might have held your eye; red cheeks and red-gold curls under a natty hat—a milliner's "creation" in blue. Doubtless you would have thought that it must have been this bright-hued flower that young Temple's light-winged glance had hovered over. But as the hymn rose again, had your ear been adept at following each strand of the chord of harmony, you might have forgotten Bell Creighton's curls and pink cheeks in listening to the voice of her nearest neighbor. Not powerful, nor fully trained, but clear and pure as the soul of a saint was the voice of Winifred Barton, as against the blank wall of the first soprano's full song her finer notes stood in relief like the graceful vine of a sweetbrier rose.

Wholly unconscious of auditors or observers was the possessor of the voice. Her hat lay beside her, and her well-rounded head was crowned with hair warm brown in color, and wavy and abundant. So intent was she upon the music that from the rear seats it was not easy to catch a view of her face, but a chance turn might have shown you a well-cut profile, a forehead neither high nor low, a piquant nose,—hardly straight enough for a Grecian model,—a mouth firm but delicate, the lips not too thin for good nature.

Her eyes were brown, and deep, and honest—good eyes to see with, and pleasant to look into. Failing to see them, you would have missed the chief charm of a most attractive face.

Just now the eyes could be seen to best advantage by one who stood, as Mr. Ames did, leaning against the gallery rail and facing the singers. Possibly the young leader appreciated his ground of vantage, being a person of taste in the matter of eyes and other feminine attractions.

As the choir was dismissed there was the usual hurry and scurry incident to departure. Some of the more stolid of the young men sauntered unconcernedly out of the gallery and down the stairs, each sure that he would a moment later meet at the outer door the one girl whom he considered his peculiar property, and would thence proceed in orderly fashion with the damsel tucked under his arm.

Not so philosophical was Richard Temple. The blue eyes of pretty Bell Creighton had flashed saucily at him as the rehearsal closed, and his cheeks had flushed at the challenge, which implied that the village beauty would not say nay were he to proffer his escort. Why not thankfully take the rose he might most surely win, rather than seek the violet which might be refused him?

Winifred Barton's usual escort had not appeared, a cousin with whom she had had some sort of convenient compact. The flush in Richard's brown cheeks deepened as he noted Jim Barton's absence and realized how favorable was the opportunity for a long-meditated venture. He had long admired Winifred Barton, and had come to know her well, but he had never acted as her escort, and, to the shy, conscious youth, to ask for the privilege was a bold undertaking.

A young soldier advancing into the open, for the first time under the enemy's guns, might feel the same curious tremor and panic which Richard felt as he stood at the great doorway while the stream of jolly, chattering girls eddied round the turn, rippled down the gallery stairs, and advanced across the vestibule. Winifred was between two girl friends. Dare Richard attempt to capture a prize so safely convoyed and defended? He could feel the thumping of his heart as the trio approached; and he stood hesitant, wishing that the two too many were anywhere but there. And then his delay had almost cost him dear, for suddenly from the other side he heard the voice of Mr. Ames.

"Will Miss Barton allow me the pleasure?" Here indeed was a "discourager of hesitancy," and Richard's was gone in an instant.

How he dared he hardly knew, but his hand just touched her arm, and he had hastily said, "Miss Winifred!" before the easy flow of the teacher's request had reached its conclusion. Winifred had turned with some surprise to see the professor's handsome face; then in the same instant she had felt the slight touch upon her arm, and, turning towards it, had heard her name so eagerly uttered, and had met a pair of appealing gray eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Ames; will you kindly excuse me to-night?" she said, with a grave sweetness which took the sting from her refusal.

To Richard Temple's excited imagination she seemed almost too rare and sweet for human fellowship, as, without a word, she put an ungloved hand within his arm, and they went down the granite steps into the moonlit summer night.

He could have been content to walk silent, but they talked, as young people will, of a thousand trivial things—the moon, the weather, the midday heat which had been, the high-school reception which was to be. As they passed his boarding-place, Richard relieved himself of the burden of his music-books and a volume of "Addison on the Law of Contracts," by depositing them under an evergreen tree, until he should return. Thence, by the way, an early passer abstracted them the next morning, and through the medium of the waste-paper man they found their way back to the paper-mill to be ground over.

Down another street Richard and Winifred passed, chatting of the informal party which both had attended Tuesday night. Light clouds flecked the sky, the moon now feigning to hide behind their convenient curtain, now brazenly observant, ever curious to watch the ways of young people. As the wise old moon's face peered cautiously out, the little white hand gleamed on Richard's arm. The sight of it was not needed to assure the young man of its presence, for he could not become more conscious of it than he had every moment been, as he felt its light weight and had drawn with timid pressure her arm against his heart. Some of its traditional witchery must have been in the moon's beams, for at length, as they walked and talked, Richard's disengaged right hand stole over in the most casual fashion, and the moon must have lost sight of the white hand on account of a brown one which intervened. Not for long, however. A moment the brown hand rested there undisturbed, and then the smaller hand was quietly withdrawn and a voice said hesitatingly, but with gathering resolution:

"You ought not to do that, Richard."

"Why not?"

"Because—it 's—flirting."

The curious moon, finding a convenient rift in the fleecy cloud-curtain, was again peering through. The face it saw looking up at Richard was sweet and girlish, but it was a very determined little face, and the brown eyes in the dim light were very grave. Richard flushed, and turned the talk into its former inconsequent channels, but he felt the reproof and chafed under the imputation. Whatever had been his boldness, whatever his indiscretion, he believed himself guiltless of any intention of flirting; but he clearly saw that he could not justify himself without making a confession which he felt would be premature.

Through all the random talk which followed

a little constraint had fallen upon their comradeship. As for Richard, the strife raged hot within him. How could he bear to be considered a flirt by Winifred Barton? For weeks he had been tortured by anxiety lest, before he should have won her love or even have become able to avow his own, some more fortunate fellow should seize the prize. What fearful odds would lie against him were his cause to be still further handicapped by his being adjudged a common trifler, and on what seemed the best of proof!

At last he could refrain no longer.

"What do you call flirting, Miss Winifred?" he said.

She was at some loss to define what seemed so obvious.

"Why — *flirting*. Doing what you did — paying a girl such attentions which mean nothing."

"If they mean nothing," said Richard, tentatively, "what 's the harm?"

The girl's brown eyes flashed as they looked up again.

"I choose to accept no such attentions, sir, even were there no harm," she said. "Luckily, I 'm not one of the sentimental sort, but some poor girl may come to lose and break her foolish heart through such meaningless attentions, while, fancy-free, you go your thoughtless way."

Her personal resentment had become merged in the championship of her sex.

In the early banter of their walk her eyes and voice, laughing in merry unison, had charmed him with their witchery. If the girlish features had lacked a line of strength, his lover eyes had not taken note of it; but when now he stole a look at the womanly little face, flushed and indignant, the dignity of a gracious womanhood had transfigured it. He could not repress a humorous expression of his admiration.

"I ought to be abashed," he said, "but I can't look down. You are too pretty."

He went no further, for her hand was suddenly pulled from his arm, and, turning, she faced him. So he was just a trifler, and her kindness had been thrown away. Her eyes were ablaze, and one trimly shod foot struck the pavement with a decisive little stamp.

"Mr. Temple," she said, "I will excuse you from further attendance. I prefer to go on alone."

Richard's head was bare in an instant; his face had turned suddenly grave and earnest. His gray eyes looked frankly into hers, where anger and trouble were blent. He put out his hand in deprecation and manly apology.

"Forgive me, Miss Barton, if I seemed rude; I care for no friendship if I lose yours."

He seemed so like his old, deferential self, and so truly penitent, that she could not refuse his propitiation, and they walked on.

"It was because I, too, have valued our friendship," Winifred said, "that I resented your change of manner. You have seemed so different from most boys, and your manner with ladies has been so deferential and — nice — that to have you take to flirting and making foolish speeches was too bad. I could have cried with vexation."

And, in fact, the brown eyes were full as she spoke, like those of a grieving child. How could she know that her words would compel him to justify himself?

"It is almost worth having been misunderstood," he said, "to know that you cared."

"Friends are not so plenty," she rejoined, "that one can give them up without caring. I always liked you even before I knew you, you seemed so manly and so free from sentimental folly. I suppose I hate sentiment because I have n't a bit myself."

Richard, with a touch of masculine effrontery, took advantage of her evident compunction.

"Was it," he said in raillery, "to balance the over-credit of your former good opinion, that you were unfair to me just now?"

"Wh-what?" she stammered. "I do not understand you."

"Was it quite fair, Miss Barton, to condemn a friend so summarily?"

Her eyes were round with astonishment. Had she not been magnanimity itself in her forgiveness?

"Was I not justified?" she cried.

"If I had been what you thought me, yes; If I paid such attentions to other girls, yes; Oh," he cried impetuously, "I can't bear to have you think I was flirting. Instead of meaning nothing, it meant that I coveted even the touch of your hand! O Winifred, do you not see that to me you are the one woman in all the world and that with all my heart I love you?"

As he uttered the avowal of his love he felt a slight tremor in the arm within his own, and with eager eyes searching her face he read there, even in the dim light, pain and dismay.

"O Richard!" she said, "I wish — oh, I ought to have prevented this!"

"I have frightened you," he said remorsefully. "I ought to have been less precipitate."

They had reached the Barton homestead, and Winifred's hand was upon the gate.

"I thought," she said, "that I could help you by my friendship, and it has only led you into trouble. And I — I wanted a friend." She looked at him ruefully. "I did n't want a lover."

"But don't reject me out of hand," he said. "I have been too quick. Give me time to win your love—or—let me be just what you say—the friend you wanted. You shall be free; and if you find you never want a lover—" his manly voice trembled a little as he corrected himself—"if you find that you never want me for a lover—even then—even then—I shall thank God always that I knew you and loved you."

Winifred Barton had declared herself to be a girl without sentiment. Young as she was, it had been her fortune, good or bad it matters not to say, to hear once before words of love spoken to her, but she had had no doubt or question of her answer, and had utterly rejected and refused to listen. But as Richard Temple had made his appeal, she had been conscious of a certain indefinable impression produced upon her. She said afterward that it seemed as if her heart had been an empty room into which his words had been spoken, and their vibrant echo there had thrilled her, even though she felt that she could not accept his love. The brown eyes were full of compassion and motherly pity for this youth whom she must reject. He was a manly fellow too: she could not lightly cast away the love of such a friend.

"I wish I could have answered as you wished," she said; "I fear delay can only make it harder for us both, and if I defer my final answer as you ask, it is not that I can give you ground for any hope. I know that you have offered me a true man's love. Believe me, it makes me proud,"—a little exultant thrill would rise in her heart,—"but it makes me very humble too. O my friend, do not grieve! My love is not worth a heartache. Good night!"

He had silently clasped her extended hand, and she had traversed the short walk, and was already part way up the steps, when he recovered his voice. The closing of the door after her, such was his fancy, would bar out his hope forever.

"Winifred!"

She turned upon the porch and looked down at him, her white draperies fluttering in the fitful evening breeze.

"The night is so pleasant," he said, "won't you walk down to the park bridge? I will say no more of this. You can trust me."

What a pretty, white-robed casuist it was that he looked up to, as she considered the propriety of again putting herself in the way of this young man's appealing influence. She felt, almost guiltily, that even in deferring his rejection she had abandoned the outwork of her defenses, but she was sure that the citadel itself was impregnable. Even while she looked down upon him like a benignant spirit, she fortified her resolution anew.

But how miserable he seemed! If her walking with him could soften her refusal of his love, ought she to deny him that small comfort? Surely it was a duty to be kind to the sorrowful. She would go, but she would be, oh, so very careful that he should understand that she could be only his friend.

So sternly practical was the maid, so absolutely devoid of sentiment, that her gentle heart almost ached with the intensity of her resolve and purpose to be to his solitary young manhood the best friend that youth ever had.

As they walked down the shaded street they talked of many things, but never of what had just passed between them. Appropriate to some chance allusion, Richard had briefly recounted some adventure of his boyhood, and Winifred, unconsciously fascinated by that which pertained to his former personality, had questioned him in regard to the life in that borderland hill country of New Hampshire in which his boyhood had been spent. Led on by her questions to recount his youthful experiences, they had given the action to dramatic pictures with grand mountains for their background, those mountains whose silent reserves had strengthened in him the self-reliance and boyish independence that had first commended him to Winifred's appreciation.

Bits of hardy adventure and mountain craft he told her simply, wondering at her interest in such uneventful tales. The girl listened and questioned with eager zest. This revelation of a phase of life hitherto unknown came to her like a cool breeze from off his native hills. The world seemed to have grown wider; her breath came with deeper inspirations. In thought she saw the summer snow upon the mountain top, the green mazes of the trackless woods, the unaffected touch of nature in the simple village ways. She caught glimpses, too, of the home life in that country parsonage, unconventional, pure, and generous.

When she asked him about his parents, he said: "My father came of an old Bay State family who intended him for the law, but he chose the ministry. He is the most unselfish man I ever knew, and the truest gentleman."

She cast a sweet side glance at him as she thought of the old adage, "Like father, like son."

"After graduating at Andover," Richard continued, "to qualify himself further, father engaged in city mission work in Boston. Singularly, it was in that work that he met my mother, a Beacon street girl, daughter of a great merchant. You see charitable work is not so very new a fad for society girls after all. Ill-sorted as their stations seemed, they

fell in love, with prospects of next to nothing a year. Mother's family were furious. They had protested against her mission work; they drew the line at marrying a poor minister. She must choose between him and them.

"How disgraceful!" said Winifred, flushing.

"She did choose. They were married in the little mission chapel, and moved to New Hampshire, where father had been settled over a country parish; and there we children—three of us—were born. Will is at Yale, and Betty has just entered Wellesley."

He took a little photograph-case from his pocket. They had come to where the street crossed Tumbledown Brook by an open bridge of single span. Richard opened the case. The moonlight fell unobstructed, but the small pictures showed but dimly.

"I wish it was lighter," he said, fumbling in his vest pocket. "Here is a match, luckily."

He scratched the match upon the guard-rail of the bridge, and, by its momentary flash and glare, the girl bent over the miniatures.

"Here are father and mother," said Richard.

"What good faces, and how sweet your mother is," she said.

"Mother was very pretty when a girl, they say. If I had another match, I could have shown you Betty and Will. We are very proud of our collegians. They will make their mark yet, for they are both bright and both ambitious. They 've been such a comfort to father and mother."

She glanced at him archly, adding, "While the elder son must have been a continual disappointment."

He smiled appreciatively. "How good they are," he said, "not to twit me with it."

From the wooded heights on the left the brook descended, trickling from shelfy ledges and gurgling over the stones in its steep and rocky bed. Densely shaded, its course was for the most part unseen, but here and there a ripple glinted and gleamed in a patch of moonlight. Close to the bridge, indeed, a level shallow spread, through which a lowly side-track ran, for the convenience of watering horses, after the primitive fashion. Under the bridge the water ran smooth and still, as if abashed by the bridge's frowning shadow, but once beyond, and freed from restraint, it sped away, leaping and frisking along its wild course through Battleford Park, the narrow but pretty bit of wooded sward which slopes here from the street to the river.

Here on another July night more than a century ago, in the old French and Indian War, occurred the fight which gives name to the town. From where rises that slender shaft of granite, dimly seen through the trees, the wily redskins opened their deadly fusillade; and the ford, whose level reach now glimmers white and still beneath the moon, answered angrily then to the patter of leaden hail, and was streaked with the red of patriot blood. That was long years ago, but public spirit had raised this monolith as a lasting memorial of the fight.

Village tales had it that belated travelers, by night, along this way, had sometimes seen, upon the anniversary of the battle, the shadowy reënactment of the tragedy in ghostly pantomime of surprise, conflict, and battle-smoke. However that may have been, the shaded park was a favorite resort on warm afternoons, when the wood might be filled with merry children, and the benches occupied by mothers knitting, or by white-capped nurse-maids and their infant wards. In the evening it was usually deserted, and so far was it from the center of the town, which had clustered about the factories at the falls farther up, that the bridge had few passers at this hour.

As Richard and Winifred leaned upon the low parapet the only sounds beside their own voices were the babble of the brook and the incessant disputation of the katydids in the maple trees.

There had been Bartons in the old fight, so Winifred proudly said, as she told the story of the ambush, and the cruel attack which stubborn courage had at length repelled. She spoke in a hushed voice of the tales of ghostly reappearance, and he laughed at mankind's proneness to superstition, gently bantering her upon her own respect for the old traditions.

"My grandfather saw the vision once," said the girl, quietly, "and his grandfather was in the fight."

"You are plainly in the line of succession, then," said Richard, "and if this were one of the muster-nights, your eyes could not fail to see the wonder; but mine are alien,"—he turned their laughing gaze upon her fondly,—"and perhaps too unbelieving." Though he had laughed, she seemed to him only the gentler and more womanly that she had no jest for the supernatural.

In its sweet unfolding her girlhood had not been impoverished by being kept from the dear old fairy lore. Nymph and brownie, fay and water-sprite, had lived in her childish fancy. Old tales of Araby, which had delighted the ears of Haroun the Just, had done their part, and so had the weird Bible silhouette of the Witch of Endor, and even reverent thoughts of the risen Christ.

These all had stimulated her imagination, and wakened the poetry of her nature, in spite of the material environment of a factory town.

And yet she liked Richard none the less that, child though he was of the mysterious mountains, he did not believe in ghosts.

Dreamily she looked out upon the park. "How pretty," she said, "the flecks of moonlight are upon the grass."

"They remind me," said Richard, "of Wiles's picture, 'Noon,' which I saw at one of the New York exhibitions. It was just a row of roughly drawn house fronts, and a pavement shaded by bordering trees. But one could feel the sultry noontide; the shade was palpable reality; while the vivid patches of sunlight on the paving fairly glowed and flickered before one's eyes. Walking close to see how such effects of light and shade could have been produced, I found that the sunlight was — what do you think? — nothing but splashes of white, as flat as if they had been put on by a house-painter!"

"But how could such simple strokes produce such realistic effects?"

"Ah, that 's the art! Rightly to put together the simple strokes and the flat white splashes — is n't that the secret of all genius? Just think of poetry and literature: all the words are in the dictionary,— free to all,— but only —"

His preachment came to a sudden close. Winifred had laid a hand upon one of his, which grasped the bridge-rail. Looking down, he smiled whimsically at this reversal of his ill-received attention, and resisted an impulse to remind his companion that this was sometimes called flirting. As he turned instead for explanation, the girl was mutely pointing along the glade towards the ford.

Dimly seen across the river, where shallow and shore met, vaporous forms, white and indistinct, seemed entering the stream. The eyes of the watchers upon the bridge grew large and fixed. To the minds of both the old tales recurred. Were they true, then? Without taking her gaze from the river, Winifred moved closer to Richard's side. Not an audible splash in the stream such as living waders make, not a ripple disturbed its surface, yet steadily on, on, came the shadowy vanguard into midstream, and, indistinct behind, followed a straggling host.

In the awful hush louder sounded the tintinnabulation of the brook, shriller the harsh notes of the katydids. How the mind grasped at their tangible resonance, a welcome link to the world of the living, a lifeline of safety from the undertow of the supernatural.

The watching eyes were strained more clearly to define the lambent outlines; every alert sense was at its utmost tension. Suddenly the column wavered, as if their unsubstantial forms were shaken by the rising breeze. Did not one seem to stagger and to fall? And there another? Was that a puff of rifle-smoke? The scene grew cloudy and indistinct, as if with spreading smoke-wreaths. Suddenly, like the final signal of a weird transformation scene, an unearthly cry rent the noisy quiet with reverberant clangor. Winifred's overwrought intensity found relief in a little startled scream. With great rustle of leaves and crashing of small branches, a great bird disengaged himself heavily from his leafy covert near the monument, and flapped his way over their heads into the denser woods beyond.

Their eyes had followed the feathered brawler until his disappearance in the wood; when then they turned again towards the spectacle at the ford, neither ghostly veterans nor river could be seen. Whether apparitional battle-smoke or sublunary fog, a soft white curtain had shut out the shore from sight, and with deliberate insistence was rolling up the slope through the trees.

The air had grown chill and damp, and Richard suddenly awoke to his responsibility.

"I am not taking good care of you," he said.

Winifred suffered him to draw her light wrap more tightly about her. As she lifted her face to pin the soft folds at her throat her eyes burned clear and bright. Her bearing was that of a queen. It was not that she triumphed in the proof of the existence of the supernatural. She exulted that to her eyes had come this experience. She was a Barton, and Richard had said truer than he thought. She *had* been in the line of succession. She *had* seen; and this young man — was it not because of his love for her that he too should have seen the vision? As they turned townward, she said:

"It vexes me that just because I am a woman I should cry out as I did. You do not think I was afraid?" She looked up at him almost defiantly, but his demeanor reassured her. "I think I should not have been afraid even if I had been alone," she added; and then, more gently, "and yet I was glad that you were with me."

Richard drew her arm closer. "I don't wonder that you were startled. One is excusable for having excited nerves after such a sight."

"Then you did see it, Richard?"

"Yes." His own mind was in perplexity. Against his will he had seemed to see what his reason said was impossible. "But what it was that we saw I am not sure. Perhaps it was only the rising fog. I can not fully explain it so, but I think that may be the explanation."

"At the last," said the girl, "it did look like a mist, but before that how plain it was, even in its indistinctness — the travel-worn men, the wading passage, the waver of surprised attack, the answering volley." Her face was aglow. "I never saw a battle, but I think it must have happened so." To her the supernatural seemed the simplest explanation. "And remember,"

she added, "that others have seen the same thing before."

"Yes," replied Richard, gently; "whatever others saw, we must have seen. It may be that with just the right combination of circumstances — wind and water and air just right — the fog may first form and rise in such separate flamelike shapes. I should want to make some experiments before I testified as to what it was that we saw."

"I 'll wait for your report," she said. She was not unwilling to put the subject aside. Although strangely wrought upon by the incident at the bridge, her mind had held tenaciously through all to a line of inquiry she purposed to resume. A thought had come to her as they had talked of his family and home affairs which she desired to have explained.

"You are to be a lawyer, Richard, are you not?" she now said. "I have heard that you were studying law out of hours at the factory."

"I *am* a lawyer," he answered, with mock gravity, "and have been for nearly three whole days — passed my examination on Thursday."

She had planned her campaign.

"I should have thought that, choosing a profession, you would have gone to college. It seems to have been the family bent, too."

Her furtive scrutiny detected the shade which crossed his face, but he answered bravely:

"I should have been glad of a college course, but it did not seem best."

"Your father seems to have been able to send the others," she rejoined relentlessly; "why did he not insist on your going?"

"Country parishes don't pay large salaries as a rule," he said patiently; "and besides, — I did not tell you, — when I was ten years old my grandfather — the Boston merchant, you know — failed in business. He had a son, my uncle, a harum-scarum fellow, always in some scrape or other. To keep him from disgrace, after some especial escapade, father indorsed his note for a large sum. The note was not paid, of course, and the holder looked to father. You can imagine how much money a country minister had to pay with. Father had only to say that he had no money, as was true, and there would have been no property on which the creditor could have levied to collect the debt. But that was not father's way. He said he would pay as fast as he could, and he has paid it, little by little, though it has been a long pull and a hard one."

"He must have been heavily taxed to raise so much extra money."

"Oh, he has been. But never a complaint! Mother has economized and managed, and Will and Betty have figured expenses close. It has kept them all poor."

Winifred faced him triumphantly. Richard, with surprise, beheld her cheeks aflame and her eyes like stars.

"For how much sagacity, sir," she exclaimed, "do you give me credit? Who else has been kept poor, to eke out a country minister's salary, to pay other people's debts, and to keep your brother and sister at college? And you would not tell me about your share in the work; but don't I see what you have been doing? — you aggravating — unselfish — noble fellow!"

She had seized his hand in both of hers, and if the brown eyes had flashed as she turned towards him, they were suffused now and full of a tender light. Suddenly her clasp relaxed, and, dropping the hand she had held, she turned demurely to walk on again, her hand once more upon his arm.

"I came near being sentimental," she said, "over your — *faults!*"

Richard had blushed as his self-sacrifice had been brought home to him; now he said:

"Praise from you is very sweet, but I 've done no great thing. Father is the true hero. How could I do less — who have my life before me?"

She looked at him curiously.

"You 're a funny boy," she exclaimed. "Most young men claim great credit if they even pay their own way without help from their fathers."

Their eyes met. The girl's were full of a new and shy proprietorship in all his virtues.

"O Richard!" she said impulsively. Her eyes fell before his scrutiny as she continued, "It must seem very fickle in me, but I think I need wait no longer to know my own mind. I don't understand it, but it seems to me now as if I did love you, and had always loved you, even in those days of your boyhood, before I had ever even seen you." She was looking down now, as she uttered this confession, but she heard his quick "Thank God!" and she felt, rather than saw, his eager impulse as he turned towards her as if to clasp her to his heart.

She put up her free hand with a slight gesture of dissent. The impulses of her heart had indeed risen like a flood and broken bound, but already her mind was full of reactionary conflict.

After all her calm resolves, what had she done? Had she not surrendered the fortress without even waiting for the expiration of the truce? What had become of all those rules of prudent and judicial reserve which, in the meditation of her maidenhood, she had firmly decreed should govern her behavior when the "prince" should really come, and which should decide her consideration of his proposals when they should have been formally made?

Something like a pang of dismay seized her. Were her theories going all to pieces? And was she to prove as weakly sentimental as other engaged girls, whose folly had been her horror?

"But, Richard," she said, "people are sometimes mistaken, and discover after a time that they do not love each other after all. I think we ought to be very, very sure. And it will be best that no one should know yet that we are engaged."

"For how long, do you mean?"

"Oh, for some time. I can't tell. Maybe six months, maybe longer."

A cloud settled upon the young man's face.

"But, Winifred, I am afraid your plan is not practicable. Awkward mistakes will occur, and, besides, people will find us out, we shall be so much together."

"Oh, but we must n't be," she answered; "we must be very careful about that. It will be best that you should not come often to see me, and when we are in company together we must not look at each other, nor pay each other any attention."

Richard's heart felt like a weight in his breast. In their sauntering they had come round again to the Bartons' house, and stood talking. Winifred's quiet voice went on gravely:

"There is a deal of foolishness, too, that goes on between engaged people in the way of — kissing — and showing their affection. *I* could n't do it; I'm not demonstrative — and I don't come of a kissing family either. We girls shake hands, but we almost never kiss each other. When I came home from New York this spring father kissed me, but Sally only shook hands, while Meg simply said, 'Well, Winny, home again? Had a good time?'"

Richard looked ruefully at the girl across the gate now between them. Over his first exultant pride of conquest had come an undefined gloom of disappointment. He did not understand her. In vague search for precedent, his mind reverted to the heroines of romances he had read. Not a girl of them all had been so contradictory, not one had talked like this, nor been such a model of Platonic propriety. If she maintained these reserves, what should he do? He might as well be engaged to her grandmother. How utterly unreasonable it all was! If, now, Winifred had been homely, he thought in his resentment of fate, he would not have cared so much.

The girl's face was upturned, so that the moon lighted up the fluffy hair about her white forehead. The clear deeps of the brown eyes looked calmly into his troubled, wistful face. How pretty she was! If he might win her for his own, a lover might serve a lifetime for the right to kiss her.

Through the moody mists of his discontent, the thought flashed a ray of light and warmth to his heart.

He could wait. And proudly he thought that he would never claim the right till she had given it to him freely.

Winifred had not fully read his thoughts, but a wave of womanly intuition seemed to sweep across her face as she perceived the dim trouble in his eyes. In vain her resolution summoned her attention to her code, so carefully formulated, so prudently adopted. Even now, in rapid retrospect, she could find no fault with her system. The law was good. But here, she reasoned, was an exigency for which her rules had not provided. This young man was in great trouble. She discovered in herself a curious impulse to proffer him comfort.

Surely, when it was to relieve the distress of another, the relaxation of her rule could not count against her as a breach of self-discipline.

Suddenly, standing upon tiptoe, and reaching forward across the picketed gate, she clasped his face in both her hands, and with a quick movement drew him towards her.

"You dear boy!" she said with tender eagerness.

Before he had recovered from the shock of his surprise she had kissed him full upon his lips, and with a quick "Good night!" had turned, and, flashing up the steps, had disappeared from his sight.

Eugene Bradford Ripley.

AD ASTRA.

(A. C. L. B.)

UNTO the stars the light they lent returned.
Seer of celestial order,— soother, guide,—
Be still such influence, though undiscerned,
Swept onward with the white sidereal tide.

E. M. T.

HAROUN THE CALIPH, AND OTHERS.

I.

HAROUN the Caliph, walking by night in Bagdad, saw one standing without the great closed doors of the bazar of the gold-workers with naught upon him but his frail khamees, and it was cold. "Whose son art thou?" said the Caliph.

"I am a merchant of amulets," returned the man. "I am starving, and I sold my coverings one by one, as a tree in autumn letteth a fierce wind have its leaves, rather than fall a heap and die. I am a child of misery from my birth."

Then said the Caliph, "Take this, eat, drink, and be merry," and he gave the great ruby that men call the "Eye of Love," and went on his way in peace. The next night came again Haroun, and, finding the merchant of amulets about to die for need of food, cried, "Alas! why did not you sell my jewel, and live?"

Then answered the dying man: "Some said it was false, some said it was stolen, and none would buy. It is as when Allah gives a too great gift of soul to a lowly man — it getteth him only the food of mockery. But now I have the amulet called death, and I shall no more hunger or care."

Upon this the man died, and the Caliph took the "Eye of Love" from the clutch of death and went his way hand in hand with thought.

II.

A DERVISH, lazy and hungry, met a Sufi poet, and he begged of him alms; but the son of songs and the father of sayings said, "I have only the wisdom of God, the advice of the dead, and the songs of men."

"Will a song fill my paunch?" cried the other. To whom made answer the poet: "Sing a song of sixpence, and that will fill your pocket with rye; and scatter the rye, and that will fetch silly blackbirds to make for you a pie — and any girl will cook it."

"Thanks," said the man.

III.

A SUFI DERVISH, the father of sorrow and the son of grief, sat at night by the sea. The waves like sleek serpents writhed at his feet, and hissed forth, "Come, let us strangle thee and thy griefs, and make an end."

"Ah, welcome death!" he answered. Then a greater billow, rolling in, covered him, and went back, and the man was very wet. Thereupon he went home and dried his clothes.

IV.

AT noon prayer, on a Friday, in Ramazan, the Caliph looked from the Maksurah and saw the Khateb exhorting the many who were poor or sad by reason of death, and who daily went to and fro from the house of weeping to the grave of loss, and found neither peace in one nor forgetfulness in the other. At last, seeing that none shed their sorrows or sought comfort, but still slept on the bed of grief and watered the pillows of lamentation, the Khateb descended from his seat, and sat himself by the fountain in the courtyard, and one by one repeated the Hundred Sacred Names, and murmured "the words light on the tongues of men and heavy in the balance of God." Then came one, a teller of tales, and the son of a teller of tales, and the father of all such as listen to a tale and love it. And as the Khateb murmured and mumbled, the teller of tales lifted his voice to the faithful and said:

"Once in a strange land a king took a city and, meaning to destroy it, bade each dweller therein to carry away with him what most he valued. Some took gold and some food, but one a great sack. Said the king, 'What is that you carry?' And the man replied, 'It is full of laughter.' To him returned the king, 'You are wise. I have forgotten how to laugh. Divide with me.' Whereon said the man, 'Allah teacheth charity. Take what you will.' And the king took, and grew gay with the wine of mirth, and said, 'This shall ransom the city.' As for him who bore the sack, he made him lord over all who cannot smile."

Such as heard this story were moved to merriment and forgot to weep. But the saint cried, "When death taketh thy city, canst thou carry away a sack of laughter?"

"I know not," said the teller of tales; "Allah, who maketh all, is maker of mirth as of grief. Some say, 'Who wins, laughs'; but I, 'Who laughs, wins.' Therefore let us fill our mule bags with laughter and our camel bags with mirth, and wait for the king to destroy this city of earth."

V.

THE dead of a graveyard sat in their tombs, for now it was the feast of the Melad, when the dead are as alive and may walk the earth for a night, and neither the angel Moonkir questions, nor the angel Nekeer forbids.

But many missed their bones, and wailed with vain rattle of speech, till one, which was a miser, with dry laughter spake: "What need have I to walk? Here be bones to sell." Then a woman gave for a leg bone a ring, and another a fillet of gold for a hand; and thus there was soon left of him only a skull, and to that skull some treasures. These others stumbled away rejoicing, and as the muezzin sounded the first sunrise call to prayer clattered into their graves. But at morning came down from the palms monkeys, and took the miser's skull for a foot-ball. The gold and jewels a beggar found, and the fakir and Sufi speaker of verse, Ferishtah, who saw all this wonder, said, "As the living, so are the dead."

VI.

ONCE, at night, the Caliph, having lost his way, said to one standing where the roads divide, "I have lost my way." Cried the stranger, "How canst thou lose what thou hast never owned?" Then, seeing that he to whom he spake was ill at ease, he added, "Be not dismayed. As is the pig, so is the pearl. Allah hath made both.[1] What one man loses another finds. Thy grandson may be fortunate."

"O dervish, quickener of the soul," said Haroun, "I have found in thy mouth knowledge, but it does not help me to reach home; for, truly, to ask and to get are not as one, and kibobs of rubies fill not the empty belly."

"Thou art wise with such wisdom as is feeble in the knees," cried the stranger. "Thou hast a vain desire to get somewhere. Better is it never to arrive than to sit on the throne of satisfaction. In the bazar of the philosophies are no divans." "Alack," said the Caliph, "I am neither a pig nor a pearl";[2] and went his way.

Ferid el din Attar.

THE HOUSE WITH THE CROSS.

IT was a large red brick house on the outskirts of Flemington. Once it had been the dwelling of the Catholic priest; hence the white cross bricked above the doorway. But long ago the Catholic church had moved down to the river-bank, where the factories streamed flame and smoke into the sky, filth into the river, various products to the metropolis, and wealth and prosperity into the once small village of Flemington. The house stood many years untenanted, save for the rats which reveled in the damp rooms. Sun and frost, wind and rain and snow, worked their will upon it. And in the spacious garden, where the old priest had once culled his simples and dreamed his hours through, the weaker flowers died out, and the stronger ones entered into conflict with the rank weeds. In spring the town children rifled the lush leaves of the lily of the valley. After that the birds had it their own way.

At last came a change. One April morning there walked through Flemington streets a woman from no one knew where. The woman was not tall, but seemed to be, and, in spite of her shabbiness, "had an air about her," female Flemington said. She had a prematurely withered face, and black eyes which had surely been handsome in days of youth and innocence, but which were not now pleasant to look into. With one child she took up her abode in the priest's house — "The house with the cross" Flemington called it. There the two lived; how, no one knew, and no one cared — except Miss Cynthia Meeker.

Miss Cynthia Meeker was a person of ripe experience. For experience, as all know, ripens less of time than of intensity; and almost from babyhood Miss Meeker had lived, one might say, with her soul in her hand. Now, at the age of eighteen, she had reached the point of actual Flemingtonian, if not churchly, canonization. In her own breast there was no protesting conscience. Happy Miss Meeker! And into the satisfaction of her own attainment she honestly longed to bring the whole world. Come one, come all, poor, rich, young, old, Miss Meeker yearned to gather them about her little feet.

Now in a world where disease and dirt and dishonesty are unpleasantly rampant, such an aspiration has its drawbacks; or so Mrs. Meeker thought and emphatically asserted, Mrs. Meeker being herself uncanonized, and, in a measure, driven to uphold the practical, not to say the worldly, side of affairs. But undaunted in her wanderings among the highways and by-ways, Miss Cynthia stood one summer day in the priest's garden.

[1] This is a little obscure in the original prose. The Arabic of this date is often difficult.

[2] This again is obscure.

It was a drowsy place. Upon the rich undergrowth shadow and sunbeam slept in a maze as tangled as that of the unpruned, wanton branches overhead. All sorts of vagabond flowers flaunted their gay heads unabashed. The silence of years of neglect seemed heavy upon the spot. It might have been the garden of the Sleeping Princess, save for the face upturned to Miss Meeker.

A wan little face, and, staring out of it, a pair of unchildishly solemn eyes. Then, with a toss of her elf-locks, the girl sprang to her feet. "What — a — pretty — lady!" she said softly.

Miss Cynthia blushed, dimpled, and felt her heart go out to the child.

"Is your mother at home?" she smilingly said.

"No, ma'am; she 's working over at the Marstons' to-day."

"Then I will ask you. My dear, how old are you? What is your name?"

"Lee Mason."

"How old did you say?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know how old you are!" exclaimed the young lady. "Did n't you ever ask? I will set you down for ten, anyhow. Did you never go to school? Nor to Sunday-school either? Yet I see you can read. Who taught you?"

"Nobody. I always knew how."

"Always knew how," repeated Miss Cynthia, helplessly, looking down into the serious eyes. "And — and what were you reading?"

"Its name is 'Paradise Lost,'" answered the little creature, with a loving glance at the old vellum covers lying uppermost on the grass. "Mrs. Marston gave it to me because I liked it best. It 's a beautiful book. Though there are some dreadful parts; they frighten you so when you wake up in the night. But there 's the garden! Oh, don't you think" — with an eager gesture — "this garden must be something like it?"

Miss Meeker, who had taken the honors of Flemington Female Seminary with a mind quite unencumbered by the process, changed the subject.

"Lee, would you like to go to Sunday-school, and read the Bible, and learn to be a little Christian?"

"I don't — know," said the child. "Would I be with you?"

"Well, yes; I will have you put in my class. Come next Sunday morning, then, at nine o'clock. It is the large white church. You can just see the steeple between those trees. Ask for Miss Meeker. Now good-by, Lee. Don't forget."

It was, after all, Miss Meeker who forgot, and who was brought to a startled remembrance the following Sunday by the appearance of a disreputable little figure in the corner of her class, a target for the angry glances of the rest of the girls. It was really very awkward. Miss Meeker's girls were the young flowers of Flemington, and, in spite of their tender years, they knew it. However, she managed it nicely by placing a solitary armchair for the newcomer.

Apparently the child was satisfied. Her eyes rarely wandered from her teacher's face. Indeed so promising a pupil did she prove that the minister himself, one morning some six months later, approached Miss Meeker's class, and sat down beside the small figure in the big chair.

"My dear child, I have received most encouraging reports of you," he said, with a benevolent, careful smile. "Now tell your teacher and me freely, do you love the Lord?"

"Come, speak up, Lee," prompted Miss Meeker, somewhat anxiously. "You love the Lord Jesus Christ, don't you?"

"Oh, him, Miss Cynthy? Yes — I think so. But — I wish — I lived when he did in that country. I wish I could *really* see him and talk to him."

"Yes, yes, yes," nodded the minister; "that is quite right and beautiful, my dear little one. And you give yourself to him, do you not? and are resolved to walk in his ways?"

"You will do all he says, won't you, Lee?" prompted Miss Meeker.

The child dropped her head. Her face was scarlet.

There was a painful silence.

"Miss Cynthy, I can't. I 've tried, but it 's no use. I 've just cut that verse out of my Bible. I hate those girls."

The passionate anger leaping from the child's eyes to the half-tittering, half-terrified young ladies was awful to see. But in a moment it was gone, and the old melancholy came back with the old pallor.

"I don't want to love them. I don't want to bless them. I just want to punish them. I want to take off their beautiful things. I want their hair to be short and ugly. I want them to live in a cold, empty house. And I want the rats to come out every night and sit beside the bed, their eyes like coals —"

"Dear me, what a strange child! What a very strange child!" exclaimed the minister, rising to his feet with an undisguised shudder through his slim frame. "Miss Meeker, I am astonished, I must say I am astonished, that you should recommend for church-membership a child of such a description!"

It was Miss Meeker's face that was scarlet now. The light that gleamed through her tears of vexation was not saintly.

"Lee Mason, you are a wicked girl! You are a disgrace to your teacher! How could

you? I 'm sorry I ever took you into my class!" exclaimed Miss Meeker, exasperated by the tears which just then fell down to stain her pretty gloves and further to publish her humiliation. "I declare, I never want to see you again!"

The little face grew paler and wider-eyed.

"You don't want me in Sunday-school any more, Miss Cynthy?"

The young lady hesitated. But anger had now quite overwhelmed her better nature.

"No, I don't."

"Yes, ma'am," said Lee Mason, and slipped from her perch, and went softly down the long aisle and out of the house. So ended her Sunday-school record.

Nevertheless, the world did not end, though she thought it would. The broad, billowy fields behind Flemington went on with their rhythm of the blade, and the ear, and the full corn in the ear. The factory-wheels rang their refrain of man's need and man's greed. And human life kept time with the wheels — or mysteriously stopped. The pastor of the white church was dead. Flemington laid him away with honor, and immortalized his virtues on a marble tablet. Then a new minister came; a young man, a sincere one, consequently with the universe upon his shoulders. The whole town was freshened by this new life.

It was the fifth summer after Miss Cynthia Meeker's visit to the house with the cross, when Robert Carr, the young minister, one day found his way there. The old house had furbished up itself in these years, had curtained its windows, and tidied its dooryard. Was not some one calling him from that garden? Tall Egbert Carr strode over the grass.

A garden? The flowers rioted everywhere. The only path was this grassy glade, at the farther end of which a girl — or was it the genius of the place? — at that moment threw down her book and began gaily reciting:

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough briar,
> Over park, over pale,
> Thorough flood, thorough fire,
> I do wander everywhere,
> Swifter than the moon's sphere,
> And I serve the fairy queen —"

and came whirling towards the gate and the unobserved visitor.

"Well done, Lee Mason! And who are you, sir?" said a thin, black-eyed woman who had silently come from the house. With a bow she added, "Ah, I see — the new minister out upon his visitations."

A glimmer in her eyes, the tone and manner of her salutation, galled the young man; but he tried to ignore it.

"This is Mrs. Mason, I presume," he said, with outstretched hand.

"Yes. What do you want with us, Mr. Carr? Shall I tell you? Lee, be quiet; go into the house. You would like to add us to the list of your successes. Do not trouble yourself. My daughter is, you see, quite happy alone in her garden. As for me, when I need counsel" — the smile upon her sallow face grew positively baneful. "Do not answer me!" Her fine gesture of command surprised him through his indignation. "Let me tell you something you may never have heard before. You are a minister of the gospel. Women weep over your beautiful sermons. The poor bless you. It is a sweet picture! But — there may be people who are beyond even such remedies. Good morning." And with the same smile upon her face, she went back into the house.

As she closed the front door her daughter left the rear one, sped across the intervening meadow, and stood in Egbert Carr's path as he strode villageward.

"Mr. Carr, Mr. Carr, I am so sorry!"

He did not recognize her at once, so changed was she from the bright genius of the garden. The change touched him, even to the point of self-forgetfulness.

"Never mind, my child," he said kindly. "Perhaps — let us hope — your mother will feel better disposed towards me another time."

"She is very unhappy," said the girl, simply, but with an intense gratitude in her eyes. "Do you know how hateful it makes people, being unhappy? I thought you would forgive her if you knew. And I wanted to say that I would like to go to your church, if I might."

"Why, of course you know the church is free to all."

She colored painfully.

"Not to me," she said, with an effort. "I used to go — to Sunday-school. But I was very bad, and they said I was not to go any more."

Her distress was so great that he forbore to question her.

"Well, I say you may," he responded brightly. "If you are so bad — which I do not believe — you must come and learn to be better, Lee." And then he shook her hand heartily, and left her.

That is, he left her bodily presence, standing there in the road and looking after him. But she went with him nevertheless. And suddenly, in his morning hours, she came dancing down his page, making his heart bound boyishly. In the twilight he heard again her quaint wisdom —"Don't you know how hateful it makes people, being unhappy?" and half turned to meet her beautiful eyes.

He saw much of her as time went on, and

she was one of his most regular hearers, and, later, a church-member. Being now a tastefully dressed, pretty-mannered young lady, she made a part of the church life, and won friends. The house with the cross was not shunned in these days. The objectionable mother was much less objectionable as a dawning pride in her daughter called back her earlier, better self. Moreover, Lee Mason had long been looked upon as a protégée of the fine old Quaker family of Marston.

It was in the Marston house, indeed, that the young minister best liked to meet the girl — in the low-ceiled sitting-room, where the spirits of just men made perfect, lettered and ranged for communion, filled the ample bookcases, and Dorothea Dix and Lucretia Mott kept serene watch and ward from their gilt frames, and busy Miss Martha stepped in now and then. The two always sat together — the aged mother of the family, in snowy cap and kerchief, and "the child," in the low chair with her needlework. He liked to hear her words weighed and approved by the fine old lady. He liked to see the simple but noble influences of the house wrapping about and framing in, as it were, this beautiful, enigmatical being.

For she was an enigma to him. He could have compounded his ideal of womanhood; so many parts of orderly home influence, so many more of gracious school and church culture, then just enough of social success and adoration to make up the perfect sum of — well, of a Cynthia Meeker, for example. Who was this child who had started up in his path, with her noble features, with the charm of her varying moods, with her fearlessness and frankness? How had she come by so much, she, the waif, sprung like a flower from corruption? In spite of his priesthood, the young man was but a materialist in the final analysis. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou . . . canst not tell whence it cometh . . ." This word was too hard for Egbert Carr.

Nevertheless, her image filled his days and nights. Her presence stirred within him new, strange impulses, mistrust them as he might. Divinity or wood-sprite, a word of hers had power to open to his startled eyes the secrets of earth and heaven.

There came a night of spring when the blossoms sent their fairy shallops afloat on every breeze, when the moonlight made enchanted bowers of the common Flemington streets. The spell of the season was in the young minister's blood. He had thrown aside his cautiousness, he had broken past the groups in the church-door, past even Miss Meeker, at her prettiest in her spring bonnet, and had walked boldly off with Lee Mason. Why should he not? And why should he not as boldly break through all conventionalities, defy his people's criticism, take for his very own this wonderful child, this child with God's warrant upon her being, even though it were only God's? He seemed to see his future open before him, and they two walking together down it as down this moonlit way. The impulse was upon him to hold her in his arms. "Lee, I love you!" The words were at his lips, when she drew her arm from his, and he saw with a chill of disappointment that they stood before the old house which was her home.

"How distinct it is to-night!" she said, her eyes upon the cross over the door. "Mr. Carr, I love this house."

"Love it!" he exclaimed almost petulantly. "I — I dislike it. It is a gloomy place for you." Indeed he spoke only half the truth. For he hated the place, as, with many a pang of conscience he did Lee's black-eyed mother. What had such things in common with the girl of his love?

"I first liked it through hearing about the old priest," said Lee, her eyes still upon the cross. "Mrs. Marston once told me that he was a good man, with a peculiarly bright smile. After that I used to fancy I saw him always coming back from other people's homes to his own empty house. I wondered how he could smile. I could not. I wanted everything myself. When I saw beautiful homes it drove me almost wild. But he always smiled, the good priest! 'You have all I had,' he seemed to say to me. 'I have left you my garden, and my cross over your door.'"

"You had learned the smiling when I first saw you," said the young man, half lightly. "How does it run? 'I do serve the fairy queen.'" Why, I took you for the fairy queen herself. How did you beguile the lonely ghost of his treasure?"

"I suppose I learned his secret. Mr. Carr, it does n't matter, does it, if you have not everything in the world, when your life is really full?"

"And has yours been full?" Egbert Carr's pulse was throbbing painfully. Child of want, meeting the want with that grateful heart! Child of scorn, fronting the scorn with that innocent brow! But from henceforth, forever, he would shield her; he would lay all things at her dear feet.

"Yes. Of course I have not had the — little things," she said, thinking her way slowly. "And I know I should have enjoyed them — very much. They say little things make up the sum of life. But that is only half true, after all. It is the great things that make life — friendship, books, nature, the spirit of God. Mr. Carr, I have sometimes thought that perhaps it is as well, for just me, that I have not had the rest.

MISS CYNTHIA MEEKER.

For I have noticed that sometimes, when people have so much, they become — entangled. I have no pride to bind me. I have no — no traditions of society, or family, or reputation, to shape my way to. When any call comes I have not to wait to deliberate whether it is safe, all things considered, to go God's way. Oh, from no virtue of mine; it is only a part of my lot. I am only Lee Mason — ready."

"God knows we are entangled," exclaimed Egbert Carr. "Miss Mason, you have n't an idea how we are bound by our traditions, as you say; by our shallow pride and ambition. The church itself, yes, the very men who would save the world — Oh, Jesus Christ knew it!" groaned the young minister. It was as though a flash of heaven's lightning had illumined his life, his work, his calculating love. They lay before him, a very meshwork of intrigue. He bent down and kissed her hand, passionately, reverently. "My child, my child, forgive me. I am not fit to touch you so — not yet. But I will be, God helping me, if any sincerity of a man's heart can make him fit for your heavenly purity." And he was gone.

What had happened? Had everything changed? Or was it but this night of wonder, and would life be quite the same when the plain sunlight should come again?

No; never again the same. A messenger came that night to the house with the cross. In the late morning, when Lee, alarmed, broke into her mother's room, a body lay there from which the soul had all but fled.

The doctor was summoned, but could do little. Kind friends came to help the girl in the long watch which now began, and which lingered on through weeks and months. But the one for whom she most looked came, even at the first, very rarely. When he was there he was strangely cold and silent. In truth, no sick-bed had ever had for Egbert Carr the horror of this one; the horror of the staring black eyes, which from their awful vantage-ground seemed to fasten upon him in the old mockery. In their dreadful presence he was not the same man, nor did Lee seem the same Lee. The fascination was gone; and again his timid soul, with its partial insight, was the prey of its doubts.

The blossoms of that night of moonlight had long since faded. Earth had forgotten them, was decking herself with fresh blooms, when the life which had so long flickered in the house with the cross went out.

Good Doctor Dobbs was alone with Lee. "My poor, brave girl!" he said, taking her into his arms with almost a father's affection. "Now leave everything to me. Only just set the day of the funeral. Thursday? But what minister will you have, then? Mr. Carr? What! don't know about his marriage? It 's to be on Thursday, so you 'll have to get some one else. Poor child, you 're faint, and no wonder. Here, lie right down, so. Now I 'll run off for Mrs. Murphy. She 's a splendid hand to have around at such times. And I 'll send for the undertaker too.

"Perhaps you don't know who the bride is," added Doctor Dobbs, coming back to thrust his bald head into the room. "It 's that pretty bit of sanctity, Cynthy Meeker. Tiptop match, is n't it? Everybody 's delighted — except the girls that could n't get him themselves."

A week later the blossoms were raining into the open window of the Marston sitting-room.

"Child, thee does n't pick up fast enough," said old Mrs. Marston, after a study of the face

before her. "Put down that sewing, and go out for a run in the sunshine, do."

"Please let me stay here. I feel best here," pleaded Lee, laying her cheek down on the soft, withered hand.

"Well, as it pleases thee. I really want to talk with thee this afternoon. Lee, does thee know that that wretched Allingham girl is back again in the town?"

"Back again!" Lee sat up, intent.

"Yes; in great distress, they say. She was with us so many years, thee knows. I 've been thinking about her all day, how she used to look, flitting about with her pink cheeks. She was more Martha's choice than mine. A plump, pert chit, who thought more of what she put on her back than of anything else. It surprised me in Martha, who never had any pink cheeks herself, nor any leaning to furbelows, so far as I know. But it was a dreadful shock to us all. With her innocent ways! Child, the depth of deception in the hussy! Does n't thee think so? Eh, Lee?"

"I think — in her — I should hardly call it deception," answered Lee, somewhat faintly, and stitching rapidly away. "Was there not weakness enough to account for it, and vanity, and love of excitement?"

"Weakness could never lead a girl so astray, to my mind," said the old lady, stiffly.

She settled back into the depths of her chair, her strong profile outlined against the light. But presently she turned again to Lee. "Does thee judge of her guilt in the same fashion?"

"Dear Mrs. Marston, do not let us speak of that," said Lee, almost imploringly. "What do I know about it? Who am I, that I should judge any one or any thing?"

"I merely want to know what thee thinks."

The girl laid her work down from her trembling hands.

"If I must, I will. For I have thought much about it in these two years since Maggie Allingham — went away. And, dear Mrs. Marston, I cannot think of her as you do. I wish I could. It frightens me that I cannot," went on the girl in a wild way. "For I know I am not like other people. What do I know of my father? or even of my poor mother? What evil may not be in me from my very birth, making me think lightly of sin? But for all, I must be honest, must I not? I must think as I do think. And Maggie was so thoughtless, so heedless, I have wondered whether she was really more of a castaway — oh, not from society, but from God! — than many a sinner whom the world — easily forgives."

For one moment Mrs. Marston was moved by the impassioned voice. But when she spoke, it was the more sternly for the weakness.

"Your doctrine has the merit of originality, for me, at least. It is a strange one for a young woman; strangest for thee. I am not pleased with it."

The sunlight stole across the carpet and was gone. It was a relief to the two in the quiet room when heavy steps were heard in the porch and Doctor Dobbs burst in.

"I 'm in trouble again, Mrs. Marston! It 's got to that — eh, Lee? — that the whole countryside just throws itself at you. It 's that Allingham woman," said the doctor, dropping with a sigh into a chair. "I told you how she looked. Well, to-night she 's the sickest woman I 've seen in one while. Typhoid fever, a wretched, low case. And she 's stark alone, and there 's not a soul will go near her."

Lee Mason slowly folded her work and laid it in the old lady's lap. Then she stood up.

"I will go, Doctor Dobbs."

"You? Why, nonsense! Sit down, child. Why, you 're too young. You 're not strong enough," remonstrated Doctor Dobbs, more excited than he liked to show. "Why, here 's old Mrs. Marston here can't spare you. Ask her. She won't let you go away."

"What is that?" cried Miss Martha, coming in with a lamp. "Lee going away? What is the matter? What has happened? Mother, tell Lee she must not go!"

Old Mrs. Marston's cap-strings quivered beneath her chin; but she spoke calmly.

"Must not, daughter, is not the word for me to speak, thee knows. I advise Lee not to go. This is no call for her. I will provide for this wretched woman; and I will let thee go, Martha, if Doctor Dobbs really cannot find any one else. But Lee ought not to go. She is not strong enough, and then — I fear it would be dangerous for her reputation."

The girl lifted her white face. As the lamplight fell upon it her expression silenced them all.

"Reputation? What is my reputation worth? Who would be surprised at the worst that I could do? Who would not expect it from the child of my mother? I have nothing to lose. In all Flemington there is no soul — not one — so free as I. And only I can feel for Maggie Allingham. Am I not akin to her? More akin to her than to the good Christian people of this town? O God! may we not have the same taint in our blood? We belong together. I am called — I am free — I will go."

In the same silence they saw her take her hat and cloak. Then, indeed, Miss Martha fell crying into her arms. But she put her gently aside, bent once above Mrs. Marston's hand, and went out with the doctor.

The next day all Flemington knew of it; knew of it with so many variations that before night the girl's best friends were asking anxiously, under their breath, "What is this about

Lee Mason? Turned out of the Marston house? Gone to Maggie Allingham? It is n't possible! We won't believe it! But, after all, what could one expect, poor thing, with such a mother?"

A few days later the story was better understood. Then some called her pretty names. Others did n't know. Most waited. They were still waiting when, after Maggie Allingham's death, she found employment in one of the factories. Certainly her expression was not inviting in those days. It made an atmosphere about her into which few cared to break. Then they began to call her queer. Fatal word! So she walked their streets apart. So she sat apart in their church. And it was the old story of Sunday-school days over again — of the disreputable little figure in the big chair.

She found new friends.

Was a girl looked at askance? Did her heart fail her? Did she shudder back from ruin, cry out for help? Here was one who also stood apart; but with what compassion in her eyes, what help in the clasp of her hand! Was the street cold? Were earth and sky pitiless? In the house with the cross was a leaping fire. All night long the door stood on the latch. And how a wanderer was welcomed! — welcomed, when charity was weary and outraged; forgiven, if only forgiveness was wanted, ninety times and nine; and loved always, unconditionally, forever, as our Father in Heaven loves.

As the years went by the house was recognized. There were even some rich people who, having long ago roundly satisfied their worldly desires, fumbled now at their purse-strings for the mite for Heaven, and laid money in Lee Mason's hands. She found ample uses for it. But she herself worked on among her factory girls.

AT THE MARSTON HOUSE.

One stormy winter night there came a sharp ring at the door-bell of the Reverend Egbert Carr. A messenger from Miss Mason. There was a girl dying at the house with the cross who wanted to see him.

"Egbert!" cried Mrs. Carr, running out in curl-papers, "you surely won't go — to that wretched place — on such a night — with your cold — and I so miserable!" whimpered poor little Mrs. Carr, peevish tears trickling down over the cheeks where the roses had faded. Plainly the trials of life at first hand had not proved favorable to her sainthood.

"I must, Cynthia," called back her husband, patiently.

He plunged fiercely through the drifting snow. There was help in the storm. Had it been a night of spring, when the dreams of a young man's heart arise in moonlight; had it been a summer afternoon, and flowers in this garden — this desolate garden, with its tangled skeleton things rattling in the wind. Summer would come again for it. But for him —

Lee Mason opened the door. "Ellen is al-

most gone," she said hurriedly. "I am thankful you are not too late."

He followed her into a pleasant room. Two girls by the fire turned and went shyly away. A figure on the bed started partly up and fell back with a groan. "Mr. Carr, don't you remember me — Ellen Day?"

"Why, my dear girl!" he exclaimed, shocked beyond control. "You were in my Bible-class when I first came to Flemington. I thought you had left the town."

"Seven years ago," cried the creature on the bed. "Seven awful years! And they are gone, and I 've not a day left, the doctor says; perhaps not an hour. Quick! Tell me one thing! I left Him. I refused Him. Now I 've got to go to Him just as I am. Don't tell me I can change. I can't, and I won't be fooled into thinking I can. Tell me what He will say?"

"My child, He comes here to you. He says, with all love, with all forgiveness, 'Go in peace, and sin no more.'"

"Yes, but I would, though!" she screamed, exhausting herself dreadfully in the effort. "This angel here, Miss Mason, has said that to me, oh, time and time again. And I 've gone every time and sinned. And so I would again, if I were off this bed. I know it, and He knows it!" Her voice went up in a shriek.

"Ellen, listen," said Lee Mason, on the other side of the bed. She folded the poor hands together. Her eyes held those wild ones. The dying girl lay still.

"Ellen, He takes the hands you hold up into His own strong hands, so. He looks down into your eyes, into your heart, and sees all the weakness, all the wickedness, better than you can tell Him. But you look up into His dear eyes — so loving, Ellen. You have never seen such loving, loving eyes. And you look and look — and look" —

"She is gone," said Lee Mason, laying the hands tenderly down — it might have been a mother with her babe. "Did you see her smile? Thank God for death! Life was too hard."

"Too hard!" Egbert Carr threw up his arms in a gesture as despairing as the dead girl's had been. "Flung into it with our tendencies, our weaknesses; taught only by our ruin! What am I, what are most of the people whom I — I — counsel, but wrecks of what we might have been, as truly, if not as shamefully, as this girl? O Lee, Lee! And I had the world's secret within my grasp!"

"Mr. Carr." Her touch upon his shoulder roused him. "God who made us knows us — tendencies, weakness, all. Go home to your wife, to your lovely little children, to your work — and thank him for everything."

"And you?" He lingered, his greedy eyes devouring the deepened beauty of her face, her slight figure, her toil-worn hands. He would have every detail to carry with him down the years.

"Would you be glad to know that I am happy? I am." Her eyes were sweet, as from some inner well of delight. "It sometimes seems almost wrong," said Lee Mason, thinking her way, "to be so happy in a world where there are others so miserable. But, Mr. Carr, while I live — and work — and grow — indeed, I cannot help it."

She lighted him to the door. "Good night," she said. Their hands met.

At the gate he turned. She stood holding the light. It shone downward on her face and upward to the cross above her head.

Florence Watters Snedeker.

AB ASTRIS.

I SAW the stars sweep through ethereal space,—
Stars, suns, and systems in infinity,—
Our earth an atom in the shoreless sea
Where each had its appointed path and place,
And I was lost in my own nothingness.
But then I said, Dost thou not know that he
Who guides these orbs through trackless space guides thee?
No longer, groveling thus, thyself abase,
For in the vast, harmonious, perfect whole
In infinite progression moving on,
Thou hast thy place, immortal human soul —
Thy place and part not less than star and sun.
Then with this grand procession fall in line,
This rhythmic march led on by power divine.

Anne C. L. Botta.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

SPRINGTIME.

FROM A PAINTING BY ERNEST L. MAJOR.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

"I SUPPOSE THIS IS MRS. CRISTIE."

THE SQUIRREL INN.—II.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VII.

ROCKMORES AHEAD.

IT was late in the afternoon of the day after Mrs. Cristie reached the Squirrel Inn that she slowly trundled the little carriage containing the baby towards the end of the bluff beneath which stretched the fair pastures where were feeding Mr. Petter's flocks and herds. All day she had been looking for the arrival of the young man who had promised to bring her some candidates for the position of child's nurse, and now she was beginning to believe that she might as well cease to expect him. It was an odd sort of service for a comparative stranger voluntarily to undertake, and it would not be at all surprising if he had failed in his efforts or had given up his idea of coming to the Squirrel Inn.

Having philosophized a little on the subject, and having succeeded in assuring herself that after all the matter was of no great importance, and that she should have attended to it herself, and must do it the next day, she was surprised to find how glad she was, when, turning, she saw emerging from the woodland road a one-horse wagon with Mr. Lodloe sitting by the driver, and a female figure on the back seat.

The latter proved to be a young person who at a considerable distance looked about fourteen years old, although on a nearer and more careful view she would pass for twenty, or thereabouts. She wore a round straw hat with a white ribbon, and a light-colored summer suit with a broad belt, which held a large bunch of yellow flowers with brown centers. She had a cheerful, pleasant countenance, and large brown eyes which seemed to observe everything.

As the wagon approached, Mrs. Cristie rapidly pushed her baby-carriage towards the house. Before she reached it the young girl had jumped to the ground, and was advancing towards her.

"I suppose this is Mrs. Cristie," said the newcomer. "I am Ida Mayberry"; and she held out her hand. Without a word Mrs. Cristie shook hands with the nurse-maid.

"I think," said the latter, "before we have any talk I would better go to my room and freshen myself up a little. I am covered with dust"; and then she turned to the driver of the wagon and gave him directions in regard to a medium-sized trunk, a large flat box, and several long packages tied up in brown muslin, which had been strapped to the back of the

wagon. When these had been taken into the inn, she followed them.

As Mr. Lodloe approached Mrs. Cristie, hat in hand, she exclaimed in a tone which she was not in the habit of using to comparative strangers, in which category sober reflections would certainly have placed the gentleman:

"Will you please to tell me what is the meaning of this? Who is that girl, and where did she come from?"

LODLOE IS INTRODUCED TO STEPHEN PETTER.

"Madam," said Lodloe, in a deprecatory tone, "I can scarcely pick up the courage to say so, but that is the nurse-maid."

"And you brought her to me?" exclaimed Mrs. Cristie.

"I did," he answered.

"Did you get her in Romney?"

"No," said Lodloe; "there was n't a girl of any sort or kind to be had there. I was obliged to go to New York for one."

"To New York!" cried the astonished Mrs. Cristie.

"Madam," said Lodloe, "let me propose that we retire a little from the house. Perhaps her room may be somewhere above us."

And the two having walked a short distance over the lawn, he continued:

"I really believe that I have done a very foolish thing, but having promised to do you a service I greatly disliked not to keep my word. I could find no one in Romney, and of course the only way to get you a girl was to go to New York; and so I went there. My idea was to apply to one of those establishments where there are always lots of maids of all grades, and bring one to you. That was the way the matter appeared to me, and it seemed simple enough. On the ferryboat I met Mrs. Waltham, a lady I know very well, who is a member of the Monday Morning Club, and a great promoter of college annexes for girls, and all that sort of thing; and when I asked her advice about the best intelligence office, she told me to keep away from all of them, and to go instead to a teachers' agency, of which she gave me the address, where she said I would be almost sure to find some teacher who wanted occupation during the holidays."

"A teacher!" cried Mrs. Cristie.

"Yes," said Lodloe; "and you may be sure

that I was as much surprised as you are. But Mrs. Waltham assured me that a great many women teachers found it necessary to make money during the summer, and were glad to do anything, just as college students wait at hotels. The more she talked about it the more she got interested in it, and the matter resulted in her going to the agency with me. Mrs. Waltham is a heavy swell in educational circles, and as she selected this girl herself I said not a word about it, except to hurry up matters so that the girl and I could start on an early afternoon train."

"Never in my life!" ejaculated Mrs. Cristie.

"Madam," interrupted Lodloe, "I beg you not to say what you intended. It is impossible for you to feel as badly about it as I do. Just to think of it stuns me. Did you see her baggage? She has come to stay all summer. There is no earthly reason to think she will suit you. I don't suppose she ever saw a baby."

Mrs. Cristie's mind was still filled with surprise and vexation, but she could not help laughing at Mr. Lodloe's comical contrition.

"I will see her presently," she said; "but in the mean time what are you going to do? There is Mr. Petter standing in the doorway waiting for your approach, and he will ask you a lot of questions."

"About the Germantown family, I suppose," said Lodloe.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cristie; "that will be one of them."

"Well, I don't know them," said Lodloe, "and that 's the end of it."

"By no means," said the lady, quickly; "Mr. Petter has on his most impressive air. You must go and talk to him, and it will not do to sneer at the Rockmores."

"If it is absolutely necessary to have credentials in order to secure quarters here," said Lodloe, "I don 't see what is to be done about it."

"Come with me," said Mrs. Cristie, quickly; "you have put yourself to a great deal of trouble for me, and I will see what I can do for you."

When Walter Lodloe and Mr. Petter had been formally introduced to each other, the brow of the latter bore marks of increased trouble and uncertainty. From the confidential aspect of the interview between Mrs. Cristie and the young man, the landlord of the inn had begun to suspect what his wife had suspected, and it galled his spirit to think of putting his usual test question to this friend of Mrs. Cristie. But he was a man of principle, and he did not flinch.

"Are you from Philadelphia, sir," he asked, "or its vicinity?"

"No," said Lodloe; "I am from New York."

"A great many Philadelphia people," continued the landlord, "or those from its vicinity, are well known in New York, and in fact move in leading circles there. Are you acquainted, sir, with the Rockmores of Germantown?"

Mrs. Petter now appeared in the doorway, her face clouded. If Mrs. Cristie had known the Rockmores she would have hastened to give Mr. Lodloe such advantages as an acquaintance in the second degree might afford. But she had never met any member of that family, the valuable connection being entirely on the side of her late husband.

"I did not know," said Lodloe, "that you required credentials of respectability, or I might have brought a lot of letters."

"One from Matthew Vassar?" asked Mrs. Cristie, unable to resist her opportunity.

"Were you acquainted with Matthew Vassar?" interpolated Mrs. Petter with energetic interest. "He was a great and good man, and his friends ought to be good enough for anybody. Now put it to yourself, Stephen. Don't you think that the friends of Matthew Vassar, the founder of that celebrated college, known all over the world, a man who even after his day and generation is doing so much good, are worthy to be accommodated in this house?"

Mr. Petter contracted his brows, looked upon the ground, and interlaced his fingers in front of him.

"The late Mr. Matthew Vassar," said he, "was truly a benefactor to his kind, and a man worthy of all respect; but when we come to consider the way in which the leading circles of society are made up—"

"Don't consider it at all," cried Mrs. Petter. "If this gentleman is a friend of Mrs. Cristie, and is backed up by Matthew Vassar, you cannot turn him away. If you want to get round the Rockmores you can treat him just as you treat Mr. Tippengray. Let him have the top room of the tower, which, I am sure, is as pleasant as can be, especially in warm weather, and then he will have his own stairs to himself, and can come in and go out just as Mr. Tippengray does, without ever considering whether the Squirrel Inn is open or shut. As for eating, that 's a different matter. People can eat in a place without living there. That was all settled when we took Mr. Tippengray."

An expression of decided relief passed over the face of Mr. Petter.

"It is true," he said, "that in the case of Mr. Tippengray we made an exception to our rule—"

"That 's so," interrupted Mrs. Petter; "and as I have heard that exceptions prove a rule, the more of them we have the better. And if

the top room suits Mr. Lodloe, I 'll have it made ready for him without waiting another minute."

Mr. Lodloe declared that any room into which the good lady might choose to put him would suit him perfectly; and that matter was settled.

VIII.

MISS MAYBERRY.

About five minutes after Walter Lodloe had departed for his loft chamber Miss Ida Mayberry made her appearance in the front doorway. She had changed her dress, and looked very bright and fresh.

"Is n't this a pretty place?" she said, approaching Mrs. Cristie. "I think I shall like it ever so much. And that is your baby? Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," was the answer.

"And his name?"

"Douglas."

"I like that sort of name," remarked Miss Mayberry; "it is sensible and distinctive. And now I wish you would tell me exactly what you want me to do."

Mrs. Cristie spoke nervously.

"Really," said she, "I am afraid that there has been a mistake. I want an ordinary nurse-maid, and Mr. Lodloe could not have understood —"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that," said the other. "I understand perfectly. You will find me quite practical. What I don't know I can learn. My mental powers need a change of channel, and if I can give them this change, and at the same time make some money, I am sure I ought to be satisfied."

"But it seems to me," said Mrs. Cristie, "that one who is by profession a teacher would scarcely —"

"Perhaps not, years ago," interrupted the other; "but things are different now. Look at all the young college fellows who work during vacation, and we are beginning to do it, too. Now you will find me just as practical as anybody. Nine months in the year I teach,— moral and mental philosophy are my special branches,— and during vacation I am not going to wear out my brain in a summer school, nor empty my purse by lounging about in idleness. Now what could be better than for me to come to a perfectly lovely place like this, which I fancy more and more every minute, and take care of a nice little child, which, I am sure, will be a pleasure in itself, and give me a lot of time to read besides? However, I wish you to understand, Mrs. Cristie, that I am never going to neglect the baby for the sake of study or reading."

"But have you thought seriously of the position in which this would place you?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "but that is a disadvantage that has to be accepted, and I don't mind it. Of course I would n't go to anybody and everybody, but when a lady is recommended by a friend of Mrs. Waltham's, I would n't hesitate to make an engagement with her. As to salary, I will take whatever you would pay to another nurse-maid, and I beg you will not make the slightest difference because I am a teacher. Is that bell for supper?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Cristie; "and perhaps you have not yet reflected that my nurse-maid must take care of my baby while I am at my meals."

"That is precisely and exactly what she is going to do. Go in to your supper, and I will push him about until you come out again. Then you can show me how to put him to bed."

"Is n't she coming in?" asked Mrs. Petter, looking out of the window as she took her seat at the table.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Cristie, in a tone which was intended to make an impression upon Mr. Lodloe; "my maids do not eat with me."

"But, goodnessfulme!" said Mrs. Petter, "you can't look upon that sort of a young woman as a servant. Why, I put her in one of the best rooms; though of course that does n't make any difference so long as there is nobody else to take it. I wonder if we could n't find some sort of a girl to take care of the baby while she comes to her meals."

At this even Stephen Petter smiled. He was pleased that one of his guests should have a servant of such high degree. It was like a noble lady in waiting upon a queen.

"She shall be entertained," he said, "according to her station. There need be no fear about that."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Petter, "if here is n't Mr. Tippengray! Well, sir, I don't know when I 've seen you on hand at regular meal-time."

"Perhaps it is a little out of the common," said the Greek scholar; "but, after all," he continued, looking out of the window, "it appears I am not the last one to come in." And then, glancing around the table, he asked, "Am I taking her place?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Mrs. Cristie; "that is my maid."

Mr. Tippengray again looked out of the window; then he helped himself to butter, and said:

"Have you ever noticed, Mrs. Petter, that the prevailing style in wild flowers seems to vary every year? It changes just like our fashions, though of course there are always a few

old fogies among blossoming weeds, as well as among clothes-wearers."

The next morning Walter Lodloe came to Mrs. Cristie on the lawn.

"I have been waiting for some time," he said, "in order to tell you that I am ready at any moment to repair the unpardonable blunder that I made yesterday, and to escort back to New York the very unsuitable young woman whom I forced upon you."

"Oh, you need not think of doing anything of that kind," said Mrs. Cristie; "the young person is perfectly satisfied with the situation, and intends to stay. She gives me no possible excuse to tell her that she will not suit me, for she takes hold of things exactly as if she remembered what people did for her when she was a baby. She does n't know everything, but she intends to; that is plain enough. At present she is washing one of baby's frocks with my *savon de rose*, because she declares that the soap they gave her in the kitchen contains enough lye to corrode the fibers of the fabric."

"Then you think she may suit you?" said Lodloe.

"Oh, she will suit; she intends to suit: and I have nothing to say against her except that I feel very much as I suppose you would feel if you had a college president to brush your coat."

"My spirits rise," said Lodloe; "I begin to believe that I have not made so much of a blunder after all. When you can get it, there is nothing like blooded service."

"But you do not want too much blood," said Mrs. Cristie. "I wish she had not studied at Bryn Mawr, for I think she pities me for having graduated at Vassar. But still she says I must call her Ida, and that gives me courage."

There then followed a contention in which Lodloe was worsted about his expenses in the nurse-maid affair, and, this matter being settled, the young man declared that having shown what an extremely undesirable person he was to work for others, he must go and attend to his own work.

"What sort of work do you do?" asked Mrs. Cristie.

"I write," he answered—"novels, stories, fiction in general."

"I know that," said she, "having read your Vassar article; but I do not think I have met with any of your avowed stories."

"Madam," said Walter Ludloe, "there are so many people in this world, and so few of them have read my stories, it is no wonder that you belong to the larger class. But, satirize my Vassar article as you please, I shall never cease to be grateful to it for my tower room in the Squirrel Inn."

IX.

THE PRESERVATION OF LITERATURE.

Walter Lodloe set out to go to his work, and on his way to the little garden at the foot of the staircase which led to his room in the tower he saw the Greek scholar sitting on a bench outside his summer-house smoking a large cigar.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Tippengray; "do you smoke?"

The tone of these words implied not only a question but an invitation, in case the young man did smoke, to sit down on that bench and do it. Lodloe understood the force of the remark, and, drawing out a cigar, took a seat by Mr. Tippengray.

"Before I go to my work," said the latter, "it is my habit to sit here and enjoy the scenery and a few puffs. I suppose when you come to a place like this you throw work to the winds."

"Oh, no!" said Lodloe; "I am a literary man, and I came here to write."

"Very glad to hear it," said the other; "very glad that that tower room is to have the right sort of occupant. If I had not this summer-house, I should want that room; but I am afraid, however, if I had it, I should look out of the window a great deal and translate a very little."

"What do you translate?" asked Lodloe, with interest.

"At present," said Mr. Tippengray, "I am engaged in translating into Greek some of the standard works of our modern literature. There is no knowing what may happen to our modern languages. In the course of a few centuries they may become as useless to the readers of that day as the English of Chaucer is to the ordinary reader of our time; but Greek will stand, sir, and the sooner we get the good things of the present day into solid Greek the better it will be for them and for the literature of the future."

"What work are you translating?" asked Lodloe.

"I am now at work on the 'Pickwick Papers,'" said the scholar, "and I assure you that it is not an easy job. When I get through with it I shall translate it back into English, after the fashion of Sir William Jones—the only way to do that sort of thing. Same as a telegraphic message—if it is n't repeated, you can't depend on it. If I then find that my English is like that of Dickens, I shall feel greatly encouraged, and probably shall take up the works of Thackeray."

Walter Lodloe was somewhat stunned at this announcement, and he involuntarily glanced at the gray streaks in the locks of the Greek

scholar. The latter perceived the glance, and, knocking the ashes from his cigar, remarked:

"Did you ever notice, sir, that an ordinary robin is perfectly aware that while squirrels and cats are able to ascend the perpendicular trunk of a tree, they cannot climb the painted pillar of a piazza; and consequently it is perfectly safe to build a nest at the top of such a pillar?"

Lodloe had noticed this, and a good many other intelligent traits of animals, and the two conversed on this interesting subject until the sun came round to the bench on which they were sitting, when they moved to a shady spot and continued the conversation.

At last Lodloe arose. "It must be nearly dinner-time," said he. "I think I shall take a walk this afternoon, and see some of the country."

"You ought to do it," said Mr. Tippengray. "It is a beautiful country. If you like I will go with you. I 'm not a bad guide; I know every road, path, and short cut."

Walter Lodloe expressed his satisfaction at the proposed companionship, and suggested that the first walk be to the village of Lethbury, peeping up among the trees in the distance.

"Lethbury!" exclaimed the Greek scholar. "Well, sir, if it 's all the same to you, I prefer walking in any direction to that of Lethbury. It 's a good enough place, but to-day I don't feel drawn to it."

"Very good," said Lodloe; "we will walk anywhere but in the direction of Lethbury."

About half an hour afterward, Mrs. Petter, having finished carving a pair of fowls, paused for a moment's rest in serving the little company, and looked out of the dining-room window.

"Upon my word!" she exclaimed, "this is too bad. When other boarders came, I thought Mr. Tippengray would begin to behave like other Christians, and come to his meals at the proper time. At supper last night and breakfast this morning he was at the table as soon as anybody, and I was beginning to feel real heartened up, as if things were going to run on regular and proper. But now look at that? Is n't that enough to make a housekeeper give up in despair?"

Mrs. Cristie, Lodloe, and Mr. Petter all looked out of the window, and beheld the Greek scholar engaged in pushing the baby-carriage backward and forward under the shade of a large tree while on a seat near by the maid Ida sat reading a book. Now passing nearer, Mr. Tippengray stopped, and with sparkling eyes spoke to her. Then she looked up, and with sparkling eyes answered him. Then together, with sparkling eyes, they conversed for a few minutes, evidently about the book. After a few more turns of the carriage Mr. Tippengray returned to the maid; the sparkling eyes were raised again from the book, and the scene was repeated.

"He has lent her a book," said Mrs. Cristie. "She did not take that one out with her."

"There 's a time for books, and there 's a time for meals," said Mrs. Petter. "Why did n't he keep his book until he ate his dinner?"

"I think Mr. Tippengray must be something of a philosopher," said Lodloe, "and that he prefers to take his books to a pretty maid when other people are at dinner."

"My wife does not altogether understand the ways of scholars," said Mr. Petter. "A gentleman giving most of his time to Greek cannot be expected to give much of his mind to the passage of modern times."

"If he gives some of his time to the passage of a good dinner to cold victuals it would help his dyspepsia. But I suppose he will come when he is ready, and all I have to say is that I would like to see Calthea Rose if she could catch sight of them this minute."

Mr. Petter sat at the end of the table where he had a view of his flocks and his herds in the pasture below.

"Well," said he, "if that estimable young woman wants to catch a sight of them, all she has to do is to step along lively, for at this present moment she is walking over the field-path straight to this house, and, what is more, she is wearing her bonnet and carrying a parasol."

"Bonnet and parasol!" ejaculated Mrs. Petter. "Fire in the mountains, run, boys, run! Debby, step out as quick as you can to Mr. Tippengray, and you need n't say anything but just ask if Miss Calthea Rose told him she was coming to dinner to-day, and tell him she 's coming over the field."

In about one minute the Greek scholar was in his place at the table and beginning his meal.

"Now, Mr. Tippengray," said Mrs. Petter, "I don't suppose you feel any coals of fire on your head at this present moment."

"Madam," said the scholar, "did you ever notice that when squirrels strip the bark from the limbs of trees they are very apt to despoil those branches which project in such a manner as to interfere with a view?"

"No, I did n't," said Mrs. Petter; "and I don't believe they do it, either. Debby, put a knife, fork, and napkin for Calthea Rose. If she is coming to dinner it is just as well to let her think that nobody forgot to bring the message she sent. She never comes to meals without sending word beforehand."

But Miss Calthea had not come to dinner. She sent word by Debby, who met her at the

front door, that she had had her dinner, and that she would wait for the family on the piazza.

"Bonnet and parasol," said Mrs. Petter. "She has come to make a call, and it 's on you, Mrs. Cristie. Don't eat too fast, Mr. Tippengray; she 's good for the rest of the afternoon."

to her husband. "Jealous as she can be of Mrs. Cristie till she sees that she 's got a young man of her own; then as sweet as sugar."

When Miss Calthea Rose set about to be as sweet as sugar, it was very good sugar that she took for her model. She liked to talk, but was not a mistress of words, and although her re-

"PASSING NEARER, MR. TIPPENGRAY STOPPED."

X.

ROSE VERSUS MAYBERRY.

Miss Calthea Rose was a person of good height, originally slender, but gathering an appreciable plumpness as the years went on, and with good taste in dress when she chose to exert it, which on the present occasion she did. She possessed acute perceptions and a decided method of action. But whether or not the relation of her perceptions to her actions was always influenced by good judgment was a question with her neighbors. It never was, however, a question with herself.

When everybody but Mr. Tippengray had finished dinner, and he had desired the others not to wait for him as he would probably be occupied some time longer, the host and hostess went out to greet the visitor, followed by Mrs. Cristie and Lodloe. When Miss Calthea Rose turned to greet the latter lady her expression was cold, not to say hard; but when her eyes fell upon the gentleman by the side of the young widow, a softening warmth spread over her face, and she came forward with outstretched hands.

"Did you see that?" said Mrs. Petter, aside

marks were not always to the point, they were generally pointed.

At last Mr. Tippengray came out on the piazza. He walked slowly, and he did not wear his usual ease of demeanor; but nothing could have been more cordial and reassuring than the greeting given him by Miss Calthea. If this were intended in any way to inspirit him, it failed of its effect. The Greek scholar stood apart, and did not look like a man who had made up his mind as to what he was going to do next; but Miss Calthea took no notice of his unusual demeanor. She talked with great graciousness to the company in general, and frequently directed remarks to Mr. Tippengray which indicated a high degree of good comradeship.

Under this general warmth Mr. Tippengray was forced to melt a little, and in a manner to accept the position thus publicly tendered him; but suddenly the maid Ida popped up the steps of the piazza. She had an open book in her hand, and she went directly and quickly to Mr. Tippengray. She held the book up towards him, and put her finger on a page.

"You were just here," she said, "when you had to go to your dinner. Now if you will

finish the explanation I can go on nicely. You don't know how you help me. Every word you say seems to take root"; and she looked up into his face with sparkling eyes.

But not a sparkle sparkled from the eyes of the Greek scholar. He stood silently looking at the book, his face a little flushed, his eyes blinking as if the sunlight were too strong for him.

"Suppose you walk out on the lawn with me," said the nurse-maid, "and then we shall not disturb the others. I will not keep you more than five minutes."

She went down the steps of the piazza, and Mr. Tippengray, having apparently lost the power of making up his mind what he should do, did what she wanted him to do, and followed her. They did not walk very far, but stood barely out of hearing of the persons on the piazza; her eyes sparkling up into his face, as his helpful words took root in her understanding.

At the instant of the appearance of the maid Ida Miss Calthea Rose stopped talking. Her subsequent glances towards this young woman and Mr. Tippengray might have made one think of steel chilled to zero. Mrs. Cristie looked at Lodloe, and he at her, and both slightly smiled. "She understands that sort of thing," he thought, and "He understands that sort of thing," she thought.

At this moment Mrs. Petter glanced at her two guests and saw the smile which passed between them. She understood that sort of thing.

"Who is that?" said Miss Calthea Rose, presently.

Mrs. Cristie, full of the humor of the situation, hastened to answer.

"It is my nurse-maid," she said, "Ida Mayberry."

"A child's nurse!" ejaculated Miss Calthea Rose.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cristie; "that is what she is."

"I expect," said Mrs. Petter, "that he is teaching her Greek, and of course it 's hard for her at the beginning. Mr. Tippengray 's such a kind man that he would do anything for anybody, so far as he could; but I must admit that I can't see how Greek can help anybody to nurse children, unless there is some book on the subject in that language."

"Greek!" scornfully ejaculated Miss Calthea, and, turning her steely glance from the couple on the lawn, she began to talk to Mr. Petter about one of his cows which had broken its leg.

Ida Mayberry was a young woman who meant what she said, and in less than five minutes, with a sparkling glance of thanks, she released Mr. Tippengray. That gentleman returned to the piazza, but his appearance elicited no more attention from the lady who had so recently brought into view their friendly relationship than if he had been the head of a nail in the floor beneath her. From Mr. Petter she turned to speak to some of the others, and if her words and manner did not make Mr. Tippengray understand that, so far as she was concerned, he had ceased to exist, her success was not what she expected it to be.

Although he had been amused and interested, Walter Lodloe now thought that he had had enough of Miss Calthea Rose, and wandered away to the little garden at the foot of his staircase. He had not reached it before he was joined by Mr. Tippengray.

"Look here," said the latter, with something of his usual briskness; "if you are still in the humor, suppose we walk over to Lethbury."

Lodloe looked at him in surprise. "I thought you did n't want to go there," he said.

"I 've changed my mind," replied the other. "I think this is a very good day to go to Lethbury. It is a pretty village, and you ought to have some one with you to show you its best points."

As soon as she thought etiquette would permit, Mrs. Cristie withdrew, pleading the interests of her baby as an excuse.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Miss Calthea Rose, the moment the young mother was out of hearing, "that she leaves her baby in the care of that thing with a book?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "Mrs. Cristie tells me she is a very good nurse-maid."

"Well," said Miss Calthea, "babies are troublesome, and it 's often convenient to get rid of them, but I must say that I never heard of this new style of infanticide. I suppose there is n't any law against it yet."

Mr. Petter looked uneasy. He did not like fault found with Mrs. Cristie, who was a great favorite with him.

"I am inclined to think, Miss Calthea," he said, "that you judge that young person too harshly. I have formed a very good opinion of her. Not only does she attend to her duties, but she has a good mind. It may not be a fine mind, but it is a good mind. Her desire to learn from Mr. Tippengray is a great point in her favor."

Here Mrs. Petter, who sat near her husband, pressed violently upon his foot; but she was too late, the words had been said. Mrs. Petter prepared herself for a blaze, but none came. There was a momentary flash in the Calthean eyes, and then the lids came down and shut out everything but a line of steely light. Then she gazed out over the landscape, and presently again turned her face towards her companions,

with nothing more upon it than her usual expression when in a bad humor.

"Do you know," she said abruptly, "that Lanigan Beam is coming back?"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Petter, "I thought he was settled in Patagonia."

"It was not Patagonia," said Mr. Petter; "it was Nicaragua."

"Well, I knew it was the little end of some place," said she; "and now he 's coming back. Well, that is unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!" said Miss Calthea; "it 's criminal. There ought to be a law against such things."

Again the host of the Squirrel Inn moved uneasily on his chair and crossed and recrossed his legs. He liked Lanigan Beam.

"I cannot see," he said, "why it is wrong for a man to return to the place where he was born."

"Born!" scornfully exclaimed Miss Calthea; "it 's the greatest pity that there is any place where he was born; but there 's no use talking about him. He has written to them at the hotel at Lethbury that he will be there the day after to-morrow, and he wants them to have a room ready for him. If he 'd asked them to have a grave ready for him it would have been much more considerate."

Mr. Petter now rose to his feet; his manner was very dignified.

"Excuse me, Miss Calthea," he said, "but I must go and look after my men in the cornfield."

Miss Calthea Rose sat up very straight in her chair.

"If there 's anything you want to do, Mrs. Petter, I beg you won't let me keep you."

"Now, Calthea," said Mrs. Petter, "don't work yourself into such a terrible stew. You know Stephen does n't like to have Lanigan pitched into; I 'm sorry for even what I said. But that about his grave was enough to rouse a saint."

Miss Calthea was on the point of retorting that that was something which Stephen Petter was not, by any means, but she restrained herself. If she quarreled with the Petters, and cut herself off from visiting the Squirrel Inn, a great part of the pleasure of her life would be gone.

"Well," said she, "we all know Lanigan Beam, and if there 's anybody who wants the peace of the community to vanish entirely out of sight, the responsibility 's on him, and not on me."

"Mrs. Petter," said Ida Mayberry, appearing so suddenly before that good woman that she seemed to have dropped through the roof of the piazza, "do you know where Mr. Tippengray is? I 've been looking all over for him, and can't find him. He is n't in his little house, for I knocked at the door."

"Does Mrs. Cristie want him?" asked Mrs. Petter, making this wild grasp at a straw.

"TEACH THE OLD HENS GOOD MANNERS."

"Oh, no," said Ida. "It is I who want him. There 's a Greek sentence in this book he lent me which I am sure I have not translated properly; and as the baby is asleep now, there could n't be a better time for him to help me, if only I could find him."

Self-restraint was no longer possible with Miss Calthea Rose. A red blaze shot into her face, and without deigning to look in the direction of the creature who had just spoken, she said in the sharpest tones of contemptuous anger:

"Greek to a child's nurse! I expect next he 'll teach French to the pigs."

The maid Ida lifted up her eyes from the book and fixed them on Miss Calthea.

"The best thing he could do," she quietly remarked, "would be to teach the old hens good manners"; and then she walked away with her book.

Miss Calthea sprang to her feet, and looked

as if she was going to do something; but there was nothing to do, and she sat down again. Her brow was dark, her eyes flashed, and her lips were parted, as if she was about to say something; but there was nothing to say, and she sat silent, breathing hard. It was bad enough to be as jealous as Miss Calthea was at that moment, but to be so flagrantly insulted by the object of her jealousy created in her a rage that could not be expressed in words. It was fortunate that she did not look at Mrs. Petter, for that good lady was doing her best to keep from laughing.

"Well!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak composedly, "this is too much. I think I must speak to Mrs. Cristie about this. Of course she can't prevent the young woman from answering back, but I think I can make her see that it is n't seemly and becoming for nursemaids to be associating with boarders in this way."

"If you take my advice, Susan Petter," said Miss Calthea, in a voice thickened by her emotions, "you will keep your mouth shut on that subject. If your boarders choose to associate with servants, let them alone. It simply shows what sort of people they are."

Calthea Rose did not like to hear herself speak in a voice which might show how she was feeling, and as there was no use of staying there if she could not talk, she rose to leave, and, in spite of Mrs. Petter's hospitable entreaty to make a longer stay, she departed.

When her visitor was well out of sight, Mrs. Petter allowed herself to lean back in her chair and laugh quietly.

"Leave them alone indeed," she said to herself. "You may want me to do it, but I know well enough that you are not going to leave them alone, Miss Calthea Rose, and I can't say that I wonder at your state of mind, for it seems to me that this is your last chance. If you don't get Mr. Tippengray, I can't see where you are going to find another man properly older than you are."

XI.

LANIGAN BEAM.

THAT evening about eleven o'clock Walter Lodloe was sitting in his room in the tower, his feet upon the sill of the large window which looked out over the valley. He had come up to his room an hour or two before, determined not to allow the whole day to pass without his having done any work; and now, having written several pages of the story on which he was engaged, he was enjoying the approbation of his conscience, the flavor of a good cigar, and the beautiful moonlighted scene which he beheld from his window.

More than this, he was thinking over the events of the day with a good deal of interest and amusement, particularly of his afternoon walk with Mr. Tippengray. He had taken a great fancy to that gentleman, who, without making any direct confidences, had given him a very fair idea of his relations with Calthea Rose. It was plain enough that he liked that very estimable person, and that he had passed many pleasant hours in her society, but that he did not at all agree with what he called her bigoted notions in regard to proprietorship in fellow-beings.

On the other hand, Lodloe was greatly delighted with Miss Calthea's manner of showing her state of mind. Quite unexpectedly they had met her in Lethbury,—to which village Mr. Tippengray had not thought she would return so soon,—and Lodloe almost laughed as he called to mind the beaming and even genial recognition that she gave to him, and which, at the same time, included effacement and extinction of his companion to the extent of being an admirable piece of dramatic art. The effect upon Lodloe had been such, that when the lady had passed he involuntarily turned to see if the Greek scholar had not slipped away just before the moment of meeting.

"When a woman tries so hard to show how little she thinks of a man," thought Lodloe, "it is a proof that she thinks a great deal of him, and I shall not be surprised —" Just then there came a tap at the window opposite the one at which he was sitting.

Now when a man in the upper room of a fairly tall tower, access to which is gained by a covered staircase the door at the bottom of which he knows he has locked, hears a tap at the window, he is likely to be startled. Lodloe was so startled that his chair nearly tipped over backward. Turning quickly, he saw a man's head and shoulders at the opposite window, the sash of which was raised. With an exclamation, Lodloe sprang to his feet. His lamp had been turned down in order that he might better enjoy the moonlight, but he could plainly see the man at the window, who now spoke.

"Hold hard," said he; "don't get excited. There 's nothing out of the way. My name is Beam—Lanigan Beam. I tapped because I thought if I spoke first you might jump out of the window, being turned in that direction. May I come in?"

Lodloe made no answer; his mind did not comprehend the situation; he went to the window and looked out. The man was standing on the sharp ridge of a roof which stretched from the tower to the rear portion of the building. By reaching upward he was able to look into the window.

"Give me a hand," said the man, "and

we 'll consider matters inside. This is a mighty ticklish place to stand on."

Lodloe had heard a good deal that evening about Lanigan Beam, and although he was amazed at the appearance of that individual at this time and place, he was ready and willing to make his acquaintance. Bracing himself against the window-frame, he reached out his hand, and in a few moments Mr. Beam had scrambled into the room. Lodloe turned up the wick of his lamp, and by the bright light he looked at his visitor.

He saw a man rather long as to legs, and thin as to face, and dressed in an easy-fitting suit of summer clothes.

"Take a seat," said Lodloe, "and tell me to what I owe this call."

"To your lamp," said the other, taking a chair; "it was n't burning very brightly, but still it was a light, and the only one about. I was on my way to Lethbury, but I could n't get any sort of conveyance at Romney, so I footed it, thinking I would like a moonlight walk. But by the time I got to the squirrel on the post I thought I would turn in here and stay with Stephen Petter for the night; but the house was all shut up and dark except this room, and as I knew that if I woke Stephen out of a sound sleep he 'd bang me over the head with his everlasting Rockmores of Germantown, I determined to take a night's lodging without saying a word to him about it.

"There 's a room back here that you can only get into by a ladder put up on the outside. I knew all about it, so I went to the ice-house and got a ladder and climbed into the room. I put my valise under my head, and prepared to take a good sleep on the floor, but in three minutes I found the place was full of wasps. I could n't stay there, you know, and I was just getting ready to go down the ladder again when I happened to look out of a window that opened on the roof, and saw you in here. I could see only the back of your head, but although it was pretty well lighted, I could n't judge very well by that what sort of person you were. But I saw you were smoking, and it struck me that a man who smokes is generally a pretty good fellow, and so I came over."

"Glad to see you," said Lodloe; "and what can I do for you?"

"Well, in the first place," said Beam, "have you any liquid ammonia? The first notice I had of the wasps in that room was this sting on my finger."

Lodloe was sorry that he did not possess anything of the kind.

"DON'T GET EXCITED."

"If I 'm not mistaken," said the visitor, "there is a bottle of it on the top shelf of that closet. I have frequently occupied this room, and I remember putting some there myself. May I look for it?"

Permission being given, Mr. Beam speedily found the bottle, and assuaged the pains of his sting.

"Now, then," said he, resuming his seat, "the next favor I 'll ask will be to allow me to fill my pipe, and put to you a few questions as to the way the land lies about here at present. I 've been away for a year and a half, and don't know what 's going on, or who 's dead or alive. By the way, have you happened to hear any body speak of me?"

"I should think so," said Lodloe, laughing. "The greater part of this evening was occupied in a discussion on your life, adventures, moral character, disposition, and mental bias. There may have been some other points touched upon, but I don't recall them just now."

"Upon my word," said Lanigan Beam, putting his arms on the table, and leaning forward, "this is interesting. Who discussed me?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Petter had the most to say," answered Lodloe.

"I 'm glad to hear they 're alive," interpolated the other.

"And Mrs. Cristie, who knew you when her husband was alive."

"Dead, is he?" said Beam. "Very sorry to hear that. A mighty pretty woman is Mrs. Cristie."

"Miss Calthea Rose was not present," continued Lodloe, "but her opinions were quoted

very freely by the others, and sometimes combated."

"Calthea alive, is she?" ejaculated Beam. "Well, well, I ought to be glad to hear it, and I suppose I am. Anybody else?"

"Yes; there was Mr. Tippengray, one of the guests at the inn. There are only three of us in all. He had heard a great deal about you from Miss Rose. She seems to have been very communicative to him."

"Chums, are they?" cried Lanigan Beam. "Well, bless his soul, I say, whatever sort of man he is. Now what did they say about me?"

"It 's my opinion," answered Lodloe, smiling, "that it is a very unsafe thing to tell a man what other people say about him."

Lanigan sprang to his feet, and stood, pipe in hand, before the other. "Now, sir," said he, "I have not heard your name yet—Lodloe; thank you. Now, Mr. Lodloe, I have before me the greatest chance of my life. It almost never happens that a man has an opportunity of hearing a straightforward account of what people say about him. Now if you want to do the biggest kind of favor to a fellow-being, just tell me what you heard of me to-night. You are a perfect stranger to me, and you can speak out plainly about it without having the least feeling one way or the other."

Lodloe looked at him.

"Here is a chance," he said to himself, "that seldom comes to a man; an opportunity to tell a man exactly what his friends and neighbors think about him. It 's a rare experience, and I like it. I 'll do it."

"Very good," said he, aloud; "if you want to see yourself as others see you, I 'll turn on the lights and act as showman; but remember I have nothing to do with the painting. I have no prejudices one way or the other."

"All right," said Lanigan, reseating himself; "let the panorama move."

"About the first thing I was told," said Lodloe, "was that you were a good-hearted fellow, but the fact that your father was an Irishman had deprived your character of ballast."

"Umph," said Lanigan; "there are some people who are all ballast. I don't mind that."

"And then I heard that, although you were a wild and irresponsible youth, people generally expected that as you grew older you would gradually accumulate ballast; but instead of that you had steadily gone downhill from the moment of your birth."

"Now, then," said Lanigan, "I suppose I have no right to ask you, but I would like very much to know who said that."

"I don't object in the least to telling you," said Lodloe; "it is fitter that you should know it than that I should know it. That was a quoted opinion of Miss Calthea Rose."

"HAVE YOU HAPPENED TO HEAR ANY BODY SPEAK OF ME?"

"Good for you," said Lanigan; "you 'd be death to the members of a scandal-monger society. You would break up the business utterly."

"To this Mr. Petter remarked," said Lodloe, "that he thought in many ways you had improved very much, but he was obliged to admit that he could never think of anything that you had done which was of the least benefit to yourself or anybody else."

"Upon my word," cried Lanigan, "that 's a pretty wide sweep for old Petter. I shall have to rub up his memory. He forgets that I helped him to make the plans for this house. And what did Mrs. Cristie say about me?"

"She said she thought it was a great pity that you did not apply yourself to something or other."

"She is right there," cried Beam, "and, by George, I 'll apply myself to her. However, I don't know about that," he continued. "What else did Calthea say?"

"One remark was that having proved false to every friend you had here you had no right to return."

"That means," said Mr. Beam, "that having promised at least five times to marry her, I never did it once."

"Were you really engaged to her?" asked Lodloe.

"Oh, yes," said the other; "it seems to me as if I had always been engaged to her. Born that way. Sort of an ailment you get used to, like squinting. When I was a youngster Calthea was a mighty pretty girl, a good deal my senior, of course, or I would n't have cared for her. As she grew older she grew prettier, and I was more and more in love with her. We used to have quarrels, but they did n't make much difference, for after every one of them we engaged ourselves again, and all went on as before. But the time came when Calthea kept on being older than I was, and did n't keep on being pretty and agreeable. Then I began to weaken about the marriage altar and all that sort of thing, but for all that I would have been perfectly willing to stay engaged to her for the rest of my life if she had wished it, but one day she got jealous, kicked up a tremendous row, and away I went."

"Well," said Lodloe, "she must have considered that the best thing you could do for her, for Mrs. Petter said that she had heard her declare dozens of times that from her very youth you had hung like a millstone about her neck, and blighted her every prospect, and that your return here was like one of the seven plagues of Egypt."

"Mixed, but severe," said Mr. Beam. "Did anybody say any good of me?"

"Yes," answered Lodloe; "Mrs. Cristie said you were an obliging fellow, although very apt to forget what you had promised to do. Mr. Petter said that you had a very friendly disposition, although he was obliged to admit the truth of his wife's remark that said disposition would have been more agreeable to your friends if you had been as willing to do things for them as you were to have them do things for you. And Mrs. Petter on her own motion summed up your character by saying, that if you had not been so regardless of the welfare and wishes of others; so totally given up to self-gratification; so ignorant of all kinds of business, and so unwilling to learn; so extravagant in your habits, and so utterly conscienceless in regard to your debts; so neglectful of your promises and your duty; so heretical in your opinions, political and religious, and such a dreadful backslider from everything that you had promised to be when a baby, you would be a very nice sort of fellow, whom she would like to see come into the house."

"Well," said Lanigan Beam, leaning back in his chair, "that 's all of my bright side, is it?"

"Not quite," said Lodloe; "Mr. Tippengray declared that you are the first man he ever heard of who did not possess a single good point; that you must be very interesting, and that he would like to know you."

"Noble Tippengray!" said Mr. Beam. "And he 's the man who is chumming it with Calthea?"

"Not at present," said Lodloe; "she is jealous, and does n't speak to him."

Mr. Beam let his head drop on his breast, his arms hung down by his side, and he sank into his chair, as if his spine had come unhinged.

"There goes the last prop from under me," he said. "If Calthea had a man in tow I would n't be afraid of her, but now — well, no matter. If you will let me take that bottle of ammonia with me, — I suppose, by rights, it now belongs to the house, — I 'll go back to that room and fight it out with the wasps. As I have n't any good points, they 'll be able to put some into me, I 'll wager."

Lodloe laughed. "You shall not go there," he said; "I have more bed-covering than I want, and an extra pillow, and if you can make yourself comfortable on that lounge you are welcome to stay here."

"Sir," said Lanigan Beam, rising, "I accept your offer, and if it were not that by so doing I would destroy the rare symmetry of my character, I would express my gratitude. And now I will go down your stairs, and up my ladder, and get my valise."

XII.

LANIGAN CHANGES HIS CRAVAT.

EARLY the next morning, without disturbing the sleep of Walter Lodloe, Lanigan Beam descended from the tower, carrying his valise. His face wore that air of gravity which sometimes follows an early morning hour of earnest reflection, and he had substituted a black cravat for the blue one with white spots that he had worn on his arrival.

Walking out towards the barn he met Mr. Petter, who was one of the earliest risers on the place.

The greeting given him by the landlord of the Squirrel Inn was a mixture of surprise, cordiality, and annoyance.

"Lanigan Beam!" he exclaimed. "Why I thought —"

"Of course you did; I understand," said the other, extending his hand with a dignified superiority to momentary excitement in others. "You thought I would arrive at Lethbury in a day or two, and had no idea of seeing me here. You have reason, but I have changed my plans. I left New York earlier than I intended, and I am not going to Lethbury at

all. At least not to the hotel there. I greatly prefer this house."

A shade of decided trouble came over Mr. Petter's face.

"Now, Lanigan," he said, "that will not do at all; of course I don't want to be hard on you, and I never was, but my season is commenced, I have my guests, my rules are in full force, and I cannot permit you to come here and disarrange my arrangements. If for once, Lanigan, you will take the trouble to think, you will see that for yourself."

"I AM HERE FOR A PURPOSE."

"Mr. Petter," said the younger man, setting his valise upon the ground, "I have no desire to disarrange them; on the contrary, I would stamp them with fixity. And before we go any further I beg that you will be kind enough not to call me by my Christian name, and to endeavor to produce in yourself the conviction that since you last saw me I have been entirely rearranged and reconstructed. In order to do this, you have only to think of me as you used to think, and then exactly reverse your opinion. In this way you will get a true view of my present character. It does not suit me to do things partially, or by degrees, and I am now exactly the opposite of what I used to be. By keeping this in mind any one who knew me before may consider himself or herself perfectly acquainted with me now."

Stephen Petter looked at him doubtfully.

"Of course," he said, "I shall be very glad — and so will Mrs. Petter — to find that you have reformed, but as to your coming here —"

"Now then," said Mr. Beam, "I know you are not the man to allow trifles to stand in the way of important movements. I am here for a purpose, a great purpose, with which you will be in entire sympathy. I will say at once, frankly and openly, that my object is the improvement of Lethbury. I have a project which —"

"Now, now, now!" exclaimed Mr. Petter, with much irritation, "I don't want to hear anything more of any of your projects; I know all about them. They all begin with a demand for money from your friends, and that is the end of the project and the money."

"Stephen Petter," said the other, "you are not looking at my character as I told you to look at it. Every cent of the capital required for my operations I will contribute myself. No one will be allowed to subscribe any money whatever. This, you see, is exactly the opposite of what used to be the case; and when I tell you that the success of my plan will improve the business of Lethbury, elevate its moral and intellectual standard, exercise an ennobling and purifying influence upon the tone of its society, and give an almost incredible impetus to faith, hope, and charity in its moral atmosphere,— and all that without anybody's being asked to give a copper,— I know you will agree with me that a mere matter of residence should not be allowed to block this great work."

Since he had been assured that he was not to be asked to contribute money, Mr. Petter's face had shown relief and interest; but now he shook his head.

"This is my season," he said, "and I have my rules."

Lanigan Beam laid his hand upon the shoulder of his companion.

"Petter," said he, "I don't ask you to infract your rules. That would be against my every principle. I do not know the Rockmores of Germantown, but if it were necessary I would immediately go and find them, and make their acquaintance — I should have no difficulty in doing it, I assure you, but it is not necessary. I staid last night with Mr. Lodloe, who occupies the top room of your tower. Don't jump out of your boots. I went to him because there was a light in his room and the rest of the house was dark, and he explained to me the Rockmorial reason why he occupies that room while the rest of your house is nearly empty. Now you can do the same thing for me. Let

me have that upper room with no stairway to it; give me the use of a ladder, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"But the room 's not furnished," said Mr. Petter.

"Oh, we can easily get over that little difficulty," replied Mr. Beam; "whatever furniture may be needed can easily be put in through the window. If there are any wasps up there I can fumigate them out. Now we call that settled, don't we? None of your rules broken, Lethbury regenerated, and nothing for you to do but look on and profit."

Mr. Petter gazed reflectively upon the ground.

"There can be no doubt," said he, "that Lethbury is in a stagnant condition, and if that condition could be improved, it would be for the benefit of us all; and considering, furthermore, that if your project — which you have not yet explained to me — should be unsuccessful, no one but yourself will lose any money, I see no reason why I should interfere with your showing the people of this neighborhood that your character has been reconstructed. But if you should lodge in that room, it would make a very odd condition of things. I should then have but three male guests, and not one of them literally living in my house."

"Ah, my good friend Petter," said Lanigan, taking up his valise, "you should know there is luck in odd conditions, as well as in odd numbers, and everything will turn out right, you may bet on that. Hello," he continued, stepping back a little, "who is that very pretty girl with a book in her hand? That cannot be Mrs. Cristie."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Petter, "that is her maid, who takes care of her child. I think the young woman has come out to study before beginning her daily duties."

"Upon my word," said Lanigan Beam, attentively regarding Miss Ida Mayberry as she daintily made her way across the dewy lawn to a rustic seat under a tree. And then suddenly turning to Mr. Petter, he said:

"Look you, my good Stephen, can't you let me go in somewhere and furbish myself up a little before breakfast?"

And having been shown into a room on the ground floor, Mr. Beam immediately proceeded to take off his black cravat and to replace it by the blue one with white spots.

Frank R. Stockton.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER SONG.

AH! whither, sweet one, art thou fled —
My heart of May?
In vain pursuing I am led
A weary way.

The brook is dry; its silver throat
Rills song no more;
And not a linnet lifts a note
Along the shore.

Wilt thou return? — I ask the night,
I ask the morn.
The doubt that wounds the old delight
Is like a thorn.

Oh, come! I lean my eager ear
For laughter's ring;
Bring back the love-light cool and clear —
Bring back my Spring!

Clinton Scollard.

[*BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.*]

THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XVII.

A FAITH CURE.

THE next day the cold wave had begun to let go a little, and there were omens of a coming storm. The forenoon Phillida gave to domestic industry of one sort and another, but in the afternoon she put on her overshoes against icy pavements, and set out for a visit to Wilhelmina Schulenberg, remembering how lonesome the invalid must be in wintry weather. There were few loiterers on the sidewalks on such a day, but Phillida was pretty sure of a recognition from somebody by the time she reached Avenue A, for her sympathetic kindness had made friends for her beyond those with whom she came into immediate contact as a Sunday-school teacher.

"O Miss Callender," said a thinly clad girl of thirteen, with chattering teeth, and arms folded against her body for warmth, rocking from one foot to the other, as she stood in the door of a tenement house, "this is hard weather for poor folks, ain't it?" And then, unable longer to face the penetrating rawness of the east wind, she turned and ran up the stairs.

Phillida's meditations as she walked were occupied with what Mrs. Frankland had said the day before. She reflected that if she herself only possessed the necessary faith she might bring healing to many suffering people. Why not to Wilhelmina? With this thought there came a drawing back — that instinctive resistance of human nature to anything out of the conventional and mediocre; a resistance that in a time of excitement often saves us from absurdity at the expense of reducing us to commonplace. But in Phillida this conservatism was counteracted by a quick imagination in alliance with a passion for moral excellence, both warmed by the fire of youth; and in all ventures youth counts for much.

"Dat is coot; you gomes to see Mina wunst more already," said Mrs. Schulenberg, whom Phillida encountered on the second flight of stairs, descending with a market-basket on her arm. She was not the strong-framed peasant, but of lighter build and somewhat finer fiber than the average immigrant, and her dark hair and eyes seemed to point to South Germany as her place of origin.

"Wilhelmina she so badly veels to-day," added Mrs. Schulenberg. "I don' know," — and she shook her head ominously, — "I vas mos' afraid to leef her all py herself already. She is with bein' zick zo tired. She dalk dreadful dis mornin' already; I don' know." And the mother went on down the stairs shaking her head dolefully, while Phillida climbed up to the Schulenberg apartment and entered without knocking, going straight over to the couch where the emaciated girl lay, and kissing her.

Wilhelmina embraced her while Phillida pushed back the hair from the pale, hard forehead with something like a shudder, for it was only skin and skull. In the presence of sympathy Wilhelmina's mood of melancholy desperation relaxed, and she began to shed tears.

"O Miss Callender, you have from black thoughts saved me to-day," she said in a sobbing voice, speaking with a slight German accent. "If I could only die. Here I drag down the whole family already. I make them sorry. Poor Rudolph, he might be somebody if away off he would go wunst; but no, he will not leave me. It is such a nice girl he love; I can see that he love her. But he will say nothing at all. He feel so he must not anyway leave his poor sister; and I hate myself and my life that for all my family is unfortunate. Black thoughts will come. If, now, I was only dead; if I could only find some way myself to put out of the way wunst, for Rudolph it would be better, and after a while the house would not any more so sorry be. Last night I thought much about it; but when falling asleep I saw you plain come in the door and shake your head, and I say, Miss Callender think it wicked. She will not let me. But I am so wicked and unfortunate."

Here the frail form was shaken by hysterical weeping that cut off speech. Phillida shed tears also, and one of them dropped on the emaciated hand of Wilhelmina. Phillida

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quickly wiped it away with her handkerchief, but another took its place.

"Let it be, Miss Callender," sobbed Wilhelmina; "it will surely make me not so wicked."

She looked up wistfully at Phillida and essayed to speak; then she turned her eyes away, while she said:

"If now, Miss Callender, you would—but may be you will think that it is wicked also."

"Speak freely, dear," said Phillida, softly; "it will do you good to tell me all—all that is in your heart."

"If you would only pray that I might die, then it would be granted already, maybe. I am such a curse, a dreadful curse, to this house."

"No, no; you must n't say that. Your sickness is a great misfortune to your family, but it is not your fault. It is a greater misfortune to you. Why should you pray to die? Why not pray to get well?"

"That is too hard, Miss Callender. If now I had but a little while been sick. But I am so long. I cannot ever get well. Oh, the medicines I have took, the pills and the sarsaparillas and the medicine of the German doctor! And then the American doctor he burnt my back. No; I can't get well any more. It is better as I die. Pray that I die. Will you not?"

"But if God can make you die he can make you well. One is no harder than the other for him."

"No, no; not if I was but a little while sick. But you see it is years since I was sick."

This illogical ground of skepticism Phillida set herself to combat. She read from Wilhelmina's sheepskin-bound Testament, printed in parallel columns in English and German, the story of the miracle at the Pool of Bethesda, the story of the woman that touched the hem of the garment of Jesus, and of other cures told in the New Testament with a pathos and dignity not to be found in similar modern recitals.

Then Phillida, her soul full of hope, talked to Mina of the power of faith, going over the ground traversed by Mrs. Frankland. She read the eleventh of Hebrews, and her face was transformed by the earnestness of her own belief as she advanced. Call it mesmerism, or what you will, she achieved this by degrees, that Wilhelmina thought as she thought, and felt as she felt. The poor girl with shaken nerves and enfeebled vitality saw a vision of health. She watched Phillida closely, and listened eagerly to her words, for to her they were words of life.

"Now, Mina, if you believe, if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, all things are possible."

The girl closed her eyes a moment, then she opened them with her face radiant.

"Miss Callender, I do believe."

Already her face was changing under the powerful influence of the newly awakened hope. She folded her hands peacefully, and closed her eyes, whispering:

"Pray, Miss Callender; pray!"

Phillida laid down the Bible and solemnly knelt by the invalid, taking hold of one of her hands. It would have been impossible to listen to the prayer of one so passionately sincere and so believingly devout without falling into sympathy with it. To the bed-ridden and long-despairing Wilhelmina it made God seem something other than she had ever thought him. An hour before she could have believed that God might be persuaded to take her life in answer to prayer, but not that he could be brought to restore her. The moment that Phillida began to pray, a new God appeared to her mind—Phillida's God. Wilhelmina followed the action of Phillida's mind as a hypnotized subject does that of the dominant agent: as Phillida believed, so she believed; Phillida's confidence became hers, and the weak nerves tingled all the way from the nerve-centers with new life.

"Now, Wilhelmina," said Phillida at length, slowly rising from her knees and looking steadily into her eyes, "the good Lord will make you whole. Rise up and sit upon the bed, believing with all your heart."

In a sort of ecstasy the invalid set to work to obey. There was a hideous trick of legerdemain in the last generation, by which an encoffined skeleton was made to struggle to its feet. Something like this took place as Mina's feeble arms were brought into the most violent effort to assist her to rise. But a powerful emotion, a tremendous hope, stimulated the languid nerves; the almost disused muscles were galvanized into power; and Wilhelmina succeeded at length in sitting upright without support for the first time in years. When she perceived this actually accomplished she cried out: "O God! I am getting well!"

Wilhelmina's mother had come to the top of the stairs just as Phillida had begun to pray. She paused without the door and listened to the prayer and to what followed. She now burst into the room to see her daughter sitting up on the side of her couch; and then there were embraces and tears, and ejaculations of praise to God in German and in broken English.

"Sit there, Mina, and believe with all your heart," said Phillida, who was exteriorly the calmest of the three; "I will come back soon."

Wilhelmina did as she was bidden. The shock of excitement thus prolonged was overcoming the sluggishness of her nerves. The mother could not refrain from calling in a neighbor who was passing by the open door, and

the news of Mina's partial restoration spread through the building. When Phillida got back from the Diet Kitchen with some savory food, the doorway was blocked; but the people stood out of her way with as much awe as they would had she worn an aureole, and she passed in and put the food before Wilhelmina, who ate with a relish she hardly remembered to have known before. The spectators dropped back into the passageway, and Phillida gently closed the door.

"Now, Wilhelmina, lie down and rest. To-morrow you will walk a little. Keep on believing with all your heart."

Having seen the patient, who was fatigued with unwonted exertion, sleeping quietly, Phillida returned home. She said nothing of her experiences of the day, but Millard, who called in the evening, found her more abstracted and less satisfactory than ever. For her mind continually reverted to her patient.

XVIII.

FAITH-DOCTOR AND LOVER.

THE next day, though a great snow-storm had burst upon the city before noon, Phillida made haste after luncheon to work her way first to the Diet Kitchen and then to the Schulenberg tenement. When she got within the shelter of the doorway of the tenement house she was well-nigh exhausted, and it was half a minute before she could begin the arduous climbing of the stairs.

"I thought you would not come," said Wilhelmina with something like a cry of joy. "I have found it hard to keep on believing, but still I have believed and prayed. I was afeard if till to-morrow you waited the black thoughts would come back again. Do you think I can sit up wunst more already?"

"If you have faith; if you believe."

Under less excitement than that of the day before, Mina found it hard to get up; but at length she succeeded. Then she ate the appetizing food that Phillida set before her. Meantime the mother, deeply affected, took her market-basket and went out, lest somehow her presence should be a drawback to her daughter's recovery.

While the feeble Wilhelmina was eating, Phillida drew the only fairly comfortable chair in the room near to the stove, and, taking from a bed some covering, she spread it over the back and seat of the chair. Then, when the meal was completed, she read from the Acts of the Apostles of the man healed at the gate of the temple by Simon Peter. With the book open in her hand, as she sat, she offered a brief fervent prayer.

"Now, Wilhelmina, doubt nothing," she said. "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk!"

The invalid had again caught the infection of Phillida's faith, and with a strong effort, helping herself by putting her hand on Phillida's shoulder, she brought herself at length to her feet, where she stood a moment, tottering as though about to fall.

"Walk to the chair, dear, nothing wavering," commanded Phillida, and Mina, with much trembling, let go of Phillida's shoulder, and with sadly unsteady steps tottered forward far enough to lay hold of the back of the chair, and at length succeeded, with much ado, in sitting down without assistance. For years she had believed herself forever beyond hope of taking a step. She leaned back against the pillow placed behind her by Phillida, and wept for very joy.

"But, Miss Callender," she said after a while, "the man you read about in the Bible was made all well at once, and he walked and leaped; but I —"

"Perhaps our faith is n't strong enough," said Phillida. "Maybe it is better for us that you should get well slowly, like the man that Jesus cured of blindness, who, when he first saw men, thought they looked like walking trees. Let us be thankful for what we have, and not complain."

In a few weeks Wilhelmina's mental stimulation and graduated physical exercise had made her able to sit up nearly all day, to walk feebly about the house, and even to render some assistance in such affairs as could be attended to while sitting. The recovery, though it went no farther, was remarkable enough to attract much attention, and the fame of it spread far and wide among the people in the eastern avenues and those connected with the Mission.

This new development of Phillida's life increased her isolation. She could not speak to her family about her faith-cures, nor to Mrs. Hilbrough, and she did not like to confide even in Mrs. Frankland, who would, she felt sure, make too much of the matter. Most of all, it was not in her power to bring herself to say anything to Millard about it. The latter felt, during the three or four weeks that followed the treatment of Wilhelmina, that the veil between him and the inner life of Phillida was growing more opaque. He found no ground to quarrel with Phillida; she was cordial, affectionate, and dutiful towards him, but he felt, with a quickness of intuition characteristic of him, that there was some new cause of constraint between them.

"Phillida," he said one evening, a month after Phillida's work as a faith-doctor had begun, "I wish you would tell me more about your mission work."

"I don't like to speak of that," she replied. "It is too much like boasting of what I am doing." She had no sooner said this than she regretted it; her fierce conscience rose up and charged her with uncandid speech. But how could she be candid?

"I don't like to think," said Millard, "that so large a part of your life—a part that lies so near to your heart—should be shut out from me. I can't do your kind of work. But I can admire it. Won't you tell me about it?"

Phillida felt a keen pang. Had it been a question of her ordinary work in the months that were past she might easily have spoken of it. But this faith-healing would be dangerous ground with Millard. She knew in her heart that it would be better to tell him frankly about it, and face the result. But with him there she could not get courage to bring on an immediate conflict between the affection that was so dear and the work that was so sacred to her.

"Charley," she said slowly, holding on to her left hand as though for safety, "I 'm afraid I was not very—very candid in the answer I gave you just now."

"Oh, don't say anything, or tell me anything, dear, that gives you pain," he said with quick delicacy; "and something about this does pain you."

Phillida spoke now in a lower tone, looking down at her hands as she said, with evident effort: "Because you are so good, I must try to be honest with you. There are reasons why I hesitate to tell—to tell—you all about what I am doing. At least this evening, though I know I ought to, and I will—I will—if you insist on it."

"No, dear; no. I will not hear it now."

"But I will tell you all some time. It 's nothing *very* bad, Charley. At least I don't think it is."

"It could n't be, I 'm sure. Nothing bad could exist about you"; and he took her hand in his. "Don't say any more to-night. You are nervous and tired. But some other time, when you feel like it, speak freely. It won't do for us not to open our hearts and lives to one another. If we fail to live openly and truthfully, our little boat will go ashore, Phillida dear — will be wrecked or stranded before we know it."

His voice was full of pleading. How could she refuse to tell him all? But by all the love she felt for him, sitting there in front of her, with his left hand on his knee, looking in her face, and speaking in such an honest, manly way, she was restrained from exposing to him a phase of her life that would seem folly to him while it was a very holy of holies to her. The alternative was cruel.

"Another time, Charley, I mean to tell you all," she said; and she knew when she said it that procrastination would not better the matter, and in the silence that ensued she was just about to change her resolve and unfold the whole matter at once.

But Millard said: "Don't trouble yourself. I 'm sorry I have hurt you. Remember that I trust you implicitly. If you feel a delicacy in speaking to me about anything, let it go."

The conversation after this turned on indifferent matters; but it remained constrained, and Millard took his leave early.

XIX.

PROOF POSITIVE.

THE more Millard thought of the mysterious reserve of Phillida, the more he was disturbed by it, and the next Sunday but one he set out at an earlier hour than usual to go to Avenue C, not this time with a comfortable feeling that his visit would be a source of cheer to his aunt, but rather hoping that her quiet spirit might somehow relieve the soreness of his heart. It chanced that on this fine winter Sunday he found her alone, except for the one-year-old little girl.

"I let the children all go to Sunday-school," she said, "except baby, and father has gone to his meeting, you know."

"His meeting? I did not know that he had any," said Millard.

"W'y, yes, Charley; I thought you knew. Henry always had peculiar views," she said, laughing gently, as was her wont, at her husband's oddities. "He has especially disliked preachers and doctors. Lately he has got the notion that the churches did not believe the Bible literally enough. There were two Swedes and one Swiss in his shop who agreed with him. From reading the Bible in their way and reading other books and papers they have adopted what is called Christian Science. They have found some other men and women who believe as they do, and a kind of a Christian Science woman doctor who talks to them a little,—a good enough woman in her way, I suppose,—and they think that by faith, or rather by declaring that there is no such thing as a real disease, and believing themselves well, they can cure all diseases."

"All except old age and hunger?" queried Millard.

The aunt smiled, and went on. "But father and his woman doctor or preacher don't agree with your Miss Callender. They say her cures are all right as far as they go, but that she is only a babe, unable to take strong meat. The Christian Science woman in Fourteenth street, now, they say, knows all about it, and works

her cures scientifically, and not blindly as Miss Callender does."

This allusion to cures by Phillida set Millard into a whirl of feeling. That she had been doing something calculated to make her the subject of talk brought a rush of indignant feeling, but all his training as a man of society and as a man of business inclined him to a prudent silence under excitement. He turned his derby hat around and around, examining the crown by touch, and then, reversing it, he scrutinized the address of the hatter who did not make it. Though he had come all the way to Avenue C to make a confidante of his aunt, he now found it impossible to do so. She had rejoiced so much in his betrothal to her friend, how could he let her see how far apart he and Phillida had drifted? For some minutes he managed to talk with her about her own family matters, and then turned back to Phillida again.

"Tell me, Aunt Hannah, all you know about Miss Callender's cures. I don't like to ask her, because she and I disagree so widely on some things that we do not like to talk about them."

His aunt saw that Charley was profoundly disturbed. She therefore began with some caution, as treading on unknown ground, in talking with him about Phillida.

"I don't know what to think about these things, Charley. But in anything I say you must understand that I love Miss Callender almost as much as you do, and if anybody can cure by faith she can. In fact, she has had wonderful success in some cures. Besides, she 's no money-maker, like the woman doctor in Fourteenth street, who takes pay for praying over you, and rubbing your head, maybe. You know about the cure of Wilhelmina Schulenberg, of course?"

"No; not fully. We have n't liked to talk about it. Wilhelmina is the poor creature that has been in bed so long."

This mere fencing was to cover the fact that Millard had not heard anything of the miracle in Wilhelmina's case. But seeing his aunt look at him inquiringly, he added:

"Is she quite cured, do you think — this Miss Schulenberg?"

"No; but she can sit up and walk about. She got better day after day under Miss Callender's praying, but lately, I think, she is at a standstill. Well, that was the first, and it made a great talk. And I don't see but that it is very remarkable. Everybody in the tenement house was wild about it, and Miss Callender soon came to be pointed at by the children on the street as 'the woman doctor that can make you well by praying over you.' Then there was the wife of the crockery-store man in Avenue A. She had hysterical fits, or something of the sort, and she got well after Miss Callender visited her three or four times. And another woman thought her arm was paralyzed, but Miss Callender made her believe, and she got so she could use it. But old Mr. Greenlander, the picture-frame maker in Twentieth street, did n't get any better. In fact, he never pretended to believe that he would."

"What was the matter with him?" asked Millard, his lips compressed and his brows contracted.

"Oh, he had a cataract over his eye. He 's gone up to the Eye and Ear Hospital to have it taken off. I don't suppose faith could be expected to remove that."

"It does n't seem to work in surgical cases," said Millard.

"But several people with nervous troubles and kind of breakdowns have got better or got well, and naturally they are sounding the praises of Miss Callender's faith," added his aunt.

"Do you think Phillida likes all this talk about her?"

"No. This talk about her is like hot coals to her feet. She suffers dreadfully. She said last Sunday that she wondered if Christ did not shrink from the talk of the crowds that followed him more than he did from crucifixion itself. She is wonderful, and I don't wonder the people believe that she can work miracles. If anybody can in these days, she is the one."

Millard said nothing for a time; he picked at the lining of his hat, and then put it down on the table and looked out of the window. His irritation against Phillida had by this time turned into affectionate pity for her self-imposed suffering — a pity rendered bitter by his inability to relieve her.

"Do you think that Phillida begins to suspect that perhaps she has made a mistake?" he asked after a while.

"No. I 'm not so sure she has. No doctor cures in all cases, and even Christ could n't heal the people in Nazareth who had n't much faith."

"She will make herself a byword in the streets," said Millard in a tone that revealed to his aunt his shame and anguish.

"Charley," said Mrs. Martin, "don't let yourself worry too much about Miss Callender. She is young yet. She may be wrong or she may be right. I don't say but she goes too far. She 's a house plant, you know. She has seen very little of the world. If she was like other girls she would just take up with the ways of other people and not make a stir. But she has set out to do what she thinks is right at all hazards. Presently she will get her lesson, and some of her oddities will disappear, but she 'll never be just like common folks. Mind my words,

Charley, she 's got the making of a splendid woman if you 'll only give her time to get ripe."

"I believe that with all my heart," said Millard, with a sigh.

"I tell you, Charley, I do believe that her prayers have a great effect, for the Bible teaches that. Besides, she don't talk any of the nonsense of father's Christian Science woman. I can understand what Phillida 's about. But Miss what 's-her-name, in Fourteenth street, can't explain to save her life, so 's you can understand, how she cures people, or what she 's about, except to earn money in some way easier than hard work. There comes your uncle, loaded to the muzzle for a dispute," said Aunt Hannah, laughing mischievously as she heard her husband's step on the stairs.

Uncle Martin greeted Charley with zest. It was no fun to talk to his wife, who never could be drawn into a discussion, but who held her husband's vagaries in check as far as possible by little touches of gentle ridicule. But Mr. Martin was sure that he could overwhelm Charley Millard, even though he might not convince him. So when he had said, "How-are-yeh, and glad to see yeh, Charley, and hope yer well, and how 's things with you?" he sat down, and presently opened his battery.

"You see, Charley, our Miss Bowyer, the Christian Science healer, is well-posted about medicine and the Bible. She says that the world is just about to change. Sin and misery are at the bottom of sickness, and all are going to be done away with by spirit power. God and the angel world are rolling away the rock from the sepulchre, and the sleeping spirit of man is coming forth. People are getting more susceptible to magnetic and psy—psy-co-what-you-may-call-it influences. This is bringing out new diseases that the old doctors are only able to look at with dumb amazement."

Here Uncle Martin turned his thumbs outward with a flourish, and the air of a lad who has solved a problem on a blackboard. At the same time he dropped his head forward and gazed at Charley, who was not even amused.

"What are her proofs?" demanded Millard, wearily.

"Proofs?" said Uncle Martin, with a sniff, as he reared his head again. "Proofs a plenty. You just come around and hear her explain once about the vermic,—I can't say the word,—the twistifying motion of the stomach and what happens when the nerve-force gets a set-back and this motion kind of winds itself upwards instead of downwards, and the nerve-force all flies to the head. Proofs?" Here Uncle Martin paused, ill at ease. "Just notice the cases. The proof is in the trying of it. The cures are wonderful. You first get the patient into a state where you can make him think as you do. Then you will that he shall forget all about his diseases. You make him feel well, and you 've done it."

"I suppose you could cure him by forgetfulness easily enough. I saw an old soldier with one leg yesterday; he was drunk in the street. And he had forgotten entirely that one leg was gone. But he did n't seem to walk any better."

"That don't count, Charley, and you 're only making fun. You see there is a philosophy in this, and you ought to hear it from somebody that can explain it."

"I 'd like to find somebody who could," said Charley.

"Well, now, how 's this? Miss Bowyer—she 's a kind of a preacher as well as a doctor—she says that God is good, and therefore he could n't create evil. You see? Well, now, God created everything that is, so there cannot be any evil. At least it can 't have any real, independent—what-you-may-call-it existence. You see, Charley?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, then, sickness and sin are evil. But this argument proves that they don't really exist at all. They 're only magic-lantern shadows, so to speak. You see? Convince the patient that he is well, and he *is* well." Here Uncle Martin, having pointed out the easy road to universal health, looked in solemn triumph from under his brows.

"Yes," said Millard, "that 's just an awfully good scheme. But if you work your argument backwards it will prove that as evil exists there is n't any good God. But if it 's true that sin and disease have no real existence, we 'll do away with hanging and electrocution, as they call it, and just send for Miss Bowyer to convince a murderer that murder is an evil, and so it can't have any real independent existence in a universe made by a good God."

"Well, Charley, you make fun of serious things. You might as well make fun of the miracles in the Bible."

"Now," said Millard, "are the cures wrought by Christian Science miracles, or are they founded on philosophy?"

"They 're both, Charley. It 's what they call the psy-co-what-you-may-call-it mode of cure. But it 's all the same as the miracles of the Bible," said Uncle Martin.

"Oh, it is?" said Millard, gaily, for this tilt had raised his spirits. "Now the miracles in the Bible are straightout miracles. Nobody went around in that day to explain the vermicular motion of the stomach or the upward action of nerve-force, or the psychopathic value of animal magnetism. Some of the Bible miracles would stump a body to believe, if they

were anywhere else but in the Bible; but you just believe in them as miracles by walking right straight up to them, looking the difficulty in the eye, and taking them as they are because you ought to." Here Charley saw his aunt laughing gently at his frank way of stating the processes of his own mind. Smiling in response, he added: "You believe them, or at least I do, because I can't have my religion without them. But your Christian psychopathists bring a lot of talk about a science, and they don't seem to know just whether God is working the miracle or they are doing it by magnetism, or mind-cure, or psychopathy, or whether the disease is n't a sort of plaguey humbug anyhow, and the patient a fool who has to be undeceived."

"W'y, you see, Charley, we know more nowadays, and we understand all about somnambulism and hyp-what-you-may-call-it, and we understand just how the miracles in the Bible were worked. God works by law — don't you see?"

"The apostles did not seem to understand it?" asked Charley.

"No; they were mere faith-doctors, like Miss Callender, for instance, doing their works in a blind sort of way."

"The apostles will be mere rushlights when you get your Christian Science well a-going," said Charley, seriously. Then he rose to leave, having no heart to await the return of the children.

"Of course," said Uncle Martin, "the world is undergoing a change, Charley. A great change. Selfishness and disease shall vanish away, and the truth of science and Christianity prevail." Uncle Martin was now standing, and swinging his hands horizontally in outward gestures, with his elbows against his sides.

"Well, I wish to goodness there was some chance of realizing your hopes," said Charley, conciliatorily. "I must go. Good-by, Uncle Martin; good-by, Aunt Hannah."

Uncle Martin said good-by, and come again, Charley, and always glad to see you, you know, and good luck to you. And Millard went down the stairs and bent his steps homeward. As the exhilaration produced by his baiting of Uncle Martin's philosophy died away, his heart sank with sorrowful thoughts of Phillida and her sufferings, and with indignant and mortifying thoughts of how she would inevitably be associated in people's minds with mercenary quacks and disciples of a sham science.

He would go to see her at once. The defeat of Uncle Martin had given him courage. He would turn the same battery on Phillida. No; not the same. He could not ridicule her. She was never quite ridiculous. Her plane of motive was so high that his banter would be a desecration. It was not in his heart to add to the asperity of her martyrdom by any light words. But perhaps he could find some way to bring her to a more reasonable course.

It was distinctly out of his way to cross Tompkins Square again, but in his present mood there was a satisfaction to him in taking a turn through the square, which was associated in his mind with a time when his dawning affection for Phillida was dimmed by no clouds of separation. Excitement pushed him forward, and a fine figure he was as he strode forward with eager and elastic steps, his head erect and his little cane balanced in his fingers. In the middle of the square his meditation was cut short in a way most unwelcome in his present frame of mind.

"It is Mr. Millard, is n't it?" he heard some one say, and, turning, he saw before him Wilhelmina Schulenberg, not now seated helpless in the chair he had given her, but hanging on the arm of her faithful Rudolph.

"How do you do, Miss Schulenberg?" said Millard, examining her with curiosity.

"You see I am able to walk wunst again," she said. "It is to Miss Callender and her prayers that I owe it already."

"But you are not quite strong," said Millard. "Do you get better?"

"Not so much now. It is my faith is weak. If I only could believe already, it would all to me be possible, Mr. Millard. But it is something to walk on my feet, is n't it, Mr. Millard?"

"Indeed it is, Miss Schulenberg. It must make your good brother glad."

Rudolph received this polite indirect compliment a little foolishly, but appreciation from a fine gentleman did him good, and after Charley had gone he was profuse in his praises of "Miss Callender's man," as he called him.

XX.

DIVISIONS.

MILLARD went no further through the square, but turned toward Tenth street, and through that to Second Avenue, and so uptownward. But how should he argue with Phillida? He had seen an indisputable example of the virtue of her prayers. Though he could not believe in the miraculous character of the cure, how should he explain it? That Wilhelmina had been shamming was incredible, that her ailments were not imaginary was proven by the fact of her recovery being but partial. To deny the abstract possibility of such a cure seemed illogical from his own standpoint. Even the tepid rector of St. Matthias had occasionally homilized in a vague way about the efficacy of faith and the power of prayer, but he

seemed to think that this potency was for the most part a matter of ancient history, for his illustrations were rarely drawn from anything more modern than the lives of the Church fathers, and of the female relatives of the Church fathers, such as Saint Monica. Millard could not see any ground on which he could deny the reality of the miracle in the Schulenberg case, but his common sense was that of a man of worldly experience, a common sense which stubbornly refuses to believe in the phenomenal or extraordinary, even when unable to formulate a single reason for incredulity.

After an internal debate he decided not to call on Phillida this afternoon. It might lead to a scene, a scene might bring on a catastrophe. But, as fortune would have it, Phillida was on her return from the Mission, and her path coincided with his, so that he encountered her in Tenth street. He walked home with her, asking after her health and talking commonplaces to avoid conversation. He went in — there was no easy way to avoid it, had he desired. She set him a chair, and drew up the shades, and then took her seat near him.

"I 've been at Aunt Martin's to-day," he said.

"Have you?" she asked with a sort of trepidation in her voice.

"Yes." Then after a pause he edged up to what he wished to say by adding: "I had a curious talk with Uncle Martin, who has got his head full of the greatest jumble of scientific terms which he cannot remember, and nonsense about what he calls Christian Science. He says he learned it from Miss Bowyer, a Christian Science talker. Do you know her?"

"No; I have only heard of her from Mr. Martin, and I don't think I ought to judge her by what is reported of her teaching. Maybe it is not so bad. One does n't like to be judged at second-hand," she said, looking at him with a quick glance.

"Especially when Uncle Martin is the reporter," he replied.

Meantime Phillida's eyes were inquiring whether he had heard anything about her present course of action.

"I saw Wilhelmina Schulenberg in Tompkins Square to-day," he said, still approaching the inevitable, sidewise.

"Did you?" she asked almost in a whisper. "Was she walking?"

"Yes. Why did you not tell me she was better?"

Phillida looked down. At this moment her reserve with her lover in a matter so personal to herself seemed to her extremely reprehensible.

"I — I was a coward, Charley," she said with a kind of ferocity of remorse. This self-accusation on her part made him unhappy.

"You?" he said. "You are no coward. You are a brave woman." He leaned over and lightly kissed her cheek as he finished speaking.

"I knew that my course would seem foolish to you, and I could n't bear that you should know. I was afraid it would mortify you."

"You have suffered much yourself, my dear."

She nodded her head, the tears brimming in her eyes at this unexpected sign of sympathy.

"And borne it bravely all alone. And all for a mistake — a cruel mistake."

Millard had not meant to say so much, but his feelings had slipped away from him. However, he softened his words by his action, for he drew out his handkerchief and gently wiped away a tear that had paused a moment in its descent down her cheek.

"How can you say it is a mistake?" she asked. "You saw Wilhelmina yourself."

"Yes; but it is all a misunderstanding, dear. It 's all wrong, I tell you. You have n't seen much of life, and you 'll be better able to judge when you are older." Here he paused, for of arguments he had none to offer.

"I don't want to see anything of life if a knowledge of the world is to rob me of what is more precious than life itself." Her voice was now firm and resolute, and her tears had ceased.

Millard was angry at he knew not what — at whatever thing human or supernal had bound this burden of misbelief upon so noble a soul as Phillida's. He got up and paced the floor a moment, and then looked out of the window, saying from time to time in response to deprecatory or defensive words of hers, "I tell you, dear, it 's a cruel mistake." Now and then he felt an impulse to scold Phillida herself; but his affectionate pity held him back. His irritation had the satisfaction of finding an object on which to vent itself at length when Phillida said:

"If Mrs. Frankland would admit men to her readings, Charley, I 'm sure that if you could only hear her explain the Bible—"

"No, thank you," said Millard, tartly. "Mrs. Frankland is eloquent, but she has imposed on you and done you a great deal of harm. Why, Phillida, you are as much superior to that woman as the sky is—" Millard was about to say, "as the sky is to a mud-puddle," but nothing is so fatal to offhand vigor of denunciation as the confirmed habit of properness. Charley's preference for measured and refined speech got the better of his wrath barely in time, and, after arresting himself a moment, he finished the sentence with more justness as he made a lit-

tle wave with his right hand—" as the sky is to a scene-painter's illusion."

Then he went on: "But Mrs. Frankland is persuasive and eloquent, and you are too sincere to make allowance for the dash of exaggeration in her words. You won't find her at a mission in Mackerelville. She is dressed in purple by presents from the people who hear her, and Mrs. Hilbrough tells me that Mrs. Benthuysen has just given her a check of a thousand dollars to go to Europe with."

"Why should n't they do such things for her? They hardly know what to do with their money, and they ought to be grateful to her," said Phillida with heat. "Charley, I don't like to have you talk so about so good a woman. I know her and love her. You don't know her, and your words seem to me harsh and unjust."

"Well, then forgive me, dear. I forgot that she is your friend. That 's the best thing I ever knew about her."

Saying this, he put on his hat and went out lest he should give way again to his now rising indignation against Mrs. Frankland, who, as the real author of Phillida's trouble, in his judgment deserved severer words than he had yet applied to her. But when he had opened the front door he turned back suddenly, distressed that his call had only added to the troubles of Phillida. She sat there, immovable, where he had left her; he crossed the room, bent over her, and kissed her cheek.

"Forgive me, darling; I spoke hastily."

This tenderness overcame Phillida, and she fell to weeping. When she raised her head a moment later Charley had gone, and the full confession she had intended must be deferred.

To a man who has accepted as of divine authority all the conventions of society, hardly anything that could befall a young woman would be more dreadful than to become a subject of notoriety. His present interview with Phillida had thoroughly aroused Millard, and he was resolved to save her from herself by any means within his reach. Again the alternative of an early marriage presented itself. He might hasten the wedding, and then take Phillida to Europe, where the sight of a religious life quite different from her own would tend to widen her views and weaken the ardor of her enthusiasm. He wondered what would be the effect upon her, for instance, of the stack of crutches built up in monumental fashion in one of the chapels of the Church of St. Germain des Près at Paris—the offerings of cripples restored by a Roman Catholic faith-cure. But he reflected that the wedding could be hardly got ready before Lent, and a marriage in Lent was repugnant to him not only as a Churchman but even more as a man known for sworn fealty to the canons of fashionable society, which are more inexorable than ecclesiastical usages, since there is no one high and mighty enough to grant a dispensation from them. It had long been understood that the wedding should take place some time after Easter, and it seemed best not to disturb that arrangement. What he wanted now was some means of checking the mortifying career of Phillida as a faith-doctor.

XXI.

MRS. HILBROUGH'S INFORMATION.

CASTING about in his thoughts for an ally, he hit upon Mrs. Hilbrough. In her he would find an old friend of Phillida's who was pretty sure to be free from brain-fogs. He quickly took a resolution to see her. It was too late in the afternoon to walk uptown. On a fine Sunday like this the street cars would not have strap-room left, and the elevated trains would be in a state of extreme compression long before they reached Fourteenth street. He took the best-looking cab he could find in Union Square as the least of inconveniences; and just as the slant sun, descending upon the Jersey lowlands, had set all the windows on the uptown side of the cross streets in a ruddy glow, he alighted at the Hilbrough door, paid his cabman a full day's wages, after the manner of New York, and sent up his card to Mrs. Hilbrough with a message that he hoped it would not incommode her to see him, since he had some inquiries to make. Mrs. Hilbrough descended promptly, and there took place the usual preliminary parley on the subject of the fine day, a parley carried on by Millard with as little knowledge of what he was saying as an automaton has. Then begging her pardon for disturbing her on Sunday afternoon, he asked her:

"Have you heard anything about Miss Callender's course as a faith-healer?"

Mrs. Hilbrough took a moment to think before replying. Here was a direct, even abrupt, approach to a matter of delicacy. There was a complete lack of the diplomatic obliquity to be expected in such a case. This was not like Millard, and though his exterior was calm and suave enough from mere force of habit, she quickly formed an opinion of his condition of internal ebullition from his precipitancy.

"I did not hear anything about it until Thursday, two weeks ago, and I only learned certainly about it yesterday," she replied, resting as non-committal as possible until the drift of Millard's inquiry should be disclosed.

"May I ask from whom?" He was now sitting bolt upright, and his words were uttered without any of that pleasing deference of manner that usually characterized his speech.

"From Mrs. Maginnis — Mrs. California Maginnis," she added for the sake of explicitness and with an impulse to relax the tension of Millard's mind by playfulness.

"Mrs. Maginnis?" he said with something like a start. "How does Mrs. Maginnis know anything about what takes place in Mackerelville?"

"It was n't the Mackerelville case, but one a good deal nearer home, that she was interested in," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "It 's too warm here," she added, seeing him wipe his brow with his handkerchief. She put her hand to the bell, but withdrew it without ringing, and then crossed the room and closed the register.

Millard proceeded in a straightforward, businesslike voice, "Tell me, please, what Mrs. Maginnis had to do with Miss Callender's faith-cures?"

"Her relation to them came about through Mrs. Frankland."

"No doubt," said Millard; "I expected to find her clever hand in it."

The mordant tone in which this was said disconcerted Mrs. Hilbrough. She felt that she was in danger of becoming an accomplice in a lovers' quarrel that might prove disastrous to the pretty romance that had begun in her own house. She paused and said:

"I beg pardon, Mr. Millard, but I ought hardly to discuss this with you, if you make it a matter of feeling between you and Phillida. She is my friend—"

"Mrs. Hilbrough," he interrupted, taking a softer tone than before, and leaning forward and resting his left hand on his knee, and again wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, "my whole destiny is involved in the welfare of Phillida Callender. I have n't quarreled with her, but I would like to show her that this faith-curing is a mistake and likely to make her ridiculous. You said that Mrs. Frankland—"

"Mrs. Frankland," said Mrs. Hilbrough, "through somebody connected with the Mackerelville Mission got hold of the story of the cure of a poor German girl somewhere down about what they call Tompkins Square. Is that the name of a square? Well, on Thursday, two weeks ago, when Phillida was not present, Mrs. Frankland told this story—"

"Trotted it out as a fine illustration of faith," broke in Millard, with something between a smile and a sneer, adding, "with Phillida's name attached."

"No, she did n't give the name; she spoke of her as a noble Christian young woman, the daughter of a devoted missionary to the heathen, which made me suspect Phillida. She also alluded to her as a person accustomed to attend these meetings, and again as 'my very dear friend,' and 'my beloved young friend.' Mrs. Maginnis listened eagerly, and longed to know who this was, for she had a little girl troubled with Saint Vitus's dance. She had just been to see Dr. Legammon, the specialist."

"Who always begins his treatment by scaring a patient half to death, I believe, especially if he has money," said Millard, who, in his present biting mood, found a grim satisfaction even in snapping at Dr. Legammon's heels.

"He told Mrs. Maginnis that it was an aggravated case of chorea, and that severe treatment would be necessary," continued Mrs. Hilbrough. "There must be eyeglasses, and an operation by an oculist, and perhaps electricity, and it would require nearly a year to cure the child even under Dr. Legammon; and he did n't even give her much assurance that her child would get well at all. He especially excited Mrs. Maginnis's apprehension by saying, 'We must be hopeful, my dear madam.' Mrs. Maginnis, you know, is strung away up above concert-pitch, and this melancholy encouragement threw her into despair, and came near to making her a fit patient to the doctor's specialistic attentions in a private retreat. She could n't bring herself to have the eyes operated on, or even to have electricity applied. It was just after this first visit to the doctor, while Mrs. Maginnis was in despondency and her usual indecision, that she heard Mrs. Frankland's address in which the cure of the poor girl in the tenement-house was told as an illustration of the power of prayer."

"Mrs. Frankland worked up all the details with striking effect, no doubt," said Millard, with an expression of disgust.

"Well, you know Mrs. Frankland can't help being eloquent. Everybody present was deeply affected as she pictured the scene. As soon as the meeting closed, Mrs. Maginnis, all in a sputter of excitement, I fancy, sailed up to Mrs. Frankland, and laid her troubles before her, and wondered if Mrs. Frankland could n't get her young friend to pray for her daughter Hilda. Phillida, by solicitation of Mrs. Frankland, visited the Maginnises every day for a week. They sent their carriage for her every afternoon, I believe. At the end of a week 'the motions disappeared,' as Mrs. Maginnis expressed it."

"I believe it is n't uncommon for children to get well of Saint Vitus's dance," said Millard.

"You could n't make Mrs. Maginnis believe that. She regards it as one of the most remarkable cures of a wholly incurable ailment ever heard of. The day after Phillida's last visit she sent her a check for three hundred dollars for her services."

"Sent her money?" said Millard, redden-

ing, and contracting his brows. "Did Phillida take it?" This last was spoken in a low-keyed monotone.

"Has n't she told you a word about it?"

"Not a word," said Millard, with eyes cast down.

"She sent back the check by the next postman, saying merely that it was 'respectfully declined.'"

"And Mrs. Maginnis?" asked Millard, his face lighting up.

"Did n't understand," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "These brutally rich people think that cash will pay for everything, you know. Mrs. Maginnis concluded that she had offered too little."

"It was little enough," said Millard, "considering her wealth and the nature of the service she believed to have been rendered to her child."

"She thought so herself, on reflection," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "She also had grace enough to remember that she might have been a little more delicate in her way of tendering the money. She likes to do things royally, so she despatched her footman to Mrs. Callender with a note inclosing a check for a thousand dollars, asking the mother to use it for the benefit of her daughter. Mrs. Callender took the check to Mrs. Gouverneur, and asked her, as having some acquaintance with Mrs. Maginnis, to explain that Phillida could not accept any pay for religious services or neighborly kindness. Mrs. Gouverneur"—here Mrs. Hilbrough smiled—"saw the ghosts of her grandfathers looking on, I suppose. She couched her note to Mrs. Maginnis in rather chilling terms, and Mrs. Maginnis understood at last that she had probably given offense. She went to Mrs. Frankland, who referred her to me, as Phillida's friend, and she called here yesterday in a flutter of hysterical importance to get me to apologize, and to ask me what she *could* do."

Millard was almost amused at this turn in the affair, but his smile had a tang of bitterness.

"She explained that she had not understood that Miss Callender was that kind of person," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "She had always supposed that ministers and missionaries and their families expected presents. When she was a little girl her father used to send a whole hog to each minister in the village every fall when he killed his pigs. But it seemed Miss Callender and her mother held themselves above presents. Were they 'people of wealth'? That is her favorite phrase. I told her that they were one of the best old families in the city, without much property but with a great deal of pride, and that they were very admirable people. 'You know, these very old and famous families hold themselves rather above the rest of us, no matter how rich we may get to be,' I said, maliciously.

"This seemed almost to subdue her. She said that she supposed people would expect her to do something at such a time. It was always expected that 'people of wealth' should show themselves grateful. What could she do that would not offend such touchy people?

"I suggested that Hilda should buy some article, not too expensive, for a love token for Miss Callender. 'Treat her as you would if she were Mrs. Van Horne's daughter,' I said, 'and she will be content.' 'I don't want to seem mean,' she replied, 'and I did n't think so pious a girl would carry her head so high. Now, Mrs. Hilbrough, do you think a Christian girl like Miss Callender ought to be so proud?' 'Would you like to take money for a friendly service?' I asked. 'Oh, no! But then I — you see, my circumstances are different; however, I will do just what you say.' I warned her when she left that the present must not be too costly, and that Hilda ought to take it in person. She was still a little puzzled. 'I did n't suppose people in their circumstances would feel that way,' she said in a half-subdued voice, 'but I 'll do just as you say, Mrs. Hilbrough.'"

This action of Phillida's was a solace to Millard's pride. But one grain of sugar will not perceptibly sweeten the bitterness of a decoction of gentian, and this overflow into uptown circles of Phillida's reputation as a faith-doctor made the matter extremely humiliating.

When Mrs. Hilbrough had finished her recital Millard sat a minute absorbed in thought. It occurred to him that if he had not spoken so impetuously to Phillida and then left her so abruptly he might have had this story in her own version, and thus have spared himself the imprudence and indecorum of discussing Phillida with Mrs. Hilbrough. But he could not refrain from making the request he had had in mind when he came, and which alone could explain and justify to Mrs. Hilbrough his confidence.

"I came here to-day on an impulse," he said. "Knowing your friendliness for Phillida, and counting on your kindness myself, I thought perhaps you might bring your influence to bear—to—to—what shall I say?—to modify Phillida's zeal and render her a little less sure of her vocation to pursue a course that must make her talked about in a way that is certain to vulgarize her name."

Mrs. Hilbrough shook her head. She was flattered by Millard's confidence, but she saw the difficulty of the task he had set for her.

"Count on me for anything I can do, but that is something that I suppose no one can accomplish. What Phillida thinks right she

will do if she were to be thrown to the wild beasts for it."

"Yes, yes; that is her great superiority," he added, with mingled admiration and despondency.

"You, who have more influence than any one else," said Mrs. Hilbrough, "have talked with her. I suppose her mother has said what could be said, and Agatha must have been a perfect thorn in the flesh to her since the matter became known at home."

"Yes," said Millard, ruefully; "she must have suffered a great deal, poor child!"

"I don't suppose Mrs. Gouverneur let her off cheaply," continued Mrs. Hilbrough. "She must have made Phillida feel that she was overthrowing the statues of her great-grandfathers, and she no doubt urged the unhappiness she would cause you."

Millard saw at this moment the origin of Phillida's sensitiveness in talking with him.

"I don't care for myself, but I wish to heaven that I could shelter her a little from the ridicule she will suffer." He was leaning forward with his hand on his knee and his eyes cast down.

Mrs. Hilbrough felt herself moved at sight of so much feeling in one not wont to show his emotions to others.

"I will see if anything can be done, Mr. Millard; but I am afraid not. I 'll ask Phillida here to lunch some day this week."

The winter sunshine had all gone, the lights in the streets were winning on the fast-fading twilight, and Mrs. Hilbrough's reception-room was growing dusk when Millard slowly, as one whose purposes are benumbed, rose to leave. Once in the street, he walked first toward one avenue and then toward the other. He thought to go to his apartment, but he shrank from loneliness; he would go to dinner at a neighboring restaurant; then he turned toward his club; and then he formed the bold resolution to make himself welcome, as he had before, at Mrs. Callender's Sunday-evening tea-table. But reflecting on the unlucky outcome of his interview with Phillida, he gave this up, and after some further irresolution dined at a table by himself in the club. He had small appetite for food, for human fellowship he had none at all, and he soon sought solitude in his apartment.

XXII.

WINTER STRAWBERRIES.

KNOWING that Phillida was a precipice inaccessible on the side of what she esteemed her duty, Mrs. Hilbrough was almost sorry that she had promised to attempt any persuasions. But she despatched a note early Tuesday morning, begging Phillida's company at luncheon, assigning the trivial reason, for want of a better, that she had got some winter-grown strawberries and wished a friend to enjoy them with her. Phillida, fatigued with the heart-breaking struggle between love and duty, and almost ready sometimes to give over and take the easier path, thought to find an hour's intermission from her inward turmoil over Mrs. Hilbrough's hothouse berries. The Hilbrough children were fond of Phillida, and luncheon was a meal at which they made a point of disregarding the bondage of the new family position. They seasoned their meal with the animal spirits of youth, and, despite the fact that the costly winter berries were rather sour, the lunch proved exceedingly agreeable to Phillida. The spontaneous violence which healthy children do to etiquette often proves a relish. But when the Hilbrough children had bolted their strawberries, scraped the last remainder of the sugar and cream from the saucers, and left the table in a hurry, there came an audible pause, and Mrs. Hilbrough approached the subject of Phillida's faith-healing in a characteristically tactful way by giving an account of Mrs. Maginnis's call, and by approving Phillida's determination not to take money. It was a laudable pride, Mrs. Hilbrough said.

"I cannot call it pride altogether," said Phillida, with the innate veracity of her nature asserting itself in a struggle to be exactly sincere. "If I were to take pay for praying for a person, I 'd be no better than Simon, who tried to buy the gift of the Holy Ghost from Saint Paul. I could n't bring myself to take money."

"And if you did, my dear, it would mortify your family, who have a right to be proud, and then there is Mr. Millard, who, I suppose, would feel that it would be a lasting disgrace." These words were spoken in a relaxed and indifferent tone, as though it was an accidental commonplace of the subject that Mrs. Hilbrough was settling.

Phillida said nothing. Here she was face to face with the old agony. If her faith-healing were only a matter of her own suffering she need not hesitate; she would take the cross with all her heart. But Mrs. Hilbrough's words reminded her again that her sense of duty forced her to bind Charley Millard for the torture. A duty so rude to her feelings as the half-publicity of it made faith-healing, ought to be a duty beyond question, but here was the obligation she owed her lover running adverse to her high aspirations. The questions for decision became complex, and she wavered.

"Your first duty is to him, of course," continued Mrs. Hilbrough, as she rose from the table, but still in an indifferent tone, as though

what she said were a principle admitted beforehand. This arrow, she knew, went straight to the weakest point in Phillida's defense. But divining that her words gave pain, she changed the subject, and they talked again of indifferent matters as they passed out of the room together. But when Phillida began her preparations for leaving, Mrs. Hilbrough ventured a practical suggestion.

"I suppose you 'll forgive an old friend for advising you, Phillida dear, but you and Mr. Millard ought to get married pretty soon. I don't believe in long courtships. Mr. Millard is an admirable person, and you 'll make a noble wife."

"We have long intended to have the wedding next spring. But as to my making a noble wife, I am not sure about that," returned Phillida. "I am engaged with my work, and I shall be more and more talked about in a way that will give Charley a great deal of suffering. It 's a pity—"

She was going to say that it was a pity that Charley had not chosen some one who would not be a source of humiliation to him, but she could not complete the sentence. The vision of Millard married to another was too much even for her self-sacrifice. After a moment's pause she reverted to Mrs. Hilbrough's remark, made at the table, which had penetrated to her conscience.

"You said a while ago that my first duty is to Charley. But if I am wrong in trying to heal the sick by the exercise of faith, why have I been given success in some cases? If I refused requests of that kind would I not be like the man who put his hand to the plow and looked back? You don't know how hard it is to decide these things. I do look back, and it almost breaks my heart. Sometimes I say, 'Why can't I be a woman? Why am I not free to enjoy life as other women do? But then the poor and the sick and the wicked, are they to be left without any one to care for them? There are but few that know how to be patient with them and help them by close sympathy and forbearance. How can I give up my poor?"

Her face was flushed, and she was in a tremor when she ceased speaking. Her old friend saw that Phillida had laid bare her whole heart. Mrs. Hilbrough was deeply touched at this exhibition of courage and at Phillida's evident suffering, and, besides, she knew that it was not best to debate where she wished to influence. She only said:

"It will grow clearer to you, dear, as time goes on. Mr. Millard would suffer anything — I believe he would die for you."

Phillida was a little startled at this assumption of Mrs. Hilbrough's that she knew the exact state of Millard's feelings regarding herself.

"Have you seen him lately?" she asked.

"Yes; he called here after four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and he spoke most affectionately of you. I 'm sorry you must go so soon. Come and spend a day with me some time, and I 'll have Mr. Millard take dinner with us."

As Phillida rode downtown in the street car she reasoned that Charley must have gone straight to Mrs. Hilbrough's after his conversation with her. When she remembered the agitation in which he had left her, she could not doubt that he went uptown on purpose to speak with Mrs. Hilbrough of his relations with herself, and she felt a resentment that Millard should discuss the matter with a third person. He had no doubt got Mrs. Maginnis's story from Mrs. Hilbrough, and for this she partly reproached her own lack of frankness. She presently asked herself what Charley's call on Mrs. Hilbrough had to do with the luncheon to which she had just been invited? The more she thought of it, the more she felt that there had been a plan to influence her. She did not like to be the subject of one of Mrs. Hilbrough's clever manœuvers at the suggestion of her lover. The old question rose again whether she and Charley could go on in this way; whether it might not be her duty to release him from an engagement that could only make him miserable.

He called that evening while the Callenders were at six o'clock dinner. He was in evening dress, on the way to dine at the house of a friend, and he went straight to the Callender basement dining-room, where he chatted as much with Mrs. Callender and Agatha as with Phillida, who on her part could not show her displeasure before the others, for lovers' quarrels are too precious to be shared with the nearest friend. He left before the dinner was over, so that Phillida did not have a moment alone with him. The next evening she expected him to call, but he only sent her a bunch of callas.

That night Phillida sat by the fire sewing after her mother and Agatha were asleep. During the past two days she had wrought herself up to a considerable pitch of indignation against Millard for trying to influence her through Mrs. Hilbrough, but resentment was not congenial to her. Millard's effort to change her purposes at least indicated an undiminished affection. The bunch of flowers on the table was a silent pleader. If he did wrong in going to Mrs. Hilbrough for advice, might it not be her own fault? Why had she not been more patient with him on Sunday afternoon? The callas were so white, they reminded her of

Charley, she thought, for they were clean, innocent, and of graceful mien. After all, here was one vastly dearer to her than those for whom she labored and prayed — one whose heart and happiness lay in her very palm. Might she not soften her line of action somewhat for his sake?

But conscience turned the glass, and she remembered Wilhelmina, and thought of the happiness of little Hilda Maginnis and her mother. Was it nothing that God had endowed her with this beneficent power? How could she shrink from the blessedness of dispensing the divine mercy? Her imagination took flame at the vision of a life of usefulness and devotion to those who were suffering.

Then she raised her head and there were the white flowers. She felt an impulse to kiss her hand in good night to them as she rose from her chair, but such an act would have seemed foolish to one of her temperament.

She went to bed in doubt and got up in perplexity. She could not help looking forward to Mrs. Frankland's Bible-reading that afternoon with expectation that some message would be providentially sent for her guidance. The spirit perplexed is ever superstitious. Since so many important decisions in life must be made blindly, one does not wonder that primitive men settled dark questions by studying the stars, by interpreting the flight of birds, the whimsical zigzags of the lightning bolt, or the turning of the beak of a fowl this way or that in picking corn. The human mind bewildered is ever looking for crevices in the great mystery that inwraps the visible universe, and ever hoping that some struggling beam from beyond may point to the best path.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

A MINER'S SUNDAY IN COLOMA.

(FROM THE WRITER'S CALIFORNIA JOURNAL, 1849–50.)

THE principal street of Coloma was alive with crowds of moving men, passing and repassing, laughing, talking, and all appearing in the best of humor: Negroes from the Southern States swaggering in the expansive feeling of runaway freedom; mulattoes from Jamaica trudging arm-in-arm with Kanakas from Hawaii; Peruvians and Chilians claiming affinity with the swarthier Mexicans; Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians fraternizing with one another and with the cockney fresh from the purlieus of St. Giles; an Irishman, with the dewdrop still in his eye, tracing relationship with the ragged Australian; Yankees from the Penobscot chatting and bargaining with the genial Oregonians; a few Celestials scattered here and there, their pigtails and conical hats recalling the strange pictures that took my boyish fancy while studying the geography of the East; last of all, a few Indians, the only indigenous creatures among all these exotics, lost, swallowed up — out of place like

"rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

It was a scene that no other country could ever imitate. Antipodes of color, race, religion, language, government, condition, size, capability, strength and morals were there, within that small village in the mountains of California, all impressed with but one purpose,— impelled with but one desire.

A group of half a dozen Indians especially attracted my attention. They were strutting about in all the glory of newly acquired habiliments; but with this distinction — that one suit of clothes was sufficient to dress the whole crowd. The largest and best-looking Indian had appropriated the hat and boots, and without other apparel walked about as proudly as any city clerk. Another was lost in an immense pair of pantaloons. A third sported nothing but a white shirt with ruffled bosom. A fourth flaunted a blue swallow-tailed coat, bespangled with immense brass buttons. A fifth was decked with a flashy vest; while the sixth had nothing but a red bandana, which was carefully wrapped around his neck. Thus what would scarcely serve one white man just as effectually accommodated six Indians.

The street was one continuous din. Thimble-riggers, French monte dealers, or string-game tricksters were shouting aloud at every corner: "Six ounces, gentlemen, no one can tell where the little joker is!" or "Bet on the jack, the jack's the winning card! Three ounces no man can turn up the jack!" or "Here 's the place to git your money back! The veritable string game! Here it goes! Three, six, twelve ounces no one can put his finger in the loop!" But

rising above all this ceaseless clamor was the shrill voice of a down-east auctioneer, who, perched on a large box in front of a very small canvas booth, was disposing of the various articles in the shebang behind him, "all at a bargain." What a ragged, dirty, unshaven, good-natured assemblage! — swallowing the stale jests of the "crier" with the greatest guffaws, and bidding with all the recklessness of half-tipsy brains and with all the confidence of capacious, well-stuffed bags. Behind a smaller box, to the left of the Yankee, was a Jew in a red cap and scarlet flannel shirt, busy with his scales and leaden weights, to weigh out the "dust" from the various purchasers. There was no fear of the weights being heavier than the law allows, or that the tricky Jew by chance should place the half-ounce on the scales when there was but a quarter due. That there should be a few pennyweights too many made no difference; it is only the hungry purse that higgles about weights or prices. A little bad brandy and a big purse made a miner wonderfully important and magnanimous; and he regarded everything below an ounce as unworthy of attention.

This German Jew was also barkeeper. Beside him were a few tin cups, and a whole army of long and short necked, gaily labeled bottles, from which he dealt out horrible compounds for fifty cents a drink. His eye brightened as he perceived coming up the street a crowd of rollicking, thirsty, sunburned fellows, fresh from their "diggins" among the hills. But the quick eye of the auctioneer also singled them out and read their wants.

"Here 's a splendid pair of brand-new boots! cowhide, double-soled, triple-pegged, waterproof boots! The very thing for you, sir, fit your road-smashers exactly; just intended, cut out, made for your mud-splashers alone; going for only four ounces and a half — four and a half! and gone — for four and a half ounces; walk up here and weigh out your dust."

"Wet your boots, old boy!" sang out the companions of the purchaser.

The barkeeper, with his weights already on the scales, exclaimed, "Shtand back, poys, and let de shentlemens to de bar."

The newcomers approached, crowding tumultuously around their companion of the boots, who, drawing out a long and well-filled buckskin bag, tossed it to the expectant Jew with as much carelessness as if it were only dust.

"Thar 's the bag, old feller! weigh out the boots and eight lickers. Come, boys, call for what you like; it 's my treat — go it big, fellers! all one price."

"Vat ye takes?" asks the barkeeper, after weighing out the amount due and handing the purse back to its owner.

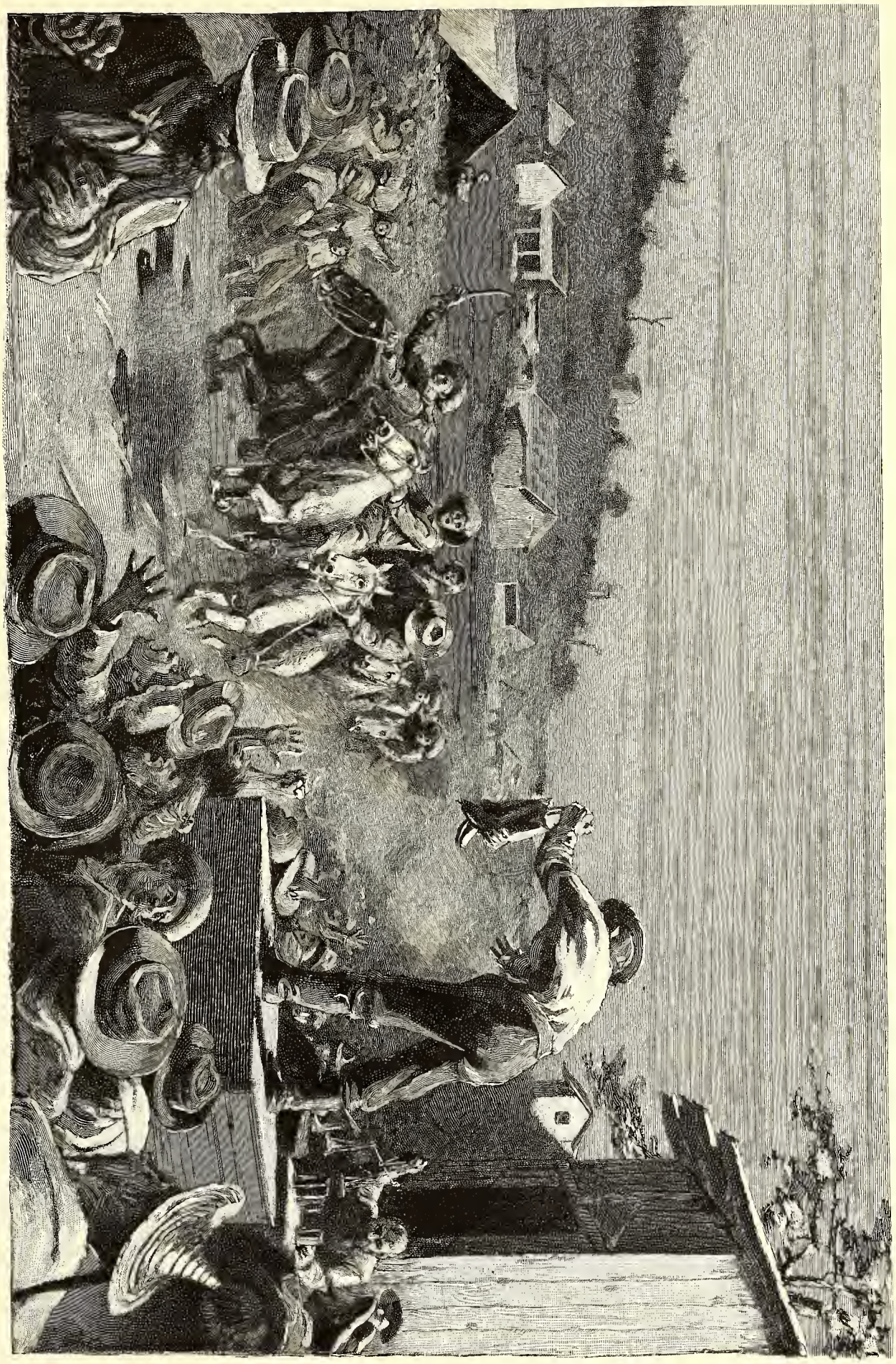
"Brandy straight," "brandy punch," "brandy sling," "gin cocktail," and thus they went on, each one calling for a different drink.

Then the bargaining began. Butcher-knives for crevicing, tin pans, shovels, picks, clothing of all colors, shapes, and sizes; hats and caps of every style; coffee, tea, sugar, bacon, flour, liquors of all grades in stiff-necked bottles — in a word, almost everything that could be enumerated — were disposed of at a furious rate; so that in an hour's time the contents of the little grocery were distributed among the jolly crowd.

Suddenly there was a great noise of shouting and hurrahing away up the street, and, the crowd heaving and separating upon either side, on came a dozen half-wild, bearded miners, fine, wiry, strapping fellows, on foaming horses, lashing them to the utmost, and giving the piercing scalp-halloo of the Comanches! They suddenly halted in front of Winter's hotel, and while the greater number dismounted and tumultuously entered the bar-room for refreshment a few of the remainder made themselves conspicuous by acts of daring horsemanship — picking up knives from the ground while at full gallop, Indian-like whirling on the sides of their steeds, then up and off like the wind and, while apparently dashing into the surrounding crowd, suddenly reining in their horses upon their haunches, and whirling them upon their hind legs, then without a stop dashing off as furiously in the opposite direction. These few proved to be Doniphan's wild riders, who even excelled the Mexican caballeros in their feats of horsemanship. At last, all together once more they came sweeping down the street, apparently reckless of life and limb. As they passed, the scurrying footmen cheered them on with great good nature. The crowd closed again and in a brief time everything was as restless as ever.

Passing up the street, I came to a large unfinished frame-house, the sashless windows and doorway crowded with a motley crew, apparently intent upon something solemn happening within. After a little crowding and pushing I looked over the numberless heads in front, and saw — could I believe my eyes? — a preacher, as ragged and as hairy as myself, holding forth to an attentive audience. Though the careless and noisy crowd was surging immediately without, all was quiet within. He spoke well and to the purpose and warmed every one with his fine and impassioned delivery. He closed with a benediction but prefaced it by saying: "There will be divine service in this house next Sabbath — if, in the meantime, I hear of no new diggin's!"

The audience silently streamed out, the greater part directing their steps to a large, two-story frame-house across the street. This was



AN AUCTION IN COLOMA.

the hotel *par excellence* of the town; one could easily perceive that by its long white colonnade in front, and its too numerous windows in the upper story.

A large saloon occupied the whole front of the building. Filling up the far side of the room was the gaudy and well-stocked bar, where four spruce young fellows in shirt-sleeves and flowing collars were busily engaged dealing out horrible compounds to thirsty customers strung along the whole length of the counter. The other three sides of the saloon were crowded with monte tables, each one of which was surrounded with a crowd of old and young so that it was almost impossible to obtain a glimpse of the dealers or their glittering banks. There was a perfect babel of noises! English, French, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Kanakas, Chilians, all were talking in their respective languages. Glasses were jingling, money was rattling, and, crowning all, two fiddlers in a distant corner were scraping furiously on their instruments, seemingly the presiding divinities of this variegated pandemonium!

Crowding, inch by inch, into one of these motley groups, I found myself at last in front of a large table, neatly covered with blue cloth, upon which was a mass of Mexican silver dollars piled up in ounce or sixteen-dollar stacks. Immediately facing me was the banker; a well-dressed, middle-aged, quiet little man, with one of the most demure countenances imaginable. Beside him was the croupier, a very boy, whose duty it was to rake in the winnings and pay out the losses, which he did with wonderful dexterity.

Fronting the dealer, and dividing the silver into two equal portions, was a large Chinese box of exquisite construction. Upon it were ranged half a dozen packs of French and Spanish cards, several large masses of native gold, and a dozen or more buckskin bags of all sizes and conditions containing dust. Dollars and half-dollars were piled upon these purses — some with a few, others with a greater number thereon. One unacquainted with the game might guess for a day and not be able to hit upon the object of this arrangement, but a close observer might read elation or depression in the anxious eyes of the players, as the weight upon these bags was either diminished or increased. These purses were in pawn; the dollars and half-dollars were the counters wherewith the banker numbered the ounces or half-ounces that might be owing to the bank.

"There 's another millstone on the pile," groaned a thin-faced, watery-eyed little fellow in a hickory shirt and walnut pantaloons, as he saw another dollar added to his dust-bag.

"Take off two o' them air buttons," laughed a fat-faced man in red shirt and Chinese cap. "I won two ounces on the deuce; another bet like that, and my bag 's not for your mill, old feller!"

The cards were all out, and the "old feller" was shuffling them for a new deal; during which operation he cast a furtive glance about the table to see if there were any new customers to bite at his game, or, perhaps, to note if any of those who had bitten seemed to be cooling off — a weakness which he hastened to counteract by singing out: "Barkeeper!" and inquiring "What will the gentlemen take to drink?" This invitation was given in such a quiet and insinuating manner that one hesitated to decline for fear of wounding the delicate sensibilities of the banker. Each called for what he wished, and all concluded to "fight the tiger" a little while longer. The sprightly barkeeper was back in a twinkling, with a large waiter covered with glasses. These he distributed with wonderful dexterity, remembering perfectly what each one had ordered; so that, much to the player's surprise, he found his own glass chosen from among twenty and placed before him. That barkeeper had a niche in his brain for every man at the table.

The drinking over, the glasses were whisked away, and all hands were again ready for the game.

"It 's your cut," said the banker, reaching the cards towards our watery-eyed acquaintance.

"Jack and deuce! Make your bets, gentlemen."

The jack appeared to be the favorite; ounce after ounce was staked upon it; two more cards were thrown out.

"Seven and ace. Come down, gents; come down!" The seven was the favorite by odds.

"All down, gents?" inquired the dealer, as he rapped his knuckles on the table.

"Hold on!" exclaimed a shrill, puerile voice, as if coming from under the table. Every one looked down; and there was apparently a curly-headed boy, whose mouth was little above the level of the bank. He cautiously, coolly and methodically thrust forth a small hand, and laid down two dimes upon the ace. Every one laughed — all but the dealer, who with the same placidity thrust back the dimes and dampened the little fellow's ardor by observing:

"We don't take dimes at this bank."

But no, the little fellow had spunk; he was not so easily dashed. Picking up his dimes, his hand suddenly reappeared, this time holding a very weighty buckskin bag apparently filled with the yellow dust. This he tossed upon the ace, exclaiming:

"There! I guess you 'll take that. Six ounces on the ace!"

Every one was astonished. All looked around

THE FARO PLAYERS.

to see if he had any relatives or friends in the crowd. He appeared to be entirely alone and a stranger to every one; but the play began—and, strange to say, the ace won!

"Good!" "Bully!" "Lucky boy!" were the exclamations on every side. The fortunate little gambler pocketed his bag and placed upon the deuce the six ounces he had just won.

"Bar the porte!" shouted the boy as the dealer was about to turn the cards. It was well for him that he cried out in time, for the jack was in the door. It was a narrow escape, but the little fellow was safe for this time. The cards were brushed aside and others took their places. The betting went bravely on. The boy laid his money on the deuce and, wonderful to say, it won! He was now the gainer by twelve ounces. He was the hero of the table; all eyes were upon him; and it was seen that he was not as young as he seemed—an old head upon a child's shoulders! For the remainder of the deal old players regulated their bets by his, and he carried them along upon the wave. The bank looked a little sickly from this bleeding.

The deal being out, the banker, the same cool imperturbable figure, chose another pack of cards, and shuffled and cut and reshuffled them until the patience of the crowd was almost exhausted. It was the boy's cut, and a lay-out was made.

"Jack and queen. Come down with your dust. Gentlemen, make your bets."

The little fellow was very much puzzled; it was a hard matter to choose between the jack and the queen. Another lay-out was made: the deuce against the seven.

"Twenty-five ounces on the deuce," said the little man, piling all his winnings around the card. But few other bets were made; the older hands were afraid this sudden luck would change, and they all held back. The plucky lad was pitted against the man of fifty—youth, enthusiasm and a dare-all luck arrayed against the craft and cunning of an experienced gambler! How our sympathies were warmed by the fearlessness of the boy! The play began; the deck was faced; and, as I live, the deuce was in the door! The boy won the full amount of his bet.

The successful urchin was the least excited person in the room. He hauled in his winnings as carelessly as if those stacks of dollars were only chips. Another shuffle, and another lay-out was made. The field was now given up entirely to the two antagonists. The ace and the five were the cards; against all our hints the boy staked his fifty ounces on the five. We were breathless with fear; the dealer himself paused a little before drawing the cards,—but at length the deck was faced, and slowly and cautiously the cards were drawn, one by one—deuce, tray, king, queen, and seven appear in succession—and then—the five! The boy was again victorious: his fifty ounces were now one hundred. The last round made a huge chasm in the appearance of the bank, and the table immediately in front of the little hero was absolutely covered with money.

The banker was as cool and methodical as ever; taking a fresh pack he shuffled it carefully and made another lay-out. The boy bet his hundred ounces and was again victorious! Two hundred ounces were now piled up before him. We advised him to desist, not to tempt his luck too far; but he coolly replied: "I 'll break that bank or it 'll break me!"

Did any one ever hear of such determination, even in a man? He increased in our estimation, and we liked him all the better for his grit. More than half the bank was his already, a fortune in itself! but the little, round, gray eyes of the boy were not upon his winnings, but were feeding eagerly upon the moiety that was not yet his.

"Queen and tray. Come down," said the dealer.

"How much have you in the bank?" asked the boy.

"A hundred and fifty ounces."

"I tap the bank upon the queen."

This would decide the game. A stillness as of death was upon the crowd; our breath was hushed; our very hearts almost ceased to beat; the suspense became painful; even the banker paused, and wiped the cold drops from his brow.

The deck was faced at last, and calmly, steadily, and without hurry the cards were drawn, one by one. One—two—three—four—five—he had lost! The queen had thrown him; and his entire winnings were ruthlessly swept away by the sharp croupier beyond.

Dizzy and sick with the result, we turned our eyes upon the loser; he bore himself bravely, and did not seem to feel the loss half as sensibly as ourselves. He looked about with a stern, defying air, as if to chide us for our sympathy. As yet he had lost nothing; his large buckskin bag was still intact. Laying it upon the table, with the air of a Cæsar, he put his all upon the throw, defying fate to do her worst! Our pity was suddenly changed to admiration. We felt that he was lost; but we were sure he would die game.

The cards were again shuffled and cut. The seven and the king were laid out; the boy chose the king. The cards were drawn, slowly and steadily; at last the seven appeared; and the game was ended. He saw his well-filled purse stowed away along with many others within that Chinese box and, whistling "O California," turned his back upon the scene. The

crowd parted sympathetically to let him through; and he strutted out with all the importance of a noted hero, the eyes of the astonished and admiring assemblage following him to the door.

I passed out silently after him and joined him in the street. I could scarcely find words to express my sympathy for his loss. He looked at me furtively with one eye, without ceasing to whistle. I took his arm and, leading him around the corner of the house, begged to know the amount of his loss, and if he had any money on which to come and go. He did not cease his whistling, but planted himself firmly before me and looked up. I took out my purse, and offered him a part; the whistling instantly ceased; his face swelled out into a broad and homely grin. Looking cautiously around for fear of being overheard, he whispered:

"Mum 's the word; I believe you 're a good egg! You want to know how much was in that bag? Well, I 'll tell you; just four pounds of duck-shot mixed,—and—nothing more; what a swa'rin' and a cussin' when they open it!" and the little imp laughed till the tears were in his eyes. I, too, tried to laugh, but my sympathies were shocked; and I turned away from that premature scamp and strode off with a heavy weight upon my spirits. But I had not gone far until the trick was even too much for my feelings; and I laughed long and heartily at its audacity.

At the next corner I stopped for a few minutes to watch the manœuvers of a tall, slim man, who was explaining the mysteries of thimble-rigging to a crowd of lately arrived gold hunters. He was young, and had a long, high-bridged nose, blue eyes, a florid complexion, and thin flaxen hair, without even the slightest appearance of a beard upon his chin. From his language I saw that he was English—"a Sydney chap," no doubt, fresh from the galleys; there were thousands like him in the country. He was standing with his left foot upon a low box, so as to make a table of his thigh, on which were three small wooden thimbles and a little pellet of paper, with the movements of which he completely mystified his audience. With what dexterity he moved the little joker from cup to cup! and yet so slowly that every one could see it in its passage. Now you would be willing to swear it was safely ensconced under the farthest thimble, for you saw it distinctly when the cup was raised; but you might as well give up your money at once as to stake it on the movements of the little joker, who was the very genius of the thimble; even, like him of Aladdin's lamp, becoming visible or invisible as its owner willed. In vain did he invite a bet; no one was bold enough to risk six ounces. Then the thimble-rigger changed his tactics; he saw there were many willing and anxious to bet, were they but half assured there was no hidden trickery in this

COLOMA IN 1857. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. SIMAS, FROM AN EARLY PICTURE.)

[The site of the Marshall Monument is on the hill back of the town on a line vertical with the bridge. The site of Sutter's mill, which was torn down in 1856, is at the extreme right of the picture where the race is shown.]

manual dexterity. His movements, therefore, became slow and careless, as though he supposed there was no one there disposed to risk his money on the game. He was so absent-minded as to turn his head away, as though looking for some one beyond the crowd, but still moving his thimbles and the joker so carelessly that the little pellet was at last left outside of one of the cups, when it should have been totally concealed within. The gambler's mind was evidently not on his game, or he never would have made this mistake, which might be taken advantage of by some of his sharp-sighted auditors. A black-eyed little fellow had been intently watching him for some time past. He had the dress and appearance of a miner, but his hands were soft and delicate—a fact you noted as, taking advantage of the thimble-rigger's carelessness, he cautiously reached forward, and very dexterously swept the joker from the gambler's thigh, without the latter being aware of his conduct. This trick created a marked sensation among the bystanders; so much so, that the Englishman's attention was recalled to his game.

There was now an evident willingness to bet on the part of three or four of the lookers-on, but a swarthy miner, with his face covered with an immense black beard, got the start of all the rest and, trembling with excitement, exclaimed:

"I 'll bet you ten ounces the 's no ball under thar at all."

"Put down your dust," replied the gambler. The miner drew a well-filled buckskin bag from his pocket, but, before he staked his money, had the foresight to declare that the gambler must not touch the thimbles, that he himself must have the privilege of lifting the cups. The Englishman assented to this. Without the least hesitation the miner put down his dust. We all circled closer, laughing within ourselves at the evident discomfiture of the careless gambler. The miner raised the nearest thimble, the ball was not there; he lifted the second, it was not there; he laid his fingers on the third and last and, with a triumphant laugh at his evident good luck, lifted it likewise. But his laugh was suddenly changed to a short, quick, smothered cry of astonishment. We all looked down; and there, lying as cozy as an egg in its nest, was the wonderful little joker!

The miner had been completely fooled. There had been two little paper pellets, and the dark-eyed man was a confederate.

Leaving the thimble-rigger, I passed along under the colonnade of the hotel, my ears almost deafened by the rattling of money and the hubbub of various dialects; and, piercing all, like the shrieking of termagants, came the noise of the tortured fiddles. The saloon was filled with a mass of men, laughing, talking, gambling, drinking, and all apparently in the best of humor. It was no use trying for admittance, so I stepped down to the next house, where there was another large assemblage filling up half the street and intently watching something that was happening in the midst of them.

Edging my way with a good deal of difficulty, I at last saw a long, slab-sided, sleepy-looking Yankee, who was expatiating on the wonders of a small brass padlock, which he held up to the admiration of the crowd, declaring it to be "the wonder of the world," "the very essence of mechanical ingenuity," and "a thing that puzzles the scientific, considerable." And, as a voucher for the truth of his statement, he was willing and ready to wager any amount from ten ounces to a hundred that no man in the crowd could open it within the space of two minutes.

The crowd was agape with wonder; the lock was passed from hand to hand; it was twisted, turned, and tried in a hundred different ways, but all to no purpose,—it withstood the most rigid scrutiny. Some were willing to give it up in despair; but there were others whom the very difficulty of the undertaking impelled to still greater exertions. At last it fell into the hands of a rough, hairy, raw-boned fellow with the mouth and jaw of a bulldog, every feature of whose countenance showed an inflexibility of purpose to overcome every obstacle, whether for evil or for good. He twisted and turned the miniature lock into every conceivable position, searching for the hidden spring. At last he found it. He was astounded at his own success. He gave a furtive look at the owner, to see if he had been observed; but the Yankee was absorbed in conversation with a neighbor, to whom he was narrating the history of the wonderful lock, and did not even appear to know that this bulldog fellow had it in his possession. The latter, now satisfied with his success, gave his neighbor, a thick-headed German, a nudge with his elbow. The two withdrew somewhat from the crowd, and there, in a measure secure from observation, he showed his companion the hidden spring, and advised him to bet twenty ounces on the result, and agreed to "go his halves." The German eagerly accepted the proposition; and the two reëntered the ring with the triumph of discovery in their faces. The German laid down his bag, and on the top of it the Yankee piled his twenty Spanish doubloons. The gambler drew out his watch to note the time; and handing the wizard lock to his opponent, told him to begin.

The German took the lock, and with a smile

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON SPORT.

of derision put his finger on the spring; and lo! the lock was still a lock. Perhaps he mistook the knob whereon to press; but no! that was the boss that but a moment since unhasped the lock. He pressed it again with a firmer hand; but it was of no use, the clasp was still unclasped. The German felt dimly that he had been victimized; the two minutes were rapidly passing away; large drops of perspiration oozed from his forehead,—his hands trembled with excitement,—every knob on the brazen puzzle was convulsively pressed,—but all in vain. The time was up—and his money lost! With a pitiable countenance he turned to his partner in misfortune, but he had gone! His spirit sank within him. He must bear the loss himself! His missing partner was of course a confederate of the Yankee's, and before the money was staked had quietly neutralized the spring upon which the German had so confidently relied.

By this time my appetite began to warn me of the near approach of noon. There were any number of eating-houses and booths, but which to choose I could not tell. However, suffering myself to be guided in a measure by the crowd which was now streaming to the other side of the river, I soon found myself in front of "Little's Hotel," the largest frame building on the right bank of the river, serving in the treble capacity of post-office, store, and tavern. Here I found all my acquaintances, who, like me, were on the search for a good dinner; and who had been induced to go there by the encomiums of "older hands," who every Sunday had made a custom of visiting Coloma for the express purpose of having one good dinner in the week. The first sounding of the gong had already brought a hungry crowd, apparently large enough to carry away the whole building. They were assembled in front of the closed door of the long dining-room, anxiously awaiting the second signal, when they were to be admitted.

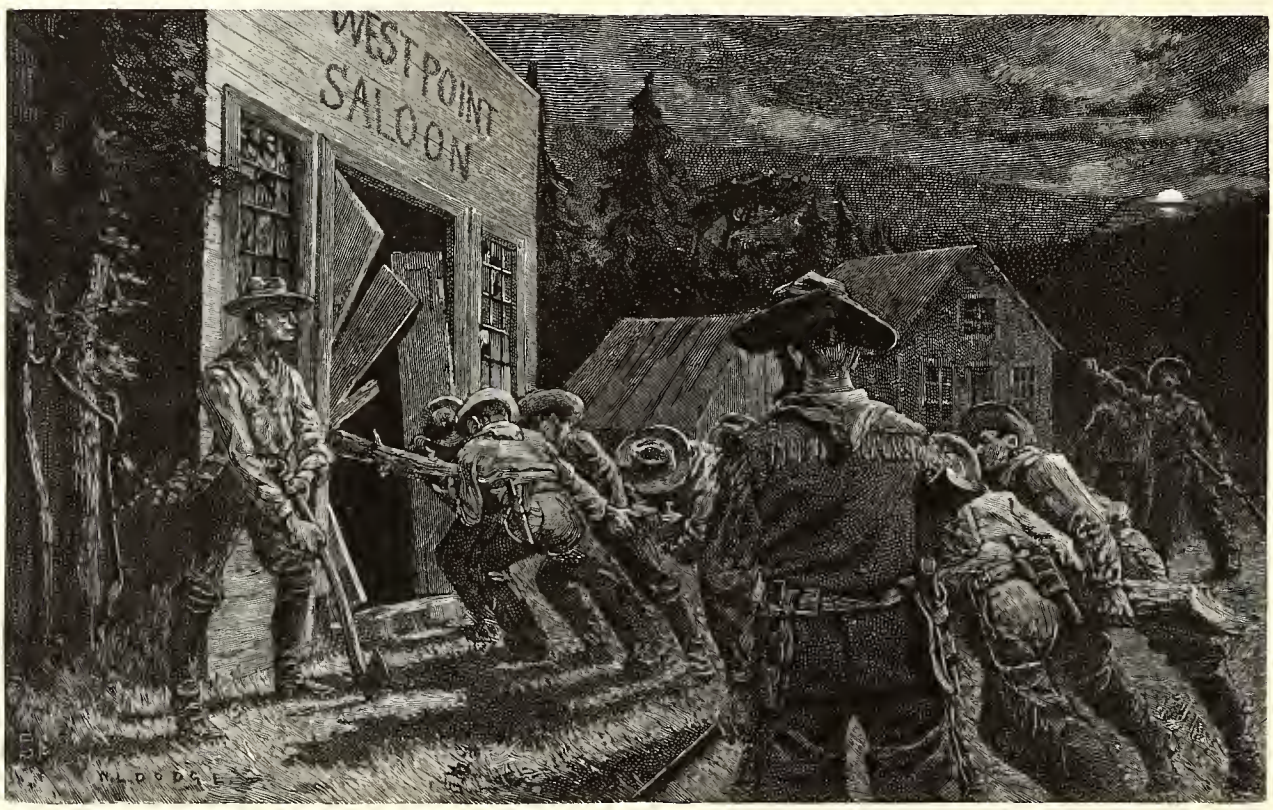
While awaiting the opening of the door, my attention was directed to a diminutive, middle-aged Irishman, who was busily engaged narrating to a companion the various wonders and mysteries that "complately bothered him in this wondther of a place." After many famous adventures he had found himself on the bank of the river, hunting for a "quicksilver masheen," when the gong sounded for dinner; and he thus continued his narrative:

"An' do ye see, Dinnis, I jist went down be the wather to indivor to git a sight of a quicksilver masheen; for I niver seen the loike in this counthry yit; an' I had a great inclination to luck at one, ef it was oney to see the shape ov it, but I did n't see ony thing like the quicksilver masheen at all, at all; but a man that was there prospectin' tould me for to come up to the tavern, an' there wos wun there sittin' out ov doors jist forninst the house. Jist thin I heerd a clatherin' as ov that big mounthin wos tumblen down on us. I did n't know the manen'

ov it far a long time; whin it sthruck me right strate — it wos nothin' but the quicksilver masheen. So I hurried up the bank, an' thin I saw evry wan runnin' up this way, as ef it wos a rale Irish foight they were goin' to see, an' not the quicksilver masheen at all. Whin I sees thim all runnin' like pigs afther pratee skins — stir your stumps, Condy, says I, or you 'll niver git near the baste. An' thin, I run loike the rist ov thim; an' whin I got to where the noise come from,— what do you think I seen, Dinnis? Why, nothin' but a big nagur batin' the tamboreen!"

We had scarcely time enough to laugh at Condy's disappointment in search of the "quicksilver masheen" when the "tamborine" again sounded; the door flew open, and in a few minutes the long, narrow, dining-room was crowded with at least three hundred miners, seated at a well-furnished table and enjoying the unusual luxury of a chair to sit on, with silver-plated forks and spoons, and other little knickknacks of civilized society. The dinner was really excellent, and every one appeared heartily to enjoy it.

When the edge of my appetite had in a measure been ground away, I took occasion to look up and down the table, and I could but wonder how I happened among such a collection of uncouth men. The contrast was certainly startling between the snow-white tablecloth, china dishes, silver forks and spoons, and the unwashed, half-famished, sunburnt crowd of hungry and bearded miners. At home, one would associate such a crowd with the deck of a Mississippi steamboat, or the platform of an Alleghany River raft, with iron forks and spoons, and tin plates spread on a rough pine board for a table; but here they lorded it over every luxury that money could procure. There was not a single coat in the whole crowd, and certainly not over half a dozen vests, and neither neckties nor collars. But then, to make amends for these deficiencies, there were any number and variety of fancy shirts, from the walnut-stained homespun of the Missourian to the embroidered blouse of the sallow Frenchman. Never before was I so fully impressed with the truth of the old adage that "dress makes the man," for I doubt if the whole world could present to a stranger's eye a crowd of rougher or apparently lower characters than were then seated around that hospitable table. And yet many of these men were lawyers and physicians, and the rest principally farmers and mechanics from the "States"; who now with their long beards and fierce mustaches looked anything else than the quiet citizens they were at home. Men who formerly were effeminacy itself in dress and manners were here changed into rough and swaggering braves, with a carelessness of appearance and language that a semi-civilized condition of society alone could permit.



"ROUGHS IN TOWN." (ADAPTED FROM A SKETCH BY HUBERT BURGESS OF AN INCIDENT IN THE MINES.)

Men pocketed their pride in California in those days. I met in the mines lawyers and physicians, of good standing at home, who were acting as barkeepers, waiters, hostlers,

and teamsters. An ex-judge of oyer and terminer was driving an ox-team from Coloma to Sacramento. One man who had been a State senator and secretary of state in one of our western commonwealths was doing a profitable business at manufacturing "cradles," while an ex-governor of one of our southwestern States played the fiddle in a gambling saloon. These things were hardly remarked. Every one went to the Slope with the determination to make money; and if the mines did not afford it, the next inquiry was what pursuit or business would the sooner accomplish the desired end. Thousands who had not the necessary stamina for the vicissitudes of a miner's life, nor yet the means of going into any of the various channels of trade, were for a time compelled to serve in capacities far beneath their deserts, until time and means should justify them in choosing for themselves.

Charles B. Gillespie.

"BROKE."

CALIFORNIANA.

ANECDOTES OF THE MINES.

BY HUBERT BURGESS.

One Way of Salting a Claim.

To "salt a claim" is to sprinkle gold dust about it in certain places in order to deceive those who may be seeking investment. In this way in the early days of California worthless claims were made to appear rich, and were often sold for large sums of money. In the course of time this practice became so common that purchasers were always on their guard, and it was necessary to exercise much ingenuity in order to deceive them. I know of one instance where solid earth was removed to the depth of six feet and, after coarse gold had been mixed with it, was replaced and covered with rubbish in such a way as to look firm and natural. Soon after, a party came along who wished to buy, and judging from appearances they selected the very place for prospecting which had been salted for them, deeming it less likely to have been tampered with than the rest of the claim. Of course they thought they had "struck it rich," but they realized only the salt. Sometimes claims were pronounced worthless before sufficient work had been done on them. When these were salted and sold to persevering miners they frequently netted large fortunes to those who had unwittingly purchased them.

In 1851 a party of American miners had been working a claim near Columbia, Tuolumne County, California, and not having even found the "color" they became discouraged; the more so as a company of Chinamen a short distance above them were doing very well. The Americans having expressed a willingness to sell, one day three Chinamen went to look at the claim. They talked it over among themselves and finally asked the owners at what price they would sell. Of course the Americans made it out rich and put a high figure on it, though in fact they were resolved to sell out at any price, being sure that the ground was worthless. It was decided that the Chinamen should bring their picks and pans next day to prospect, and if they were satisfied they would buy at the figure agreed upon.

The miners, thinking it would probably be their last chance to sell, determined to salt the claim. It was a large piece of ground and the trouble was where to put the "salt." One of the men soon hit upon a very ingenious plan. He took his gun and went, as he said, to get a quail or two, but in reality to kill a snake. As there were a great many about the place, he soon killed a large gopher-snake, which resembles the rattlesnake in appearance but is perfectly harmless to man. Putting his game into a bag, he returned to camp.

On being asked by his companions what he had brought back for supper, he shook out the snake and explained his idea thus:

"Now, boys, when the Chinamen come to-morrow, they won't allow any of us to be too near, because they 're afraid of 'salt.' Well, Jim, you walk along on top of the bank and have that dead snake in your pocket. Bill and me will stay talking to the Johns, I 'll have my gun over my shoulder as if I was going for a rabbit, only you see I 'll put 'salt' into the gun instead of shot. We 'll find out where they 're going to pan out next, and you be looking on, innocent like, with the snake ready to drop where I tell you. When them fellers start to walk there, just slide him down the bank, and when we all get there, I 'll holler 'Hold on, boys!' and before they know what 's up, I 'll fire the 'salt' all around there and make believe I killed the snake. How 'll that do?"

Next morning four Chinamen came prepared for work. They tried a few places, but of course did not get the "color." The Americans kept at a distance so that there could be no complaint.

"Well, John," said the schemer, "where you try next, over in that corner?"

The Chinamen were suspicious in a moment. They were familiar with salted claims and were well on their guard. "No likee dis corn'. Tlie him nudder corn'," pointing to the opposite one.

Jim, with his hands in his pockets, was above on the bank, many feet away, watching; when he saw them point in that direction, his partner gave a nod and he pitched the snake on the ground near the place. The leader exclaimed, "Hold on boys!" and fired before they could tell which way to look. Going up to the snake, he pushed the gun under it and carried it away hanging over the barrel. Jim walked off and Bill sat on a wheelbarrow on the opposite side from where they were at work. The Chinamen had no suspicion. They carried away several pans of dirt to wash in a stream near by, and when they returned Bill felt pretty sure they had struck some of the "salt," but the Chinamen said nothing except, "Claim no good. Melikin man talkee too muchee."

The Americans, knowing the game, refused to take less than the specified price, which the Chinamen finally paid and in two days the sellers were off to new diggings.

The strangest part of the story is that the claim turned out to be one of the richest in the district. The Chinamen made a great deal of money, sold out and went home.

"Hold on boys, till I make this shot."

In 1851 Mokelumne Hill was one of the worst camps in California. "Who was shot last week?" was the first question asked by the miners when they came in from the river or surrounding diggings on Saturday nights or Sundays to gamble or get supplies. It was very seldom that the answer was "No one."

Men made desperate by drink or losses at the gambling table, would race up and down the thoroughfares, in single file, as boys play the game of "follow my leader," each imitating the actions of the foremost. Selecting some particular letter in a sign they would fire in turn, regardless of everything but the accuracy of the aim. Then they would quarrel over it as though they were boys, playing a game of marbles, while every shot was likely to kill or wound some unfortunate person.

The gambling tents were large and contained not only gaming tables but billiard tables. At one of these I was once playing billiards with a man named H——. A few feet from us, raised upon a platform made for the purpose, were seated three Mexican musicians, playing guitars; for these places were always well supplied with instrumental music. The evening seldom passed without disputes, and pistols were quickly drawn to settle quarrels. Upon any outbreak men would rush from all parts of the room, struggling to get as near as possible to the scene of action, and often they paid the penalty for their curiosity by being accidentally shot. While H—— and I were engaged in our game, we could hear the monotonous appeal of the dealers, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game. Red wins and black loses." Suddenly *bang*, *bang*, *bang* went the pistols in a distant part of the tent. The usual rush followed. *Bang*, *bang*, again, and this time the guitar dropped from the hands of one of the unoffending musicians, who fell forward to the ground with a bullet through his neck. His friends promptly undertook to carry him past us to the open air. Our table was so near the side of the tent that only one person at a time could go between it and the canvas. H—— was standing in the way, just in the act of striking the ball with his cue, when one of the persons carrying the wounded man touched him with the request that he move to one side. He turned and saw the Mexican being supported by the legs and arms, the blood flowing from his neck; then with the coolest indifference he said, "Hold on, hold on, boys, till I make this shot," then, resuming his former position, he deliberately finished his shot.

These events occurred so constantly that residents of the place became callous, and although at the sound of the pistol crowds rushed forward, it was with no deeper feeling than curiosity.

Sometimes in the newer communities property as well as life was in danger. I remember that one night in West Point, Calaveras County, a party of roughs "cleaned out" the leading saloon because the proprietor would not furnish them free whisky.

A little later law and order began to assert their claims in the community. Several families from the East came in, and a protest was made against the sway of the gamblers. The result was that the card business did not pay so well; miners grew more careful of their money, and the professional "sports" left the place in great numbers. One of them as he packed up his chips remarked: "They 're getting too partickler. If a feller pulls his pistol in self-defense and happens to blow the top of a miner's head off, they haul him up before a jury. The good old times are about over here, and the country 's played out!"

"The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite."

Editor of the Century Magazine: My communication in the December number of The Century on "The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite" has brought to me several letters, including one from a writer from California who quotes a statement made by George Coulter, the founder of Coultersville, corroborating in detail the circumstances as narrated in my communication, *except in the one essential particular*. He is quoted as saying that the party I met at his store did not go so far into the mountains as the Yosemite, but made their attack upon the Indians in a cañon on the north fork of the Merced *below* the Yosemite. I accept his statement, as reported, and am pleased to withdraw all contention of the claim made by Doctor Bunnell that he was the original discoverer.

Montclair, March 27, 1891. *Julius H. Pratt.*

THE CRY OF RUSSIA.

(Let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee.)

WHERE all the Russias sweep northward and eastward,
League on and league on, the black land, the white,
We in our misery, sorrowful prisoners,
Send up our voice through the deep winter night.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

From the foul mine, from the gray, squalid prison,
Where the chained wand'rers toil onward to die,
Over the whip-crack and over the death-shot,
Rises to heaven our desolate cry.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

We that were men, once the stately, the stalwart,
Chief's blood and king's blood aflame in our breast,
Broken now, shattered now, sinking and dying,
Still, while the life holds, our cry shall not rest.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

We that were women, once delicate, beautiful,
Nursed amid roses, on lily leaves laid,
Naked now, bleeding now, scourged and tormented,
Cry with a strong voice, and are not afraid.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

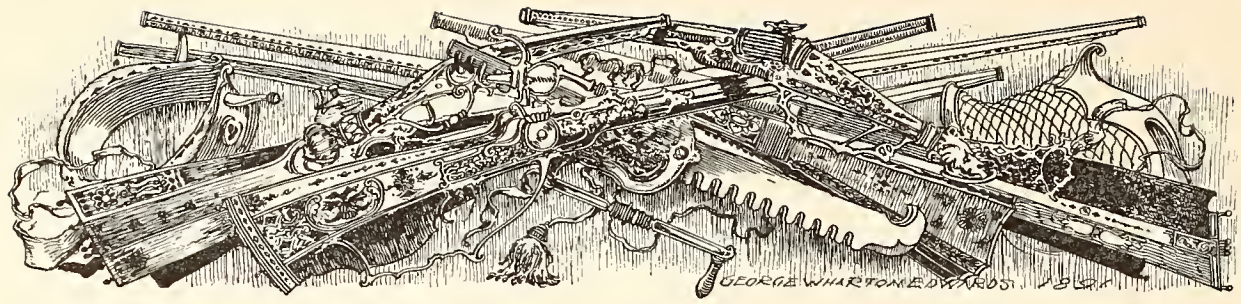
Still for a moment, ye saintly ones glorified —
Still your clear voices that sing round the throne!
Once, only once, on the silence of blessedness
Let our keen anguish fall, sobbing alone.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Nay, but the earth hears. From southward, from westward,
Where men breathe freedom, nor faint with the bliss,
Over the freemen's sea, sweeping resistlessly,
Comes a deep murmur our ears cannot miss.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Murmur of pity, of anger, of sorrow,
Murmur of comfort, of brotherly cheer;
Saying they weep for us, they, the glad-hearted,
Saying they work for us, free, without fear.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Courage, O brothers! O sisters of steadfastness,
Look up once more through the anguish, the pain!
Where love is there is God, mighty, all-merciful.
Now are our tears and our blood not in vain.
Thou *dost* hear, Lord God!

Laura E. Richards.



AT THE COURT OF THE CZAR.

MINISTER DALLAS IN ST. PETERSBURG.—II.[1]

THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

Friday, 20th April, 1838.—A stranger, who has not witnessed, can scarcely imagine the ardor with which the lower class of this city give themselves during the present week, immediately following the long *carême*, to the most childish sports. They are encouraged, too, by all sorts of military and police arrangements. During the last three days of the week, and particularly in the afternoon, immense crowds collect at the common rendezvous in the square fronting the Admiralty, where have been erected temporary playhouses, circus, juggler's booths, menageries, whirligigs of all kinds, flying horses, swings, &c., &c. During this afternoon, I should suppose there assembled no fewer than fifty or sixty thousand people, and the whole machinery of amusement was in full exercise. The throng of carriages, whose circuits are carefully directed and supervised by mounted dragoons and whose multitudes and equipments are equally countless and showy, all in regular and unceasing motion, give to the *coup d' œil* the effect of a most magnificent panorama. The pervading silence forms, however, a forcible and eloquent contrast to the noise and bustle which would accompany such a scene in the United States. Scarcely anything is heard but the sound of the driving carriages, the bands of music within the theaters, or an occasional wild and monotonous song from the women who are swinging with great velocity. Real and loud hilarity is not discernible; nor, indeed, is it possible to find in any of this dense mass the slightest disposition to quarrel or to controversy; the great occupation of those who meet seeming to be, notwithstanding beards, moustaches, whiskers and dirt, to exchange kisses on each side of the mouth.

Sunday, 22d April, 1838.—The exhibition before the Admiralty has been eminently showy and amusing to-day, the last of the carnival. I went with Philip on foot, while the ladies crowded the carriage. The multitude exceeded any assemblage I ever before saw; men, women, and children, all dressed with cleanliness and finery, and carriages without number, most of which were splendid equipages with four horses and gaudy liveries. Without the slightest tincture of exaggeration, I should say that there were collected not less than two hundred thousand human beings. The usual perfect order prevailed. The carriages, which moved in several regular lines in front of the space appropriated to diversions, were divided into as many concentric circles, and proceeded in a walk; had they formed in one straight line they must have extended seven or eight miles. At about half-past five, while I stood on the terrace of the Admiralty admiring the spectacle, I noticed the composed and slow progress of a high military officer on horseback, in what might be termed the center aisle between the rows of carriages; he was distinguished by a broad blue ribbon, and was soon joined by another whom I recognized as the Prince of Oldenburg. There was obviously now some ceremony preparing, and I waited for it. In a short time the Emperor, in a brilliant uniform of scarlet and white, mounted on a fine bay charger, appeared at one extremity of the aisle, accompanied by the Grand Duke Michael in a hussar uniform and the Czarovitz in scarlet and white, with a throng of about a hundred aides-de-camp in the same glowing dress; the cavalcade passed up to the right extremity at which the Emperor formed it in a line. The Empress then, with her daughters, in an open barouche drawn by six grays, with three postillions clothed like jockeys in white satin jackets with light-blue satin sleeves and white breeches, and with silk cap and tassel, drove into the aisle and passed in front of His Majesty by whom she was formally saluted; several carriages followed her with her maids of honor

[1] This paper concludes the extracts from the late Vice-President Dallas's journal. For the first instalment see THE CENTURY for May.— EDITOR.

and a crowd of officers attended. The glistening of the uniforms, the nodding of plumes, the richness of the equipages, the caracoling of the beautiful horses, and all combined with the immensity of the crowd and the universal devotion to amusement and hilarity, produced an effect altogether beyond description. The imperial cortege rode up and down in the manner I have described, several times.

THE EMPEROR'S DRAUGHT FROM THE NEVA.

I MET the Emperor this morning on the English quay. He was alone, stopped, shook me cordially by the hand, and after a little chat, informed me that he had received news from Lake Lagoda which rendered it probable that the ice in the Neva would break away in the course of two or three days.

Thursday, 26th April, 1838.— Bets on the departure of the ice in the Neva are numerous and heavy. The Emperor himself gambles on this event. It has been expected to move for several days, but remains firm, and one unacquainted as I am with the effects and operation by which it is secretly governed would deem it stationary for ten days or two weeks more under almost any condition of atmosphere.

Saturday, 28th April, 1838.—The ice in the Neva gave way and started on its downward course at about ten o'clock to-day. At about five in the afternoon the usual ceremony was performed by the Emperor drinking a tumbler of the water, filling the tumbler with pieces of gold for the benefit of the officer who handed it, and ordering him to cross the river in his barge. The barge proceeds, cannons are fired when it is half-way and again when over, and thence forward the people are at liberty to use their wherries. The intercourse to-day between the city and the islands was suspended for about eight hours; between 6 and 7 P. M., but few cakes of ice were perceptible. The bridge of boats was swung on one side at about noon and will probably not be restored before to-morrow morning.

Thursday, 4th December, 1838.—Mr. Soltikof while spending this evening with us narrated several anecdotes with great spirit, which it may be worth while to preserve. He is a man about sixty-five years of age, of immense wealth and of great talent as he said. He was formerly high in Imperial favor, but owing to some personal indiscretion in his manners at Court he was obliged to retire at least from intimacy. It is a fact remarkably illustrative of the little attention which the United States receives from European savants that Mr. Soltikof, although unquestionably eminent for ability and erudition, and though he has a copy of the Declaration of Independence with autograph signatures hanging up in his library, did not know that General Washington had ever been President, but thought that he had retired wholly from public affairs, from the peace of '83 to the period of his death! He would hardly believe me when I assured him that he had been our chief magistrate for eight years under the existing Constitution. Mr. Soltikof says that the inundation of the Neva, in 1824, was very sudden and inconceivably disastrous in its effects; he occupied the house in which he now lives in the Small Moscoy, and was sitting at his office table sealing some letters and packages; he had felt an unusual coldness in his feet: he rang the bell for his servant, and ordered him to take some letters to the post-office, and to his utter amazement he received for answer that it was impossible as the waters were six feet high in the streets, and still rushing upwards. He had scarcely been told this before the floor on which he stood burst and opened and the waters rose in his apartment up to his own middle; this swell lasted for about six hours. The Emperor Alexander was born in 1777, a year memorable by a similar inundation; and when that of 1824 occurred he said it announced his approaching end, and became an altered man. Soltikoff describes the change as striking and distressing; the calamity seemed to be forever present in all its horror to his mind, and to weigh him down; one melancholy incident he particularly dwelt upon, that of an old woman whom he saw while he was wandering about to relieve the sufferers, and who was eagerly searching for the corpse of a young and only grandson. The Emperor offered her ten thousand rubles which she declined receiving, saying she wanted nothing but the body and continued to weep and search, when suddenly she espied the object of her pursuit covered with dirt and rubbish, and rushed to it frantic with delight, and embracing and clinging to it in prolonged delirium.

SOLTIKOF'S RECOLLECTIONS OF 1814.

WHEN in the campaign of 1814 the allies entered Paris, the Emperor Alexander separated himself from his staff and, in the confidence of good intentions towards the French people, confidently rode alone and in advance. He was stopped by a knot of *poissardes*, one of whom advanced and presented him a handsome bouquet of flowers, saying that he was the only one of the monarchs whom they loved.

During his stay at Paris, Alexander was in the habit of almost daily visiting the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, and, indeed, it was owing to his energetic friendship at the Congress of Vienna that Eugène Beauharnais,

Duke of Leuchtenberg, was allowed to retain Bavaria. On one occasion driving out to see the ex-Empress in his carriage with four horses abreast, and galloping as usual, he met a French officer in a rich curricle and pair; the Frenchman would not yield the road, but cried out, "Give way, give way!" and the consequence was that when the two equipages encountered the curricle was overturned and broken to pieces; its horses knocked down and much wounded, and their owner thrown out, rendered perfectly furious with rage; the Emperor alighted immediately, begged the officer's pardon, hoped he was not hurt and ascribed the disaster to the carelessness of his coachman. "No!" was the reply. "You are doubtless one of those who have conquered our capital and you think to ride rough-shod over us, but I will not submit to such indignities and wrongs. I demand the satisfaction due to an insulted man; there is my address, and I expect to see you by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning." "Agreed," said his Majesty, "you shall be satisfied." Early the next day the Emperor sent General Kissilieff to the Frenchman with a splendid curricle and two of his finest horses, requesting him to accept them in lieu of the injured ones; at first the Frenchman haughtily declined, saying that he waited the personal presence of General Kissilieff's friend and associate, and would receive nothing but the satisfaction of an apology or a duel: he was thunderstruck, says Mr. Soltikoff, and overwhelmed when Kissilieff replied: "That is impossible, my friend is His Majesty the Emperor of Russia."

Thursday, 6th December, 1838.—I do not recollect to have seen the following anecdote, which is given me as illustrative of the political finesse of the Empress Catharine II., but which is probably an invention. Charles J. Fox had for some time been very hostile to Russia and its sovereign, in the House of Commons; the Empress gave a large entertainment at the Hermitage, to which she invited several distinguished Englishmen who happened to be here at the time. In one of the rooms there was a plaster cast of Fox, which was surrounded by busts of Cicero, Demosthenes, etc., and in this apartment and near the busts the Empress had engaged herself at whist; in the course of the evening her English guests sauntered into her neighborhood, and seeing the cast expressed aloud to each other their surprise; the Empress paused, listened for a moment, and then said to them: "What! gentlemen, are you surprised to see that bust in the midst of the greatest orators? Do you think me incapable of doing justice to an enemy? I can give Mr. Fox the rank to which his wonderful ability entitles him even while I suffer under its exertions." These words were carefully reported to Fox, who soon afterwards became the parliamentary friend and eulogist of Catharine; the plaster cast soon gave way to one of marble and another of bronze.

THE HEIR'S OATH OF ALLEGIANCE AND A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

Thursday, 13th December, 1838.—At half-past ten went to a ball at Count Levaschoff's, it was exceedingly brilliant. Prince Hohenlohe apprised me that the diplomatic body would be invited to attend the ceremony of affiancing the Grand Duchess Marie and the Duke of Leuchtenberg on Sunday next, with their respective ladies. This necessarily involves a special and unexpected expenditure of at least two hundred and fifty dollars, which I can no more avoid than I could avoid returning the Emperor's salute as I pass him in the street, and yet I am expected to meet all such charges out of my salary!

Friday, December 18, 1838.—In the course of the evening Mr. Kaiserveldt made himself very entertaining by a number of anecdotes of his own personal experience. His description of the scene which took place at the Imperial chapel when the young Grand Duke became of age, and took the oath of allegiance, gave a delightful impression of the domestic feelings of the autocrat and his family. He says that the church was thronged with the high prelates of the church and dignitaries of State; a small table was placed in the center on which were placed the Bible, some religious emblems and the written draft of the oath to be taken; after some prefatory ceremonies the Emperor led his son to the desk and bade him read attentively and aloud the oath before he signed it. The young man began audibly and distinctly; but when he came to that part which imported that he vowed obedience and love to the Emperor, his father, his voice faltered, choked and finally ceased; he seemed to be overpowered by his feelings and wept profusely; the Emperor who stood close by remained motionless and gave no symptom of agitation except two heavy tears which rolled down his cheeks; a second time did the son endeavor to proceed, but again failed under the tenderest emotions about his father; the Czar allowed some minutes to elapse that he might master himself, and then with all the apparent unmoved dignity of the monarch pointed again to the scroll. As soon as he had completed the oath, the Grand Duke threw himself into his father's arms, where he sobbed aloud for an instant, when recollecting his mother to be at the side of the church he rushed toward her and was received with an affecting and prolonged em-

brace. The Emperor unable further to control himself went to them while thus clinging to each other, and encircling them both with his arms gave way to a paroxysm of emotion. In this scene, says Mr. Kaiserveldt, there was no acting; it was a sudden and obviously wholly unexpected overflow of parental love, it drew tears from all who beheld it.

Sunday, 16th December, 1838.—At eleven o'clock this morning I went accompanied by Mrs. Dallas and Mr. Chew, all *en grande tenue*, to the Imperial palace of the Hermitage. The accumulation of equipages on the river front probably induced our being invited to alight and enter at the door in the Milione, as we were driving on; the British ambassador and ambassadress had just preceded us. We passed through several rooms until we came to the one temporarily converted into a chapel, and crossing that we were ushered through two lines of brilliantly equipped officers, along the Vatican gallery or corridor, and into the apartment appropriated to the reception of the diplomatic corps. We were early, none of our colleagues, but Clanricarde and his suite being there, and the customary guard of grenadiers not stationed until ten or fifteen minutes afterwards. Lady Clanricarde was handsomely and tastefully dressed in a silk of deep blue, fronted with a costly show of point lace, and having an expansive train bordered with the same and richly worked with Roman pearls; her head glistened with a coronet of diamonds whose luster however seemed to fade when contrasted with those of the Russian court. Our associates soon arrived. The ambassadress of France wore a gorgeous but obviously old dress, white with a profusion of gold tinsel and a train of crimson velvet embroidered in gold. Countess Schimmelpennink was overwhelmed with finery of all sorts and of all colors; silver and gold tinsel, jewels of every description, a train fringed with silver, an upper gown of gauze fretted with golden stars, and a half-turban. Contrasted with these, the white satin gown with light pink satin train flounced with tulle and a headdress of a few flowers (the costume of Mrs. Dallas), unadorned by a single jewel of any sort, struck me as exceedingly modest, peculiarly suited to an American lady and withal really much the prettiest. The English and Austrian ambassadors wore their military uniforms of scarlet and white, only differing in the collocation of the colors, the first having scarlet coat and white trousers, the latter having white coat and scarlet trousers. Baron Barante was in civil dress richly covered with embroidery, Baron Blome, the Dane, resembled the Englishman, except that he glittered with some crosses and ribbons. Count Rossi, the Sardinian (whose wife is not yet out of her room), wore a remarkably becoming dress of green and gold, turned up with white. Count D'Appony, the Austrian attache exhibited his fanciful and favorite costume of the Hungarian nobleman and ranger. The ceremonies began by the ambassadors and ministers (without their ladies or secretaries) being conducted in due order of rank to the large and lofty square apartment arranged into a chapel, and stationed along one side of it, with their chief, Count Ficquelmont nearest the door at which it was known the Imperial family would enter. A screen of the necessary size, with the external panels beautifully painted with saints and scriptural subjects, its parts movable on hinges and having two doors in front was fixed on the eastern side of the room and formed the retiring and preparing recess of the priests. Between its two doors was the altar, and on both sides of this screen, within a small, low railing, were the Court choir. Directly in the center, and at a short distance from the screen was a platform about ten feet square raised, say a foot or more, from the floor, and covered with crimson velvet bordered with gold lace. A small table was on this platform and the rest of the apartment was divested of furniture in order to make room; the large glass chandelier in the middle was illuminated, and when we entered, there were assembled only a few of the highest civil and military officers. About thirty of the clergy officiated, three of whom were of the highest rank, and one of these the very old gray-haired and enfeebled Metropolitan: three others were of a secondary rank, the bonnets or miters of these six were worn during most of the ceremony, and were ornamented with miniatures, pearls and other jewels in great abundance. The robes of all who officiated were of a material which resembles rich, thick, cut velvet of a glowing crimson color—with golden crosses worked in it in every direction, and with broad stripes of gold embroidery sunk as it were in the velvet. The manner in which these robes are adjusted is rather clumsy; they seem to be thrown over the shoulders, as one would throw a sheet or tablecloth, when intending that it should conceal the whole figure, without regard to grace or fitness. We had not been long in this apartment when we heard the customary suppressed "hush" which on such occasions preceded the Imperial family, and we of course fell into our line. The *fourriers*, *chambellans*, etc., etc., in double file and in their richest liveries, passed in at the northern door and went out at the southern one; the Grand Master of Ceremonies, and the Grand Marshal of the Court, with two or three other high dignitaries, bearing large golden square staves, surmounted with crowns in brilliants or gold

work, quitting the lengthened procession and stationing themselves at the extremity of the diplomatic line and in front of the velveted platform. Then entered the Emperor, Empress, their second son Constantine, their two other sons, the Grand Duke Michael and his Grand Duchess Helen, the Grand Duchesses Marie, Olga and Alexandra, and the betrothed (or "promis") the Duke of Leuchtenberg. At the threshold the Imperial party were met by the whole of the clergy, the Metropolitan at their head, bearing a sumptuous silver cross, with a golden full length image of the crucified Saviour upon it, and another carrying the chalice of holy water, drops of which were scattered by a sort of short bouquet of green leaves. Each of the Imperial family kissed the cross, held up for that purpose by the Metropolitan and his hand also; and each, bowing forward as if to approach the chalice of holy water received a few drops from the bouquet on the palm of the hand, which they carried to their lips. They then crossed the room and ranged themselves immediately opposite to us, the Emperor leaning his back against the edge of the open door, through which could be seen an endless vista of magnificently dressed ladies unable to get accommodations in the chapel. Directly behind the Imperial family, I was unexpectedly pleased to find that the ladies of the foreign ministers followed. My friend Count Schimmelpennink had not noticed this, and when the throng of maids of honor had passed and had (as many as could) arranged themselves throughout the room, he abruptly turned to me and said, "I believe I will go home!" "What for, Count?" "This neglect of our ladies is not to be borne; you perceive that they have been left with the secretaries and attaches in that remote antechamber." Had such been the fact and had I, as probably I should, encouraged the Count by the slightest assenting movement, we must have had an agreeable little flare-up. As it was, I relieved my colleague by pointing out to him his own wife, safely ensconced by my own, close to the Imperial family. The betrothment began by His Majesty's conducting his daughter Marie and the Duke to the platform, the latter being placed on the right of the former, and the Emperor returning to his former position. A lighted wax taper was then placed by two of the priests in the hands of each of the affianced. Religious exercises followed in the Greek form, of which I could understand nothing. Two priests brought, on large golden plates, the wedding rings, and deposited them on the small table; that of the Grand Duchess, which I could distinctly scan, was a very large diamond of extreme brilliancy. The Metropolitan with some ceremony placed each ring on the finger of its owner; and after other recitations the Empress went forward, took the ring off the hand of Marie and placed it on that of the Duke, and the ring off the hand of the Duke and placed it on that of Marie; at this instant, as if the artillery had actually witnessed the movement, a roar of guns issued from the fortress on the opposite side of the Neva, exceeding in number one hundred. The venerable Metropolitan administered to each of the parties the promise or engagement, reading it from one of their sacred volumes; and they in turn manifested their assent by kissing the golden cross he held up. They then descended from the platform; the Grand Duchess threw herself into her father's arms, and remained some seconds, clinging to him under the influence of strong emotions; they were embraced by all the Imperial circle in succession, and here seemed to terminate the special act of affiancing. The priests however proceeded with their performances, during a short part of which it was very inconveniently necessary for all who were present to kneel. The hymn for the safety of the Emperor, in which the choir joined with great effect, was delightfully executed. When the whole closed the Imperial family passed out at the door through which they entered, bowing to us as they passed, and were followed by the almost endless train of maids of honor, chamberlains, etc. The ladies of the foreign ministers went in the current and in the order they came; while the ministers themselves were detained in the chapel for some time, preparatory to their being led in the direction opposite to that taken by the court, the whole way round through the interminable saloons of the palace until they came to a large and richly ornamented one overlooking the river, where they again marshaled themselves in line awaiting the coming of the affianced couple, to whom they in due solemnity tendered their felicitations. Here we had been joined by the secretaries and attaches; our ladies being left in the apartment in which they were originally placed to receive first the visit of the Duke and his future Duchess. This ceremony gave me the first opportunity I have had to form any sort of opinion of the young man so suddenly exalted by the Emperor by incorporation into his domestic circle and into the highest grade of his honors and services. His appearance is prepossessing, though certainly not handsome nor striking.

COURT GOSSIP.

Tuesday, 15th January, 1839.— The Marquis Clanricarde made himself uncommonly agreeable. He described Queen Victoria to me; she was a little lady, with fine large gray eyes that

turned up impressively and a peculiarity of bearing and manner which would make her remarked in any company; when she is gay her joyousness is that of an open-faced girl, but the instant she is serious she draws down the corners of her mouth, drops her eyes and looks intent; she sings well and reads admirably, filling the largest hall with a voice and enunciation as distinct as a bell without the least exertion.

Monday, 27th February, 1839.— Prince Hohenlohe told me the following anecdote. Some ten or twelve years ago, Jerome Bonaparte, now called Count de Montfort, at a soirée of his own, played cards with great vehemence; he lost all the money he had about him, then pledged his rings, and finally laid his watch upon the table. It was a small gold one, the back of which opened by a spring. A lady overlooking the game admired the watch and took it up to examine; on her attempting to open the back, Jerome immediately clasped it, and said: "That must not be done." His wife, who stood by, insisted upon knowing what was in it — grew angry, reproached him with having some keepsake of a favorite there, and finally bursting into tears quit the room. Jerome then opened the watch, showed to all present that it contained a beautiful miniature of his first wife (Betsey Patterson) with the remark: "You see, I hope, that I could not with propriety let her look at it!" The Prince says that it was notorious that he remained deeply attached to his first wife long after their separation.

THALBERG.

Wednesday, 6th March, 1839.— Sigismund Thalberg gave his first concert in St. Petersburg this evening at the Assembleé de la Noblesse. I had obtained four tickets out of the nine hundred sold, which were at fifteen rubles or three dollars per ticket. We went half an hour earlier than the appointed time, in order to get convenient seats, but we found the saloon already crowded. Many had gone as early as five in the afternoon, to wait patiently till eight. Everybody of ton and distinction was there, and the Imperial box was graced by the three Grand Duchesses, Helen, Marie, and Olga, attended by Baroness Fredericks and Kitty Tschitcherine.

A great poet, a great orator, a great painter, and a great musician (composer as well as performer) are scarcely to be separated on the scale of intellectual power and interest. Thalberg is the first musical genius I have ever seen. I had anticipated much but he more than satisfied me. He executed on the piano three of his own pieces, and made the instrument speak in tones I never imagined it capable of. The vast and discerning audience testified in tumults of applause to his triumph. He seems a young man of twenty-five, of rather slender figure, florid complexion, light chestnut hair, and a distinct Grecian profile. His personal deportment was modest, deferential but perfectly self-composed and calm. Dressed in full black, with white cravat and maintaining a mild but imperturbable serenity, he took his seat at the piano, with the preoccupied air of a young clergyman full of his most interesting sermon. His first touch carried conviction of his excellence. It involved a delicacy, a certainty, an entirety which made the note fall in its utmost perfection upon the ear. As he proceeded, this exquisite distinctness accompanied him through all the mazes of his elaborated composition. The instrument seemed like a wonderful combination of the richest, clearest and sweetest human voices.

In coming away, the sudden rush through the ante-chambers was rather alarming. We got, however, in the advanced group with Count Nesselrode (whose little rake-hat made him look as if he had already been squeezed to death, and who kept screaming for his weeping and terrified daughter Marie) Princess Soltikoff, Countess Kreptovitch, etc., etc., and were able to reach our carriage with no mishap, except the loss of a breastpin.

Tuesday, 12th March, 1839.— At half-past ten we went to Princess Hohenlohe's, and remained till half-past two. I played chess with the representative of Don Carlos, the Duke of Medina Sidonia and Marquis of Villafranca, giving him a castle and a knight, and then beating him. The company was numerous and gay. Thalberg made his appearance as a guest, and seemed very much courted by some of the younger married ladies. He declines playing at such parties, unless engaged for the purpose and then his fixed price is 1000 rubles or two hundred dollars for the evening, during which he executes two or three pieces. Hohenlohe is not up to such extravagance; but the pianist finds himself in pretty constant demand. What orator, statesman, lawyer, poet, or even novelist has ever been paid at this rate?

Thursday, 14th March, 1839.— At half-past four went with Mrs. Dallas to the splendid dinner of Prince Youssoukoff. There were about fifty guests. The extent of this palace and the magnificence of its furniture and arrangements struck us as forcibly as ever. The Prince has his band of music (the only private one of which I am aware) and it played at a short distance from the company, changing its position when the dinner was announced, during the whole of the entertainment. He has also a theater attached to the establishment, and his household servants number five hundred.

I sat at table between Prince Mensikoff and Madame Paliansky, both of whom were agree-

able: the Minister of the Marine very shy about the actual condition and number of the Russian navy, and the lady amazed to hear of a country in which husbands were faithful to their wives; she thought she would send her daughters to marry in America.

TRIALS OF THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR.

Friday, 23d March, 1839.— The Princess Shakoffsky, who spent the *avant* soiree with us, gave an animated account of the recent Persian ambassador at this court. He was a young man, scarcely one and twenty. He dressed in the rich and magnificent costume of his own country, with a number of what we would call "morning gowns" which he would often remove, one by one, as he felt himself, while visiting, getting too warm. He could not bear to see ladies and gentlemen dancing together, considering it offensive to modesty, and at balls kept his eyes studiously upon the floor; and yet he esteemed all women as mere objects of sale, and on one occasion, at the theater, struck by the extraordinary beauty of the Countess Zavadowski he sent round to inquire at what price she could be purchased. He was passionately devoted to chess, and obliged the young men of his suite to play with him, and always to be beaten, morning, noon, and night. Once at a large party, Princess Shakoffsky challenged him to a game; he seemed to think it impossible for a lady to have any skill. She asked him whether she was bound not to win finally: he replied that he would not play unless she promised to exert herself to conquer; and they began. In a short time she checked his king and queen, and took the latter; he became excessively agitated and summoned to his assistance his four secretaries, who became themselves apparently much disquieted. The company clustered round the board, and took sides, and the Princess received so much and such various advice as to each move, that she ceased to think for herself and lost the game. Early next morning she was waited upon by the four secretaries, who believed she had purposely lost the game, and who came to thank her, as had she won it, they would probably have undergone imprisonment for a month! He was in the practice of walking about with his eyes shut or bandaged, saying that he wanted to accustom himself to live and move without seeing, as he presumed he should one day be deprived of his vision. Since his return to Persia, for some real or supposed offense, he has had his eyes torn out.

SONTAG SINGS FOR CHARITY.

Tuesday, 26th March, 1839.— At seven Mrs. Dallas, my daughters and I repaired to the grand concert given by the Society of Patriotic Ladies for the benefit of their schools. On reaching the magnificent hall, the Salle de la Noblesse, we found it crammed with about fifteen hundred visitors, but seats had been set apart for the diplomatic corps, which we managed to attain by passing across the elevated platform appropriated to the music to the opposite side of the room very nearly *en face* of the Imperial box. Nothing could exceed the splendor of the scene. All that is noble and fashionable and elegant and tasty were assembled, the military and ladies richly dressed. The whole of the Imperial family (except the Grand Duchess Helen, who is unwell) were present. The Empress, Marie, and Olga, clothed in white, their foreheads glittering with diamonds, with the two boy grand dukes, Baroness Fredericks and Prince Volkonski were stationed, like the gorgeous figures of a superb tableau, on the crimson velvet-lined and curtained recess, or rather small room just in front of us; while the Emperor and Grand Duke Michael found their way at an open door close by, and stood tranquilly in the crowd. Here were certainly at a *coup d'œil* to be seen the elite of St. Petersburg if not of all Russia. All the dames and demoiselles d'honneur and ladies of distinction occupied the first ten or twelve benches nearest the music; all the general officers with their dazzling epaulettes and swords were clustered about, standing; all the Imperial Council and the Senate and the État-Major were collected. Nobody seemed to be absent whose presence could add to the brilliant *tout ensemble.*

This concert which takes place annually is one of the contributions of the nobility to charitable purposes; its performances are executed by the most distinguished ladies and the instruments are managed chiefly by amateur gentlemen. At the head, however, of the songstresses was the magnet of the evening, the celebrated and incomparable Sontag, now Countess Rossi. She had been persuaded to run the risk of reviving past recollections, to forget that she had stepped from the boards of the opera into the rank of a minister and the arms of a count, and to lead the flower of Russian noblesse and fashion on this benevolent occasion. What a splendid triumph did a single gift of nature seem to obtain! Her voice overwhelmed competition, and by its wonderful volume and sweetness produced a sort of enchantment which made you for a while insensible to anything else. The Czar, his court and his army, all seem to lose their prestige and their power, while that magical voice domineered the ear. She sang twice—first the finale of Donizetti's opera, "Anne Bolena," and was in this accompanied by Madame Bastinieff and Madame Krudener and three gentlemen, second Bellini's

"Norma." The effect of the last song was beyond description, and the applause was vehement and protracted. It recalled Malibran to my mind, and yet seemed superior by the addition to her voice of that of her father, Garcia. Nothing could be richer, nothing could be clearer, nothing could be vaster, nothing could be softer, nothing could be deeper, nothing could be more delicate, and nothing could be more decided. I might go on multiplying epithets, without describing a bit more distinctly. On the whole I think it was the best singing I ever heard, and as good as can be. The manner of the Countess was perhaps a little constrained in the effort to avoid relapsing into the cantatrice, and on two occasions instead of confining her curtsy to the Empress, she for an instant bent to the applauding audience. I doubt much whether this taste of the glory of past times was not more really delightful to her than any of the rank or other results of her marriage. She was sent for by the Empress at the close of her song—an act which is the common courtesy shown to professional songsters, and which has been constantly shown to Taglioni; I thought the discriminating delicacy of Her Majesty might have avoided on this occasion.

POSTAL SPIES.

Thursday, 4th April, 1839. . . . The discreditable practice of opening letters as they pass through the post-office, a practice said to be universal, and of which I have had convincing proofs, is attested by several anecdotes current here, of which I note the two following: Not long ago one of the foreign ministers complained in person to Count N. that he had received a bundle of dispatches through the post-office, rumpled, torn, and obviously having been opened. The Count coolly observed: "It must have been done very carelessly; I will give instructions against such negligence in future." On another occasion the Swedish minister, meeting the Director-General of the post-office, casually said to him that his subordinates ought to be more careful in their process of examining his letters. The director gravely protested that nothing of the sort was done: "Oh, I don't mind it," said the Baron, "but as in their hurry they sent me my dispatches from Stockholm with the seal of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Holland, I think they want lecturing." The director only replied with the exclamation: "Is it possible!"

THE NEW WINTER PALACE.

Wednesday, 10th April, 1839.—The reoccupation of the Winter Palace has been signalized by splendid "gratifications" from the Emperor to those who have contributed to its reconstruction. General Klein-Mihel has received a loan of one million of rubles with which to purchase an estate, and the Order of St. Andrews, with a gold medal surrounded by brilliants. Count Cernicheff received as a gift three hundred thousand rubles and it is supposed will be sent ambassador to Vienna, a post for which Benkendorff and Klein-Mihel were his competitors. All the subordinate laborers on the palace have received a silver medal and now parade them on their breasts at the Cachelles. At this season of every year, it is customary to distribute more or less of these imperial favors.

The mortality among the workmen engaged in rebuilding the Winter Palace is represented to have been frightful. As the emperor has undertaken to re-enter during the feasts of Easter, immense heat was kept up in the interior to dry the walls, etc., and this produced all sorts of fatal disorders. Of course this effect of his will was not communicated to his majesty.

Sunday, 14th April, 1839.—The court circle, intended to have been held at the Winter Palace on Tuesday last, was deferred, owing to the fatigue and indisposition of the Empress, to this day, at noon. I reached the diplomatic reception room, without traversing much of the residue of this magnificent newly-finished structure. The basement affords accommodation for any crowd of servants, and the white marble stairway leading to the upper story, with its lofty, painted and gilded ceiling, and its ornamental statuary, is vast, striking, and beautiful. The apartment assigned to the foreign ministers was one in which a small and handsome throne occupied the center of a large recess, immediately in front of a painting of Peter the Great guided by Wisdom: its walls were of crimson velvet studded with gold double-headed eagles somewhat larger than a man's hand. From the vaulted ceiling hung the richest and tastiest chandelier of solid silver, chased and worked into oak wreaths encircling Russian eagles, the immense size of which surprised me. Against the walls a number of lusters of the same rich and solid material, each six or eight feet high, exquisitely elaborated were attached, and in two piers stood wide tables of pure silver. The mixture of gold and silver, though it seemed to increase the gorgeous display, detracted from the taste of the ensemble. The steps and floor of the platform on which the throne stood were carpeted with rich crimson velvet; the rest of the floor was figured and waxed wood.

Monday, 15th April, 1839.—I procured tickets for the admission of my family to explore

the Winter Palace, and we repaired thither at one o'clock. We entered by the great central door on the river side, and mounted the noble marble staircase, whose solid, carved and polished banisters of the same material particularly struck us. . . . In surveying the endless elaboration of work of all kinds, bestowed upon this building, one is utterly at a loss to comprehend how it could be executed by human means in the course of the brief interval between the conflagration and the present moment. An exclamation to this effect involuntarily escapes the lips as you enter each one of the more important chambers. . . . Nothing more exquisitely luxurious, costly and refined can be imagined than the private apartments of the Empress. They remind one of the descriptions in Lalla Rookh, of the Moorish Alhambra, of Sardanapalus, and of the Arabian Nights. . . . There was a striking and agreeable difference between these apartments and those of the Autocrat. In the latter nothing was feminine, everything elegant, commodious, nothing useless or trifling. He has no bed, he has no carpets, he has no toilet table, he has no knick-knackery. Such also were the rooms of the Grand Duke. The Grand Duchesses's, on the contrary, partook of the delicacy and luxury of the Empress's. . . . In the chambers of the younger children was a room provided with a small sentry-box, two small muskets, and the posts usual in front of guard-houses as props for arms; this is the military closet of the two Grand Dukes. In one of the rooms of the Empress I was pleased with the apparent lightness and finish of the sofas, chairs, and tables; they were of iron highly polished, and looked like the most fragile ebony.

PRINCELY STYLE.

Wednesday, 17th April, 1839. . . . At eight o'clock, expecting to meet all the Imperial family, we went to the ball of Prince Youssoupoff's. The Emperor and Grand Duke Michael attended, but the Empress excused herself by sending word that her physician advised her staying at home, and all the Grand Duchesses remained with her. The interest of the evening to me arose from the presence of Marshal Paskevitch, with whom I had several agreeable chats. He is a younger man than I had supposed, has a lively air, and is frank and agreeable in conversation. He told me he was fifty-five. His decorations, crosses and orders were extremely brilliant, glittering on his left breast and from around his neck like a huge mass of diamonds. The Czar, after his usual kind shake of the hand, said he had not been to a party for nine weeks; that he wanted to induce his wife whose health was bad to stay at home by setting the example. Everybody agreed in considering the entertainment the most splendid which could be given by any person below royalty. Nothing could transcend the magic of the supper: its groves of orange trees towering eight or ten feet above the heads of the guests and laden with fruit and flowers; its gorgeous arbor prepared for the Empress, over which hung in clusters ripe, red, white, and purple, intermingled with leaves, grapes of the largest and most luscious appearance; its gorgeous and glittering table ornaments, its golden chandeliers; its dazzling company and still more dazzling liveried servants. When from these two rooms, the eye passed to the adjoining ones, to the antechambers, the refreshment saloon, the endless suite of halls and galleries devoted to paintings and sculpture, the card-rooms, and the expansive branching stone staircase flanked with marble statues and fragrant with exotics, it was difficult to suppose the whole the creation and property of a private subject. He is said however to enjoy an incalculable revenue. He is, however, sufficiently noted already in the diary. I could not help thinking that the Empress stayed away, not because of any real malady, for she walked on the English quay this morning, but in order to avoid witnessing or countenancing a fête that approached too near the Imperial style to be agreeable in a subject. The poor Princess, who had hoped to make it worthy of her mistress and her guest, looked the picture of despair when told that she could not come.

Saturday, 20th April, 1839.—The evening spent at the soirée dansante of Countess Schimmelpenninck. Among the gentlemen were Villafranca and General Danieleffsky. I had with the latter a long and interesting conversation on the condition and history of Russia, and the characters of the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas. His mind is turned closely to these subjects; and he is now actually preparing for the press a work on the campaigns and policy of the late Autocrat. He accompanied Alexander as confidential secretary throughout all his great movements from the year 1804.

. . . Among other matters I remarked to Danieleffsky, that I felt surprised at their retaining, in a country like this, the law for the equal distribution of intestate estates, abolishing primogeniture; that their aristocracy must inevitably become poor and lose their consequence, and that we regarded such a law as the very cornerstone of our republicanism. He replied simply: "This is a despotism; our Senate now merely records after attesting the Imperial ukases. Peter the Great once made an ukase establishing *Les Majorats* or the right of primogeniture. The nobles soon felt their independence, and in less

than twelve years the Senate, while recognizing Peter's title to the throne, had advanced so far in their pretensions that they presented for his signature a written Constitution of Government! The law was certainly not the exclusive cause of this — great political results require a combination of causes — but it was the leading cause — and Peter abolished it without delay." Thus when the object is the same, the abasement or destruction of aristocracy, a republic and a despot must pursue the same course.

THE EMPEROR'S WHIMS.

Thursday, 2d May, 1839.— The Emperor met young Meyendorff with a companion near the boulevard the other day. He was on horseback, they walking on foot. Having been long absent from Russia, the young men did not know the person of the sovereign, and of course, omitted the customary bow. His Majesty immediately dismounted, went up to them, and reprimanded them sternly; they in vain pleaded their ignorance of his figure; he ordered them to proceed forthwith to the guard house, and upon their remaining stationary, not knowing where the guard house was, he called up a sentinel and directed him to accompany them to the prison. They were extremely alarmed, wept bitterly, and were immured for some hours in a wretched cell. At the expiration of that time, a guard announced to them that the Emperor had ordered them to be escorted to the Anischkoff palace; they went, expecting little short of Siberia or decapitation. When at the palace, they were stationed near a corner of one of the apartments, and then left to themselves. They were surprised to notice that several young ladies now and then, popped their heads in at the door, and looking at them for an instant, retreated laughing. At last the Emperor came in, and walking towards them said: "Young gentlemen, you have had lesson enough for the present; I am sure that you will know me hereafter, wherever you may see me; and now to remove the impressions of the day come and dine with my family and myself."

As an illustration of the extent to which the most important matters are subject here to Imperial whims, I give the following from young Count——. The Empress having written a letter to her father gave it to a servant to put into the hands of a courier then waiting to start; the servant, misunderstanding the order, deposited the letter in the post-office, and the mistake was not discovered until five or six hours had elapsed; in the meanwhile the regular mail for Prussia, and indeed all Western Europe was made up and dispatched. As soon as she was told what had been done, the Empress sent an express to command the whole mail, bag and baggage, back to St. Petersburg: about fifteen hours were lost, everything was reopened, the Imperial missive recovered and placed in the courier's care, and then, but not till then, the mail allowed to resume its journey.

Friday, 7th June, 1839.— Rose this morning, after long and serious reflection, under the solemn conviction that it was my duty, at all hazards to take my family home this summer, and if my recall were not sent before I reached there, to abide the decision of the President whether I should return here myself or not. I accordingly inquired into the best modes of quitting, and found that my most convenient and economical course will be to proceed hence to Havre on board the steamer, the *Paris*, on the 24th of July next. I must set about preparing for this.

AN IMPERIAL DUCHESS'S TROUSSEAU.

Tuesday, 9th July, 1839.— Having received our "billets d'entree" we went this afternoon to see the trousseau of the Grand Duchess Marie. It is displayed in the Salle Blanche of the Winter palace. The throng of visitors was immense, producing a heat and a pressure nearly insupportable. Our party got broken into detachments, and we were obliged to move along with the dense tide without being able to see all that was exhibited, or to examine anything closely. The court dresses with their rich, embroidered trains were the most conspicuous objects, and were certainly very splendid. I counted in all one hundred and forty dresses most of them exceedingly elegant; and some of them morning wrappers trimmed with lace. The four sets of jewelry were in two large glass desks. The toilet-tables, and their ornaments, one of chased silver, and the other highly worked silver gilt were strikingly beautiful; the former purchased as a present for his sister from the Grand Duke Alexander on his recent visit in England. Nothing could surpass the collection of furs, the cashmere shawls, the countless bonnets, the laced and worked pocket-handkerchiefs; and all the etceteras of a fashionable toilette. The services of porcelain and of silver, and of silver gilt, each of great taste and execution, and apparently calculated for the largest scale of entertainment, formed to my eye, the richest part of the display. Glass in its most attractive shapes and in vast quantities loaded several tables. The tablecloth, napkins, doilies, etc., were endless. Even the culinary apparatus was admirable. Indeed it was impossible to imagine an article of use or ornament, with which a bride should be provided, that was not here in its utmost perfection and in exhaustless quantity. The whole was truly Imperial, and upon a moder-

ate estimate must have cost very little, if at all, short of a million of dollars.

VISIONS OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

Friday, 12th July, 1839.—In speaking upon the progress of human discovery and science, Count Michel Woronzoff, [the Governor of Odessa] remarked that the application of steam to propelling vessels through the water was, in fact, very far from being a modern idea; that he himself read a passage in an old Spanish author named Vilarete in which it was as clear as language could make it that an ingenious mechanic had undertaken the experiment before Charles V., and that though he failed its practicability was asserted by the historian, though he alleged that the machinery would be always liable to burst. So, also, he said that during the reign of Louis XIV. a Frenchman was visited at an insane hospital by a celebrated English nobleman who afterwards claimed the merit of discovering the steam engine; that the alleged madman was so-called and treated simply because he had over and over again pestered the chief of the Department of Marine with earnest entreaties for pecuniary assistance to enable him to show how vessels could be navigated by steam, and the count mentioned an authoress in whose works the whole of this last statement was made. The great merits, however, of Fulton were admitted as unquestionable.

AN IMPERIAL WEDDING.

Sunday, 14th July, 1839.—At twelve o'clock, accompanied by Mrs. Dallas, I went to the Winter Palace, agreeably to invitations, to witness the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie and the Prince Maximilian of Leuchtenberg. The foreign ministers and ladies, after waiting with the general company for some time were escorted by Count Woronzoff to the chapel, and arranged on the two sides nearest the chancel, forming an alley for the imperial cortege. We noticed that two pairs of pigeons entered at the open windows, and alighted, after flying around the dome, over the altar; an incident that may have been accidental, but which many conceived to be the result of design. The Metropolitan and a concourse of twenty or thirty priests, robed in rich vestments of crimson thickly crossed with gold embroidery and with miters glittering with jewels and enamel pictures,—some bearing the sacred image, and others carrying wax lights, stationed themselves at the grand entrance to receive the Imperial party. Everybody wore their richest clothing, all the ladies having long trains, and all except the diplomatic ones having the Kakoshnick brilliantly studded with diamonds or otherwise ornamented. The bride wore a superb diadem of diamonds, and on the very top of her head, a crown of the same description. Her train was an immense one of crimson velvet, deeply bordered with ermine. Of the religious ceremonies I could understand nothing; they were exceedingly tedious. There was an interchange of rings between the bride and groom, effected through the agency of the Metropolitan; they sipped the consecrated wine from the same golden goblet, and during part of the proceeding, for about twenty minutes, while the Metropolitan was reading to them, golden crowns were held over the heads of the couple; over that of the Grand Duchess by her brother the hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, and over that of the Prince by Count Pahlen. At one time the couple were led, with their hands united, by the Metropolitan, three times round the altar. At the close of the ceremony, the groom led his bride to the Emperor by whom he was directed to embrace her, and then followed the family felicitations and kissing. The court choir performed the great Te Deum most effectively and the cannon of the fortress aided by peals from all the huge bells of the innumerable churches sent forth a deafening and yet exhilarating uproar. After kissing a number of the priests in succession, the Imperial circle left the Greek chapel, and went to where a temporary Roman Catholic chapel had been constructed in some interior apartment and the marriage ceremony was here performed again. We got home as expeditiously as we could at about four o'clock.

At eight o'clock we repaired to the *bal paré* at the palace. La Salle Blanche, an apartment of extraordinary magnificence; its one hundred and twelve Corinthian columns and the balustrades above them with its immense chandeliers having, since we were last in it been most richly gilt. Here also, all the ladies wore trains. No dancing was executed but the Polonaise; there were no refreshments; and the ceremony lasted only for about two hours; the fatigues of the day being too much for the strength of the Empress. Among the remarkable costumes seen on this occasion were those of the Sultan of Kirghis, with his retinue, come to make presents to the Emperor on the marriage of his daughter, and of a Queen of Georgia.

Monday, 15th July, 1839.—We were bound to be at the great theater *en gala* at eight o'clock. I was assigned by the Director a box in association with Count Rossi. The performance was a dull ballet only relieved by one capital scene representing a theater crowded with spectators before whom a danseuse was

making her début, while we were supposed to be behind the scenes. Nothing, however, could equal the brilliancy of the *coup d'œil* presented when the whole audience rose to greet the entrance of the Imperial family into their box. The Grand Duchess Marie, as the bride, came in first, and was saluted with vociferous acclamations; then her husband, then the Empress, and lastly the Emperor. By the by, I had noticed yesterday that during the wedding ceremonial there appeared to be an air of abstraction or preoccupation in His Majesty, and I found it to have been caused by the arrival of news of the death of the Sultan Mahmoud, who has by will directed his son, only eighteen years of age, to be under the guardianship of one of his sons-in-law until he attains twenty-five, and who directed the other son-in-law to be forthwith strangled. Nicholas seemed to-night to have, in a measure, recovered his spirits.

LEAVE-TAKING.

Tuesday, 23d July, 1839.—Count Woronzoff apprized me that the Emperor was in his cabinet to grant me an audience of leave. I shall never cease to remember this conference with pride and delight; it convinced me I had not lived in Russia without doing public service and without achieving the reputation I desire. The Emperor was cordial, kind and full of feeling. He first addressed me, after we had shaken hands, upon my personal motives for returning to the United States "at the moment," he said, "when we all have learnt to appreciate you and your family, and when my whole court, without exception, are cherishing the best dispositions for you." I answered with the undisguised frankness due to such an inquiry from such a man; told him that my private affairs, the education of my children, and my limited resources compelled me to quit him, and that I felt deep regret at a necessity which I could not control. He again seized me by the hand, and assured me that he heard it with sincere pain and sorrow, and hoped that, if ever fortune should improve my ability, I might again visit Russia and desired me to be sure of a hearty welcome. I told him that I derived some consolation in the reflection that I left him *au comble du bonheur;* that I could distinctly perceive in the happy marriage of his daughter a source to him of unbounded and unalloyed gratification, and that all I had had the happiness to see and hear of the Prince of Leuchtenburg satisfied me that his confidence was well founded. He received this remark with apparent delight and grasped my hand anew, and said: "I believe him to be an admirable young man, worthy of everything I am doing for him, and that he will make my child perfectly happy. You are right in thinking me, at this moment, as happy as a father can be." I then indulged in the trite reflection that the period of attaining such contentment was the one at which philosophy told us we should, in this unstable world, be most prepared against change and adversity. This thought seemed congenial to his mind. His countenance varied its expression from joy to melancholy, and he replied, giving it at once a special direction: "Yes, the ill health of my wife gives me much anxiety; I cannot persuade her to omit anything she deems a duty, and to refrain from exposure or fatigue. She becomes daily more feeble, and now she insists upon going through the distractions of this fête, its intense and crowded heats and all its labors, as if her health were perfect."

He then returned to our political relations; was happy to know that between him and the United States there could exist no sentiments but those of the most friendly character, and hoped that I went away under the same impression. I told him that my attention to the subject had produced a conviction that our highest interests as a nation were identified with those of Russia. "Not only are our interests alike," said he, "but (with emphasis in his tone), our enemies are the same." We recurred freely to the fact that the political institutions of the two countries were radically and essentially different; "but" he remarked, "they tend in each to the happiness and prosperity of their respective inhabitants; and I am engaged in introducing some liberal ameliorations, particularly in the department for the administration of justice, which I hope will be attended by most salutary effects." I commented upon the necessity, however, of his having an eye to everything, and he said *that*, under the circumstances of Russia, was a vital duty.

I handed him my letter of recall which, he observed, he very reluctantly received, and he laid it on his desk without breaking the seal. We again shook hands, and I left him. Count Woronzoff met me, in great haste, saying that the Empress was waiting to receive me. Mrs. Dallas and my two daughters had just taken leave of her. There was obvious impatience all round to commence the ceremonies or gaieties peculiar to the evening, and I went through as rapidly as was consistent with respect.

I then put off my sword, and put on my Venetian or domino, and entered the *bal masqué*. A more absolute jam of human beings of all sorts, conditions, grades, forms, physiognomies, gaits, costumes and tongues cannot be conceived. The heat in the halls was intense. The polonaise immediately began, led off by the sovereigns, before whom as they advanced, turning in every zigzag direc-

tion, the compact mass gave way and opened an avenue for the brilliant train of courtiers, officers and fashionables, almost as if by magic. On one occasion as the glorious file came forward, I found myself screwed tight and motionless between two Kirghese Khans, some Chinese, and one or more Russian serfs, but falling back resolutely, I caught the eye of the Emperor, who saw my predicament and effort and exclaimed aloud in clear English; "I beg your pardon, sir!" to which I had no time for replying except by a bow of the head and a smile. Shortly afterwards, I perceived him approach Mrs. Dallas and with the polite inquiry "Oserais-je vous demander pour une polonaise," lead her repeatedly by the hand through the apartments. He congratulated her upon her intended visit to Paris, said it was a magnificent capital and that many years ago he had attended one of the most magnificent balls given there; and he repeated to her the regret he felt to part with us.

A splendid supper was served apart from the crowd, at about nine o'clock, and the chamberlains having arranged the parties which were to occupy the several *lignes* classified numerically, each carrying eight persons and the number being about thirty, destined for the principal persons of the court, we left the table and hurried, amid some confusion and mud and wet, to the equipages. Ours was number three, superintended by Count and Countess Borke: all being comfortably seated the Czar and Czarina in the van gave the order to proceed, and off we went for a drive of an hour through all the labyrinths of illumination and amid the finest display of water-works I ever beheld. The scene was as wonderful as any of the creations of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. There could not have been less than 500,000 lights, arranged in every possible form, creating a bright day, shining in reflection from the beautiful lakes, and glistening behind cascades, extending into dazzling alleys of a quarter of a mile in length, forming obelisks of vast heights, or spanning in arches the rivulets which intersected the walks. The great *jet d'eau*, the Samson or Hercules, with countless others in all directions, sparkled and rumbled most musically, while a host of festive frolickers, estimated by Count Borke at 200,000, opened into avenues, as the cavalcade advanced, in front of the tents which were pitched for their enjoyment and accommodation within the open spaces of the gardens. Fine bands struck up at certain distances from each other; and in one of the widest and longest alleys of glowing fire, the court cortége, in order as it were to heighten their pleasure by seeing and saluting each other, turned round and passed repeatedly. It is however impossible, adequately to describe the details or wonders of this extraordinary spectacle. To me and mine it was perfect enchantment, realizing and surpassing all we had read or anticipated.

We drove to our quarters about one in the morning, and bent upon achieving our regulated plan we hastily changed to our traveling dresses, packed up our finery, bade adieu to our friends, among whom we must ever affectionately remember the Barantes, the Hohenlohes, the Butaras, the Rossis, etc., etc., and pushed forward for St. Petersburg. Here, however, began a fresh and exhaustless source of surprise and amusement. The entire road from Peterhof to the capital was crowded with vehicles of every possible kind, forming three and sometimes four lines and occasionally coming to a dead standstill. The droshky, the kibitka, the telega, the omnibus, the caleche, the carriage, the huge diligence, were all in succession before us, and apparently without end, crowded by men, women, and children, in all sorts of motley wear, and with all the ludicrous appearance which follows fatigue after frolic. We laughed especially and heartily at the infinite variety of dozing, nodding, and drunken drivers. As our chasseur was on the box, our coachman found his way with ease and safety. We got home at four o'clock, pretty considerably exhausted, but unwilling to retire or lie down until a finishing hand was put to packing trunks and boxes for the departure at noon.

George Mifflin Dallas.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE, AFTER A RUSSIAN LITHOGRAPH OWNED BY MISS DALLAS.

EMPRESS ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA, WIFE OF NICHOLAS I.

LOVE AND THE WITCHES.

IT was a little, fearful maid,
Whose mother left her all alone;
Her door with iron bolt she stayed,
And 'gainst it rolled a lucky stone —
For many a night she 'd waked with fright
when witches by the house had flown.

She swiftly shot the iron bar,
And rolled the lucky stone away,
And careful set the door ajar —
"Now enter in, Sir Love, I pray;
My mother knows it not, but I have watched
for you this many a day."

DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH. ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

To piping lute in still midnight,
Who comes a-singing at the door,—
That showeth seams of golden light,—
"Ah, open, darling, I implore"?
She could not help knowing 't was Love,
although they 'd never met before.

With fan and roar of gloomy wings
They gave the door a windy shove;
They perched on chairs and brooms and things;
Like bats they beat around above —
Poor little maid, she 'd let the witches in with
Love.

Mary E. Wilkins.

CLOUGH HALL.

WOMEN AT AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.

NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE great educational movement for women which was seriously begun some twenty-five to thirty years ago was not the outcome of a moment's impulse; it was rather the result of opinions, which had been slowly working their way through society since the beginning of the century. But it was not until 1848 that Professor Maurice, with the help of Charles Kingsley and others, succeeded in obtaining a royal charter for the foundation known as Queen's College, London. This and Bedford College, opened a year later, were the first two institutions where advanced lectures were delivered to women. After this, however, and for some twenty years or so later, little progress seemed to be made; but, in reality, much good work was quietly being done; and all who were interested in the higher education of women were encouraged to persevere by the support and sympathy of John Stuart Mill, Mrs. Browning, Mary Somerville, and Harriet Martineau, and others whose writings gradually prepared the public for what was to follow.

The year 1867 is a memorable one for women. During the previous years Miss Emily Davies had worked hard to induce the university of Cambridge to open its local examinations for boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen, to girls of the same ages, and the school-mistresses had formed themselves into an association to improve the system of school-teaching. Advanced lectures to women had been delivered experimentally, and had proved successful. All was now ripe for a further advance. In that year, 1867, the North of England Council was formed, which undertook to provide for women advanced lectures given by university men, in all the chief towns of England. In that year, too, the university of Cambridge first admitted girls formally to its local examinations; and it is interesting to note that it was in that year that John Stuart Mill presented to Parliament a petition for the political enfranchisement of duly qualified women, signed by 1499 women.

The North of England Council, besides pro-

MISS J. A. CLOUGH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. BELL, AMBLESIDE.)

viding the advanced lectures spoken of, was the agency through which the university of Cambridge was induced to provide in 1868 a "higher local examination" for women over eighteen years of age; and this led later on in the same year to the establishment of a college for women at Hitchin, under Miss Emily Davies, the lecturers attending from Cambridge and London. This was the beginning of university life for women, for in the following year—twenty-one years ago—an organized committee of university men provided lectures in Cambridge especially for women; and they were so successful that applications from women came from all parts of England, asking if arrangements could not be made to enable them to enjoy the same advantages. As an outcome of this a house was taken by Professor Sidgwick, and opened for the reception of women students. It was placed under the management of Miss Clough, who had been most energetic in promoting the higher education of women. This was the origin of Newnham College. About the same time the college at Hitchin, which had grown rapidly, was moved to Girton, near Cambridge, and became known as Girton College.[1]

Thus there are two colleges for women students at Cambridge. Girton College which is a fine, handsome building with extensive grounds lying about three miles out of the town and Newnham College, which, together with the principal colleges of the university, lies within the precincts of the town, only a few minutes' walk from the lecture rooms and laboratories.

Students multiplied so rapidly at Newnham that, in four years' time (1875) Newnham Hall was built. This is the present Old Hall; it is a red brick building in the Queen Anne style. It was long presided over by Miss Clough, now the principal of Newnham College. This hall was soon found to be too small to accommodate all the students, and in 1880 Sidgwick Hall was built (then known as North Hall). This hall was presided over by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick for a couple of years, when she was succeeded, in 1882, by Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the statesman, who is still there as vice-principal of Newnham College. In 1888 a third structure was added—Clough Hall—named after the principal, who now resides there.

Clough and Sidgwick halls adjoin each other, and there is a covered passage between the two. Old Hall lies opposite them. Each building contains a dining-hall, that of Clough Hall being the largest. It is very lofty, and is beautifully decorated; it has a gallery at the end, and along one side of it, which is used by strangers who come to the college meetings. It is not used as a common dining-hall, for, except on special occasions, the students prefer to dine in their respective halls. Each hall possesses a newspaper room and a music room. In Old Hall is the college library, duplicate books only being placed in the other halls; in the grounds of Old Hall, also, are the gymnasium and the chemical laboratory.

The college has ample grounds; those of Old Hall are specially delightful, and are much favored by the students, who on a fine summer's day may be seen basking full length

[1] In 1879 two halls—"Somerville" and "Lady Margaret"—for the reception of women students were opened at Oxford. And before this date the London University had thrown open its degree examinations to women. At Oxford, however, the women are only examined "by courtesy," whereas, at London, they are entitled to receive both the degrees and the honors of the university. At the University of Cambridge women are entitled to take the university examinations, and the class obtained is duly stated, but a certificate is granted instead of a degree.—E. F.

on the lawn watching the tennis players, or curled up under the trees with a book, wandering arm in arm up and down a shady avenue, or forming cozy little tea parties in sheltered nooks.

There are about a hundred and forty students in residence.[1] All students must reside in college unless they are living with their parents, or are over the age of thirty, when special permission may be granted for their becoming out-students. The average age of the students is from about twenty to twenty-two; some are much older than this, some younger. No student is allowed to enter under the age of eighteen, unless her case is exceptional, and has had special consideration.

dents are allowed a great deal of liberty, but there are rules which have to be observed.

The following are the few restrictions imposed upon them: In the summer terms the doors are closed at 8 P. M.; in the winter terms at 6 P. M.; if students wish to go out after this hour they have to give in their names, and they are then expected to be in by 11 P. M., unless under very special circumstances, when they may perhaps receive permission to stay till later. Students are expected not to absent themselves from lecture.

Out of lecture hours the students are free to go where they will, but if they boat or ride they must provide themselves with a chaperon. In the spring and summer terms the students en-

CLOUGH HALL — DINING AND ASSEMBLY HALL.

It appears difficult for an outsider to realize the conditions of student life at Newnham or Girton College; some seem to imagine that the student has absolute freedom; others, on the contrary, that college life is a second edition of school life — that a student must not go out without leave, that she has certain tasks to prepare, and that there is some one to see that she prepares them. The reality is neither the one thing nor the other. Certainly the stu-

joy a good deal of boating. It is not unusual for them to make up a party and row down the river to some little inn or cottage where they have tea before returning.

At first women students used to work for the Cambridge higher local examinations, and sometimes to enter, informally, for the final examinations of the university; but, in 1881, the Senate of the University of Cambridge agreed to admit women, formally, to their honor examinations, so that now the majority read for an honor or tripos examination — that is for the same examination as the men. They attend the same lectures, and work

[1] The year 1890. In 1886 there were seven American students and two from South Africa in residence. In 1882–84 the two daughters of the poet Longfellow were in residence.— E. F.

under exactly the same conditions; the only difference being that whereas the men have a degree conferred on them, which entitles them to use the letters B. A., the women have to content themselves with a certificate which states the class obtained, but does not confer any title on the owner. The woman graduate has no hood, nor does she wear any distinctive dress as an undergraduate. It is not compulsory to work for the tripos examinations; some

MISS GLADSTONE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. BRIGGS, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON.)

still work for the higher local examinations, though they are then supposed to stay at college for a couple of years only. Students are permitted to work with no examinations in view, but in this case they are only allowed to be in residence so long as the authorities are satisfied that they are doing good work.

Three years is the usual time allotted for preparing for a tripos examination, though some may be taken after a residence of two years. If a student fail to keep the stated number of terms the examinations cannot be taken.

That women are able to make good use of these privileges is amply proved by the results of the examinations. Even in classics and mathematics, subjects in which they are usually handicapped by not having enjoyed the same training as the men before going up to college, they have taken extremely good places from time to time; and in those subjects in which they start fair, they have always come well to the fore. Among the women who have done remarkably well are Miss Scott, of Girton, who was eighth wrangler, and who is now Professor of Mathematics at Bryn-Mawr College, near Philadelphia; Miss Chamberlain (Newnham), who was senior of the modern languages tripos, 1886, and is now also teaching at Bryn-Mawr College; Miss Moberly and Miss Hughes (Newnham), who were seniors of the moral sciences tripos in the years 1881 and 1884 respectively; Miss Rolleston (Newnham), history tripos, bracketed senior, 1886; Miss Ramsay (Girton), senior of the classical tripos, 1887, and lastly Miss Philippa Fawcett (Newnham), who in 1890 held the anomalous position of being "above the senior wrangler."[1]

Each student has her own room or rooms. The college supplies these with all necessary furniture; the decorations are left to the taste and ingenuity of the student; and in most cases they are made to look very charming. If the student has only one room her bed is made in the daytime to resemble an ordinary couch.

One very characteristic article of furniture in every Newnham room is the oak bureau — "burry" — which besides serving as a writing table possesses the most astonishing capacity for receiving anything and everything.

It is not all work and no play at Newnham; and the hours are admirably arranged to afford plenty of opportunity for both. A gong sounds at 8 A. M. for prayers; as a rule the majority of the students appear, though attendance is not compulsory. At about twenty minutes past eight breakfast is served, and at this time any one peeping in would look upon a very animated scene. Every one seems bright in the morning, and the gayest laughs are heard every minute from one or other of the merry parties which are congregated at the various little tables studded over the dining-hall. At 9 A. M. breakfast is cleared away, and, as a rule, there is a grand rush made by the late comers just at the last. If students are tired or unwell they may have the meal taken to their own rooms.

From 9 A. M. to 12.30 P. M., from 3.30 to 6.30 P. M., and from 8 to 10 P. M. are work hours, during which students are expected to be as quiet as possible, and there are justices of the peace (students nominated by their colleagues) to maintain order. Luncheon is an informal meal; it is ready at half-past twelve and students drop in as they like up to about two o'clock. In the interval between 12.30 and 3.30 P. M. the students set off for long walks, or they crowd to the tennis and fives courts; wet or fine, every one tries to go out somewhere.

[1] Twenty years ago, when Miss Fawcett was only a year and a half old, one of the first meetings held to discuss the establishment of Newnham College met in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing-room, in Cambridge, and was presided over by Professor H. Sidgwick.— E. F.

On wet days the gymnasium is a great resort. There are numbers of tennis courts, both of grass and cinder. The latter dry so quickly that students are able to play all the year round.

Afternoon tea is laid in the dining-halls and is obtainable from 3 to 4.30 or 5 P. M. Some prefer to have it in their own rooms; they then provide it themselves, and often ask friends from the town to join them.

The hours from 3.30 to 6.30 P. M. are considered the best time for work. During the morning a great deal of time is taken up with lectures; these generally cease at 1 to 2 P. M.; few are given in the afternoon.

Of course it is quite optional whether students work during "work hours" or not — they suit their own convenience; many prefer, especially during the summer months, to take the whole afternoon to themselves, and work only morning and evening. It depends a good deal on the subject the student is reading. Some subjects require more hours than others. As a rule mathematical students are able to read a much shorter time than those who are taking natural science or history, and they have consequently more time at their disposal. As a general rule the average number of hours devoted to reading is about six; many students work eight hours a day, particularly those who have to spend much time in the laboratories; others only four or five.

Dinner, the formal meal of the day, is served at 6.30 P. M., and the students are all expected to assemble at once. Though evening dress is not *de rigueur*, most of the students endeavor to appear in a change of dress. The students have no special places allotted to them; they may sit where they like; but in each hall there is "the high table," where the principal or vice-principal sits, and to which it is considered an honor to be invited.

The other larger dining-tables are, as a rule, presided over by resident lecturers; this is a capital arrangement, for it gives the students an opportunity of becoming intimate with them.

Immediately after dinner, especially in the winter terms, most of the societies hold their meetings. These are numerous and various; some are small, and include a few students from one hall, such as the Browning Society; some are larger, and include all the students from one hall, such as the Musical Society of Old Hall; others include all the students belonging to the college. Of these last the most conspicuous are the Debating Society and the Political Club. Debates are held usually twice a term, and, as a rule, the whole evening is devoted to them. The subject to be discussed is known to the students some days before the debate takes place. As a rule abstract questions are the favorites; but now and then a very practical subject is brought before the house — such, for instance, as on the bringing up of children. The following are a few of the subjects of debate during the past year, together with the majorities by which the proposals were carried:

1. That the influence of fashion is morally, intellectually, æsthetically, and socially wrong. Carried by 4.
2. That it is well for most people to cultivate a good opinion of themselves. Carried by 39.
3. That people with one-sided views only are necessary to the accomplishment of any great reform. Lost by 46.
4. That in order to think more we should read less. Lost by 54.

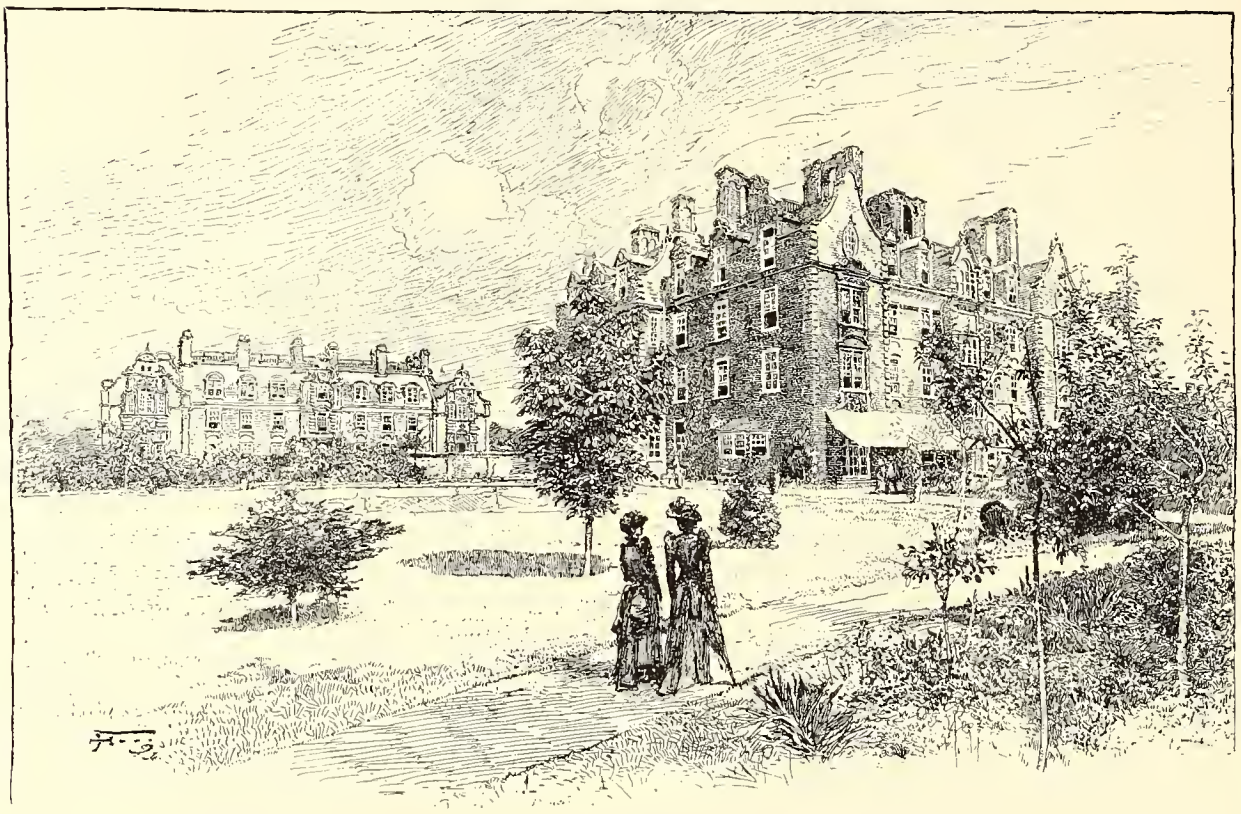
About once a year an intercollegiate debate is held between Girton and Newnham, and there is generally great excitement on the occasion.

The Political Club meets once a week during the winter terms; it is the most flourishing of all the societies. At present, I believe, there is a very strong Conservative element in the House; but in my time the Liberals were in an overwhelming majority. The House is supposed to sit only from 7 to 8 P.M., but often the excitement becomes so great that it does not break up till later. Visitors may obtain an

KING'S COLLEGE BRIDGE, OVER THE CAM.

entrance by procuring a card of admission from a member of the Cabinet. While I was at Newnham arrangements were made for any special news to be telegraphed direct to the college, so that the students might not have to wait until the morning papers came in. This was often the cause of a good deal of excitement. One evening during one of the meetings of the Political Club, news arrived of the fall of Kartoum. The confusion and dismay which followed are not to be described.

To become a cabinet minister is a very serious undertaking, as it often means devoting evening after evening to the consideration of some important measure. Once a week the interval between dinner and tea, 7 to 8 P.M., is devoted to dancing. The largest hall is laughing and talking. This is the great time for social gatherings—"cocoas," as they are called. The hostess provides cocoa and cakes, and the guests amuse themselves according to taste. As a rule serious discussions are tabooed, and games and songs are the order of the day.



SIDGWICK HALL. OLD HALL.

cleared, and is nearly always well filled. The dance is looked forward to with great pleasure, and the students seem to enjoy it most thoroughly. A large room, perfect floor, good music, and a partner whose step suits one's own exactly—surely these afford scope for real enjoyment, even though the said partner does not wear a black coat.

The Newnham College Choral Society sets apart one evening in the week for a practice which is conducted by Dr. Mann, organist of King's College, Cambridge. The society generally entertains the students with a small concert once or twice a year, and in the Lent term a larger one is given, to which friends of both sexes are invited.

From 8.30 to 10 P. M. silence reigns. At about ten minutes to ten bells ring out from the neighboring colleges, Selwyn and Ridley, and this is usually the signal for a general closing of books. At ten o'clock precisely, the lights in the corridors are turned out; there is a general opening and shutting of doors, and most of the students are seen hurrying along in their dressing-gowns (which are usually elaborate and more like tea-gowns) towards some room from whence proceed lively sounds of Sometimes, in the midst of one of these lively gatherings the guests are suddenly dispersed in all directions by the sound of the fire-alarm. Some belong to the fire-brigade, and have to be at their posts in an instant; the rest have to fly to their rooms to shut the windows and doors. The fire-brigade practises two or three times a term, but it is only very occasionally that an "alarm practice" is held, and then, fortunately, it occurs during the evening, and not in the early morning.

At 11 P. M. all is quiet again. Students are now supposed to retire to their rooms; or, if they do remain with their friends, they are expected to talk very quietly. Of course it frequently happens during the course of the day that a student wishes to remain undisturbed in her room; in this case she pulls out a little card with "Engaged" on it, which is fitted in her door. No one attempts to go near so long as this is out.

A tennis tournament is held between Newnham and Girton once or twice a year; and in the long vacation Girton and Newnham play against Lady Margaret and Somerville of Oxford. As a rule this university match is held in the vicinity of London; one year,

I know, it was held at Croydon, and another at Harrow.

Such, then, is the general every-day life of Newnham College; but it is rare for a week to pass without bringing some fresh interest in its train. If nothing particular takes place outside the college walls (there are generally lectures, political meetings, or concerts to go to in the town), the students are not slow to make amusements for themselves. For instance, let them come down some Friday morning feeling that things have been rather dull for the last few days, and on looking at the notice-board on their way to breakfast they will find that for the next few hours their ingenuity will be taxed to the utmost in preparing a costume for "A fancy dress ball, to be held on Saturday evening at ten o'clock"—short notice! But it is purposely arranged that the students should not devote too much time, thought, or money to the affair. When the night itself arrives, it is quite astonishing how wonderfully well every one looks.

If students feel they want a change at any time, they are quite at liberty to visit their friends in the town. They are also allowed to invite a friend to stay with them in college for a few days, at a small nominal charge; or they may invite one to dinner under the same conditions. A great feature in Cambridge social life is, of course, the "kettledrum." The "dons" of the various colleges are quite adepts in the art of holding these afternoon teas; it seems natural to see them put out their cakes, brew their tea, and then preside over the table. They frequently invite the Newnham and Girton students to join their parties, and such invitations (which may be accepted if there is a duly qualified chaperon present) usually mean a very pleasant afternoon, for, if in the summer time, the hour or so after tea is usually spent in wandering through the college grounds, which are for the most part really delightful—with their long, shady avenues and beautifully kept lawns sloping gradually down to the river.

Once a year, February 24, the students assemble to commemorate the day on which "the graces" were granted to the college—the day on which women were formally admitted to the university examinations. This is a grand occasion; after dinner the students rise *en masse* to cheer the names of the founders of the college, and of those most active in promoting its interests. There is generally a concert or dance during the evening, and the festivities close with a verse of "Auld Lang Syne" sung with a will.

There are no special rules as to the way Sunday should be kept, though the principal prefers to know whether students attend any place of worship, and if so, which one they go to. On Sunday morning the majority attend King's College Chapel, which is kindly thrown open to the women students. A great many also go to the afternoon services held in the same chapel. At one time there was a current opinion that the women students of Cambridge possessed few, if any, religious beliefs. That is certainly not the case now, nor was it so when I first went there six or seven years ago. Certainly, students are thrown greatly upon their own resources; which is one reason why very young girls should not be sent to college. Questions are raised, and points discussed, which, if one is not sufficiently experienced to deal skilfully with, are apt to puzzle and overwhelm. Still, in the majority of cases I fancy the student feels all the stronger for being obliged to think matters out for herself; and we must all agree that we cannot go through life without, sooner or later, being brought face to face with vital problems, which, whether at college or at home, have to be dealt with alone. To those who fancy that at college questions such as I have referred to are dealt with roughly, I simply say that such is not the case; they are treated as reverently as elsewhere.

What strikes one as most characteristic of Newnham is the ease with which the students turn from work to play, from play to work, and the energy they throw into both. At one moment the halls are alive with sounds of music and laughter; the next moment a dead silence reigns.

One is frequently met with the question: "Well—but what is the good of all this advanced education—to what does it all tend—what do the students do after they have left college?"

Is not this question a short-sighted one? Is it not through the exertions of those who have the higher education of women most at heart, that the entire school system of Great Britain and Ireland has been improved? Is it not from the chief centers of the advanced education movement that well-trained women are drawn to fill the schools, not only at home, but abroad, in India, Australia, the United States, South Africa, and Japan—whose teaching influences not only the children themselves, but, indirectly, society at large?

Besides taking up the profession of teaching, women are entering the fields of medicine, of art, and literature. The peculiar fitness of women for certain medical work is being gradually acknowledged; only recently two women doctors have been appointed medical officers to the female post-office clerks of London and Liverpool. Some of the women graduates have devoted themselves to research, and the Royal Society has accepted and printed papers writ-

ten by them. A year or two ago a number of university women formed a settlement at Southwark, in the southeast of London. Here they endeavor to provide teaching and amusement for the poor children of the district. But it is not necessary that a woman graduate should enter upon public duties in order to make the most of the advantages she has enjoyed. There is a wide field for quiet, unobtrusive work at home; a capable woman, trained to habits of self-control and self-reliance, must always be a useful member of society.

A great deal is said about the overstrain of college life, and about the ill-health which the higher education of women engenders. During a residence of four years at Newnham College I was particularly struck with the average good health enjoyed by the students. Since then a most careful census has been taken of students past and present, which goes far to prove that the higher education is not detrimental to health; and, indeed, the arrangements at the large colleges provide such opportunities for recreation that it is only very exceptional students who are likely to overwork. And surely, all will agree that a regular life, with plenty of occupation and good healthy pursuits, must be an enviable one; and that it must be more beneficial than otherwise for once in a lifetime to have to work steadily on towards one goal, to reach which all the best energies must be concentrated in one honest effort.

Eleanor Field.

NOTE ON THE HEALTH OF WOMEN STUDENTS.

THE Sixteenth Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor contained some interesting data, furnished by the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, in regard to the health of American female college graduates. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the Superintendent of the Bureau, summed up the statistics in these conservative words: "It is sufficient to say that the female graduates of our colleges and universities do not seem to show as the result of their college studies and duties any marked difference in general health from the average health likely to be reported by an equal number of women engaged in other kinds of work." At that time the only data relating to the health of a distinct class of women, that were available for purposes of comparison, were a report on the working women of Boston. Five years have passed since this report appeared, and we are now presented with some English statistics on the same subject, which in some respects are more valuable than the American report which suggested them.

"Health Statistics of Women Students of Cambridge and Oxford, and their Sisters," is the title of a pamphlet issued by the University Press, Cambridge, 1890, and edited by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, the secretary of a special committee which undertook to secure scientific data as to the "effect of a university course of study on the health of women." For good reasons, not in any way detracting from the results, the inquiries were confined to students of Newnham and Girton Colleges at Cambridge, and of Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls at Oxford. These students fall into four classes: first, and most important those who have resided in college three or more years, and have read for Tripos Examinations at Cambridge, and for Final Examination Schools at Oxford; these "*honor students*" may fairly be compared to those who were put down in the American report as having "studied severely"; second, students who resided for three years or more, but did not try for honors; third, students who resided for two years; fourth, students who resided for one year. There are three terms in a year at the English universities, and students who took less than three terms were omitted altogether.

To these picked women, the majority of them devoted both before and after college life to intellectual work of a more or less laborious nature, schedules were sent containing, besides the direct query, "Has your health been *a* excellent, *b* good, *c* fair, *d* poor, *e* bad, between the ages of three and eight years, eight and fourteen years, fourteen and eighteen years, at the time of entering college, during college life, and since leaving college," tabulated queries as to family health, as to individual history before going to college, as to conditions of college life, and as to history after leaving college. The object of these questions was mainly to throw light on all causes other than study that might have affected health.

An identical schedule of questions (omitting those about college life) was also sent to each student to be filled up by, or for, *the sister* (or lacking a sister, a first cousin) *nearest her in age*, who had attained the age of twenty-one and had not been to college. In this way was obtained "a parallel series of statistics, with which to compare those about the students—a feature in our inquiry which we think greatly adds to its value."

Elaborate and detailed tables (41 in number) have been carefully made up from the 562 answers received to the 663 schedules sent out. The answers received in the United States amounted to a little over half of those solicited, so that our English sisters have shown a commendable willingness to have the question looked into as thoroughly as possible. Indeed, of the 136 women honor students from Newnham, 130 answered; furthermore, in order to show that the percentage of answers withheld would not have materially affected the average, the Secretary was able, from her personal knowledge of the six women who made no answer, to give the missing health facts in their special cases.

The following condensed and representative table, showing the percentage who have enjoyed different degrees of health at different periods, will, we believe, sufficiently indicate the character of the investigation, and illustrate the comparative position which college training may be claimed to hold among influences that affect the health of women:

ALL HONOR STUDENTS. TOTAL NUMBER 269.

	Excellent or good, per cent.	*Fair, per cent.*	*Poor, bad or dead, per cent.*
From 3 to 8 years of age..	71.26	16.86	11.80
From 8 to 14 " " ..	69.78	20.15	10.07
From 14 to 18 " " ..	66.54	23.79	9.67
At time of entering college..	74.35	17.47	8.18
During college life	67.66	22.68	9.66
Present health	74.72	18.96	6.32

SISTERS OF ALL HONOR AND OTHER THREE YEAR STUDENTS. TOTAL NUMBER 264.

From 3 to 8 years of age..	65.87	12.70	21.43
From 8 to 14 " " ..	65.12	18.60	16.28
From 14 to 18 " " ..	56.44	29.17	14.39
From 18 to 21 " " ..	60.61	24.62	14.77
Present health	60.99	27.65	11.36

It appears from this table that throughout life the students in the aggregate maintain a higher standard of health than their sisters. Of this fact, two possible explanations are suggested, that a higher average of physical vigor is implied in the desire to go to college, and that the healthier members of a family are, on the average, expected to obtain remunerative work, and accordingly to prepare themselves for it. But how are we to account for the temporary depression of average health at college? For although the health of students is better than that of their non-college sisters, it shows a deterioration from their own standard, both before and after the period of college life. There seems little doubt that a large part of this loss must be ascribed to the effect of "*worry* over personal and family affairs." A similar connection between health and worry was indicated in the American Statistics.

No part of the report is more interesting than that portion dealing with the occupations of both the students and their sisters. It does not seem unreasonable to assert that a very positive relation exists between congenial intellectual occupation and good health, and that there is an equally direct although subtle one between desultory and untrained (even when ardent) efforts and much of the indifferent health of women of the upper and middle classes. The tables prove that 77 per cent. of all the students and 83 per cent. of the honor students have engaged in educational work since leaving college, while less than one-half the proportional number of their sisters have done so, and "for a much larger number of sisters than of students no regular occupation at all is reported."

The difference in the rate of marriage of students and of their sisters is unimportant, if we take the end of the college life of the former as the starting-point for the comparison, as a certain number of the sisters marry while the students are at college. Taking the students and the sisters together, as a fairly representative group of women from the English professional classes, we must face the serious conclusion that a large proportion of these women do not marry at all. We find, however, that there are fewer childless marriages among the students than among the sisters, that there is a slightly larger proportion of still-born children among both than among the average population, but, "on the other hand, that the proportion of deaths among children born alive is smaller than ordinary, especially in the case of the children of students." Of the married students nearly 78 per cent. enjoy excellent or *good* health, whereas but 62 per cent. of their married sisters are equally fortunate, and the students' children are healthier than those of the sisters. Although such a statement may seem superfluous in this age of physical culture, the report reveals the fact that among the women of both divisions, those who during their school life enjoyed much out-of-door exercise and amusements showed the benefit of such robust physical preparation for the stress and strain of mature life, by a better standard of health.

Of course broad and certain conclusions cannot be drawn from tentative and numerically small statistics. Nevertheless, such are the facts so far collated. That any serious alarm as to the effect of University education on the health of women is groundless, is clearly shown by the fact that the net amount of increase in good present health, as compared with health between fourteen and eighteen years of age, is greater in the health of students than of their sisters.

A final word of comparison between the English and American statistics:

The average health of the American college student seems to be higher than that of her English compeer (probably accounted for by certain college physical conditions), but the American student who has "studied severely" does not appear to recover as high a tone after leaving college as the English woman. The proportion of Americans who report *bad* health on entering college is 25 per cent., of English women only 8 per cent. Such figures throw a side-light on the ordinary hygienic condition of American well-to-do homes. While a large proportion of American college graduates marry, a larger proportion are childless. A smaller proportion of them are engaged in educational work — in other words, more American college-bred women are absorbed in the home and philanthropic work of the nation, and so act as an invaluable leaven.

Catherine Baldwin.

A SPRING ROMANCE.

THE yellow March sun lay powerfully on the bare Iowa prairie, where the plowed fields were already turning warm and brown, and only here and there in a corner or on the north side of the fence did the sullen drifts remain, and they were so dark and low that they hardly appeared to break the mellow brown of the fields.

There passed also an occasional flock of geese, cheerful harbingers of spring, and the prairie-chickens had set up their morning symphony, wide-swelling, wonderful with its prophecy of the new birth of grass and grain and the springing life of all breathing things. The crow passed now and then, uttering his resonant croak, but the crane had not yet sent forth his bugle note.

Lyman Gilman rested on his ax-helve at the wood-pile of farmer Bacon to listen to the music around him. In a vague way he was powerfully moved by it. He heard the hens singing their weird, raucous, monotonous song, and saw them burrowing in the dry chip-dust near him. He saw the young colts and cattle frisking in the sunny space around the straw-stacks, absorbed through his bare arms and uncovered head the heat of the sun, and felt the soft wooing of the air so much that he broke into an unwonted exclamation:

"Glory! we 'll be seeding by Friday, sure."

This short and disappointing soliloquy was, after all, an expression of deep emotion. To the western farmer the very word "seeding" is a poem. And these few words, coming from Lyman Gilman, meant more and expressed more than many a large and ambitious spring-time song.

But the glory of all the slumbrous landscape, the stately beauty of the sky with its masses of fleecy vapor, were swept away by the sound of a girl's voice humming "Come to the Savior," while she bustled about the kitchen near by. The windows were open. Ah! what suggestion to these dwellers in a rigorous climate was in the first unsealing of the windows! How sweet it was to the pale and weary women after their long imprisonment!

As Lyman sat down on his maple log to hear better, a plump face appeared at the window, and a clear girl-voice said:

"Smell anything, Lyme?"

He snuffed the air. "Cookies, by the great horn spoons!" he yelled, leaping up. "Bring me some, an' see me eat; it 'll do ye good."

"Come an' get 'm," laughed the face at the window.

"Oh, it 's nicer out here, Merry Etty. What 's the rush? Bring me out some, an' set down on this log."

With a nod Marietta disappeared, and soon came out with a plate of cookies in one hand and a cup of milk in the other.

"Poor little man, he 's all tired out, ain't he?"

Lyme, taking the cue, collapsed in a heap, and said feebly, "Bread, bread!"

"Won't milk an ' cookies do as well?"

He brushed off the log and motioned her to sit down beside him, but she hesitated a little and colored a little.

"O Lyme, s 'pose somebody should see us?"

"Let 'em. What in thunder do we care? Sit down an' gimme a holt o' them cakes. I 'm just about done up. I could n't 'a' stood it another minute."

She sat down beside him with a laugh and a pretty blush. She was in her apron, and the sleeves of her dress were rolled to her elbows, displaying the strong, round arms. Wholesome and sweet she looked and smelled, the scent of the cooking round her. Lyman munched a couple of the cookies and gulped a pint of milk before he spoke.

"Whadda we care who sees us sittin' side b' side? Ain't we goin' t' be married soon?"

"Oh, them cookies in the oven!" she shrieked, leaping up and running to the house, looking back as she reached the kitchen door, however, and smiling with a flushed face. Lyme slapped his knee and roared with laughter at his bold stroke.

"Ho! ho! haar – whoop! did n't I do it slick? Ain't nothin' green in *my* eye, I guess." In an intense and pleasurable abstraction he finished the cookies and the milk. Then he yelled:

"Hey! Merry — Merry Etty!"

"Whadda ye want?" sang the girl from the window, her face still rosy with confusion.

"Come out here and git these things."

The girl shook her head, with a laugh.

"Come out an' git 'm, 'r by jingo I 'll throw 'em at ye! Come on, now!"

The girl looked at the huge, handsome fellow, the sun falling on his golden hair and beard, and came slowly out to him — came creeping along with her hand outstretched for the plate which Lyme, with a laugh in his sunny

blue eyes, extended at the full length of his bare arm. The girl made a snatch at it, but the giant's left hand caught her by the wrist, and away went cup and plate as he drew her to him and kissed her in spite of her struggles.

"My! ain't you strong!" she said half-ruefully and half-admiringly as she shrugged her shoulders. "If you 'd use a little more o' *that* choppin' wood, dad would n't 'a' lost s' much money by yeh."

Lyme grew grave.

"There 's the hog in the fence, Merry; what 's yer dad goin' t' say —"

"About what?"

"About our gitt'n' married this spring."

"I guess you 'd better find out what *I 'm* a-goin' t' say, Lyme Gilman, 'fore you pitch into dad."

"I *know* what you 're a-goin' t' say."

"No, y' don't."

"Yes, but I *do*, though."

"Well, ask me and see, if you think you 're so smart. Jest as like 's not you 'll slip up."

"All right; here goes. Marietty Bacon, ain't you an' Lyme Gilman goin' t' be married?"

"No, sir, we ain't," laughed the girl, snatching up the plate and darting away to the house, where she struck up "Weevily Wheat," and went busily on about her cooking. Lyme threw a kiss at her, and fell to work on his log with startling energy.

William Bacon was one of the richest farmers in Cedar County, and held half a dozen farms in Dry Run township. He was a giant in strength even now when his hair was getting grizzled, and his voice, like that of Jephthah, would quell a lion. Lyman, therefore, looked forward to his interview with the "old man" with as much trepidation as he had ever known, though commonly he had little fear of anything.

Marietta was not only the old man's only child but his housekeeper, his wife having long ago succumbed to the ferocious toil of the farm. It was reasonable to suppose, therefore, that he would surrender his claim on the girl reluctantly. Rough as he was, he loved Marietta strongly, and would find it exceedingly hard to get along without her.

Lyman mused on these things as he drove the gleaming ax into the huge maple logs. He was something more than the usual hired man, being a lumberman from the Wisconsin pineries, where he had sold out his interest in a camp not three weeks before the day he began work for Bacon. He had a nice "little wad o' money" when he left the camp and started for La Crosse, but he had been robbed in his hotel the first night in the city, and was left nearly penniless. It was a great blow to him, for, as he said, every cent of that money "stood fer hard knocks an' poor feed. When I smelt of it I could jest see the cold frosty mornin's and the late nights. I could feel the hot sun on my back like it was when I worked in the harvest-field. By jingo! It kind o' made my toes curl up."

But like the brave fellow that he was he went out to work again, and here he was chopping wood in old man Bacon's wood-yard, thinking busily on the scene which had just passed between him and Marietta.

"By jingo!" he said all at once, stopping short, with the ax on his shoulder. "If I had n't 'a' been robbed I would n't 'a' come here — I never 'd met Merry. Thunder and jimson root! Was n't that a narrow 'scape?"

And then he laughed so heartily that the girl looked out of the window again to see what in the world he was doing. He had his hat in his hand and was whacking his thigh with it.

"Lyman Gilman, what in the world ails you to-day? It 's perfectly ridiculous the way you yell and talk t' y'rself out there on the chips. You beat the hens, I declare if you don't."

Lyme put on his hat and walked up to the window, and, resting his great bare arms on the sill, and his chin on his arms, said:

"Merry, I 'm goin' t' tackle dad this afternoon. He 'll be settin' up the new seeder, and I 'm goin' t' climb right on the back of his neck. He 's jest *gut* t' give me a chance."

Marietta looked sober in sympathy.

"Well. P'raps it 's best t' have it over with, Lyme, but someway I feel kind o' scarey about it."

Lyme stood for a long time looking in at the window, watching the light-footed girl as she set the table in the middle of the sun-lighted kitchen floor. The kettle hissed, the meat sizzled, sending up a delicious odor, a hen stood in the open door and sang a sort of cheery half-human song, while to and fro moved the sweet-faced, lithe, and powerful girl, followed by the smiling eyes at the window.

"Merry, you look purty as a picture. You look just like the wife I be'n a-huntin' for all these years, sure 's shootin'."

Marietta colored with pleasure.

"Does dad pay you t' stand an' look at me an' say pretty things t' the cook?"

"No, he don't. But I 'm willin' t' do it without pay. I could jest stand here till kingdom come an' look at you — Hello! I hear a wagon. I guess I better hump into that wood-pile."

"I think so too. Dinner 's most ready, and pap 'll be here soon."

Lyme was driving away furiously at a tough elm log when farmer Bacon drove into the yard with a new seeder in his wagon. Lyme whacked away busily while Bacon stabled the team, and

in a short time Marietta called in long-drawn, musical fashion —

"Dinner-r-r!"

After sozzling their faces at the well the two men went in and sat down at the table. Bacon was not much of a talker at any time, and at meal-time, in seeding, eating was the main business in hand; therefore the meal was a silent one, Marietta and Lyme not caring to talk on general topics. The hour was an anxious one for her and an important one for him.

"Wal, now, Lyme, seedin' 's the nex' thing," said Bacon as he shoved back his chair and glared around from under his bushy eyebrows. "We can't do too much this afternoon. That seeder 's got t' be set up an' a lot o' seed wheat cleaned up. You unload the machine while I feed the pigs."

Lyme sat still till the old man was heard outside calling "Poo-ee, poo-ee" to the pigs in the yard, then he smiled at Marietta, but she said:

"He 's got on one of his fits, Lyme; I don't b'lieve you 'd better tackle him t'-day."

"Don't you worry; I 'll fix him. Come, now, give me a kiss."

"Why, you great thing! You — took —"

"I know, but I want you to *give* me 'em. Jest walk right up to me an' give me a smack t' bind the bargain we 've made."

"I ain't made no bargain," laughed the girl. Then feeling the force of his tender tone, "Will you behave, and go right off to your work?"

"Jest like a little man — hope t' die!"

"*Lyme!*" roared the old man from the barn.

"Hello!" replied Lyme, grinning joyously and winking at the girl, as much as to say, "This would paralyze the old man if he saw it."

He went out to the shed where Bacon was busy as serene as if he had not a fearful task on hand. He was apprehensive that the father would "gig back" unless rightly approached, and so he waited a good opportunity.

The right opening seemed to present itself along about the middle of the afternoon. Bacon was down on the ground under the machine tightening some burs. This was a good chance for two reasons. In the first place the keen, almost savage, eyes of Bacon were no longer where they could glare on him, and in spite of his cool exterior Lyme had "jest as soon not" have the old man looking at him.

Then, besides, the old farmer had been telling about his "river eighty," which was without a tenant; the man who had taken it, having lost his wife, had grown disheartened and had given it up.

"It 's an almighty good chance for a man with a small family. Good house an' barn, good land. A likely young feller with a team an' a woman could do tiptop on that eighty. If he wanted more, I 'd let him have an eighty j'inin' —"

"I 'd like t' try that m'self," said Lyme, as a feeler. The old fellow said nothing in reply for a moment.

"Ef you had a team an' tools an' a woman I 'd jest as leef you 'd have it as anybody."

"Sell me your blacks, and I 'll pay half down, the balance in the fall. I can pick up some tools, and as fur a woman, Merry Etty an' me have talked that over to-day. She 's ready to — ready to marry me whenever you say, now."

There was an ominous silence under the seeder, as if the man could not believe his ears.

"What 's — what 's that?" he stuttered. "Who 'd you say? What about Merry Etty?"

"She 's agreed to marry me."

"The —— you say!" roared the old bear as the truth burst upon him. "So that 's what you do when I go off to town and leave you to chop wood. So you 're goin' to get married, hey?"

He was now where he could see Lyme, glaring up into his smiling blue eyes. Lyme stood his ground.

"Yes, sir. That 's the calculation."

"Well, I guess I 'll have somethin' t' say about that," nodding his head violently.

"I rather expected y' would. Blaze away. Your privilege — my bad luck. Sail in ol' man. What 's y'r objection to me fer a son-in-law?"

"Don't you worry, young feller. I 'll come at it soon enough," went on Bacon as he turned up another bur in a very awkward corner. In his nervous excitement the wrench slipped, banging his knuckle.

"Ouch! Thunder-m-m-m!" howled and snarled the wounded man.

"What 's the matter? Bark yer knuckle?" queried Lyme, feeling a mighty impulse to laugh. But when he saw the old savage straighten up and glare at him he sobered. Bacon was now in a frightful temper. The veins in his great, bare, weather-beaten neck swelled dangerously.

"Jest let me say right here that I 've had enough o' you. You can't live on the same acre with my girl another day."

"What makes ye think I can't?" It was now the young man's turn to draw himself up, and as he faced the old man, his arms folded and each vast hand grasping an elbow, he looked like a statue of red granite, and the hands resembled the paws of a crouching lion; but his eyes smiled.

"I don't *think*, I know ye won't."

"What 's the objection to me?"

"Objection? What 's the inducement? My hired man, an' not three shirts to yer back!"

"That 's another; I 've got four. Say, old man, did you ever work out fer a living?"

"That 's none o' yer business," growled Bacon, a little taken down. "I 've worked, an' scraped, an' got t'gether a little prop'ty here, an' they ain't no sucker like you goin' to come 'long here, an' live off me, an' spend my prop-'ty after I 'm dead. You can jest bet high on that."

"Who 's goin' t' live on ye?"

"You 're aimin' to."

"I ain't, neither."

"Yes, y' are. You 've loafed on me ever since I hired ye."

"That 's a——" Lyme checked himself for Marietta's sake, and the enraged father went on.

"I hired ye t' cut wood, an' you 've gone an' fooled my daughter away from me. Now you jest figger up what I owe ye, and git out o' here. Ye can't go too soon t' suit *me*."

Bacon was renowned as the "hardest man in Cedar County to handle," and though he was getting old, he was still a terror to his neighbors when roused. He was honest, temperate, and a good neighbor until something carried him off his balance; then he became as cruel as a panther and as savage as a grizzly. All this Lyme knew, but it did not keep his anger down so much as did the thought of Marietta. His silence infuriated Bacon, who yelled hoarsely:

"Git out o' this!"

"Don't be in a rush, ol' man—"

With a curse Bacon hurled himself upon Lyme, who threw out one hand and seized his assailant by the collar, stopping him, while he said in a low voice:

"Stay right where you are, ol' man. I 'm dangerous. It 's fer Merry's sake—"

The infuriated father struck at him. Lyme warded off the blow, and with a sudden wrench and twist threw him with frightful force to the ground. Before Bacon could rise, Marietta, who had witnessed the scene, came flying from the house.

"Lyme! Father! What are you doing?"

"I—could n't help it, Merry. It was him 'r me," said Lyme, almost sadly.

"Dad, ain't you got no sense? What 're you thinking of? You jest stop right now. I won't have it."

He rose while she clung to him. It was the first time he had ever been thrown, and he could not but feel a certain respect for his opponent, but he could not give way.

"Pack up yer duds," he snarled, "an' git off'n my land. I 'll have the money for ye when ye come back. I 'll give ye jest five minutes to git clear o' here. Merry, you stay here."

The young man saw that it was useless to remain, as it would only excite the old man; and so, with a look of apology, not without humor, at Marietta, he went to the house to get his valise. The girl wept silently while the father raged up and down. His mood frightened her.

"I thought you had more sense than t' take up with such a dirty beggar."

"He ain't a beggar," she blazed forth, "and he 's just as good and clean as you are."

"Shut up! Don't let me hear another word out o' your head. I 'm boss here yet, I reckon."

Lyme came out with his valise in his hand.

"Good-by, Merry," he said cheerily. She started to go to him, but her father's rough grasp held her.

"Set *down*, an' stay there."

Lyme was going out of the gate.

"Here! Come and get y'r money," yelled the old man, extending some bills. "Here 's twenty—"

"Go to thunder with your money," retorted Lyme. "I 've had my pay for my month's work." As he said that he thought of the sunny kitchen and the merry girl, and his throat choked. Good-by to the sweet girl whose smile was so much to him, and to the happy noons and nights her eyes had made for him. He waved his hat at her as he stood in the open gate, and the sun lighted his handsome head into a sort of glory in her eyes. Then he turned and walked rapidly off down the road, not looking back.

The girl, when she could no longer see him, dashed away, and, sobbing violently, entered the house.

THERE was just a suspicion of light in the east, a mere hint of a glow, when Lyman walked cautiously around the corner of the house and tapped at Marietta's window. She was sleeping soundly and did not hear, for she had been restless during the first part of the night. He tapped again, and the girl woke without knowing what woke her.

Lyman put the blade of his pocket knife under the window and raised it a little, and then placed his lips to the crack, and spoke in a sepulchral tone, half groan, half whisper.

"Merry! Merry Etty!"

The dazed girl sat up in bed and listened, while her heart almost stood still.

"Merry, it 's me—Lyme. Come to the winder." The girl hesitated, and Lyman spoke again.

"Come, I hain't got much time. This is yer last chance t' see me. It 's now 'r never."

The girl slipped out of bed and, wrapping herself in a shawl, crept to the window.

"Boost on that winder," commanded Lyman. She raised it enough to admit his head, which came just above the sill; then she knelt on the floor by the window.

"Lyme, what in the world do you mean —"

"I mean business," he replied. "I ain't no last year's chicken; I know when the old man sleeps the soundest." He chuckled pleasantly.

"How d' y' fool ole Rove?"

"Never mind about that now, they 's somethin' more important on hand. You 've got t' go with me."

"O Lyme, I can't!"

He thrust a great arm in and caught her by the wrist.

"Yes, ye can. This is y'r last chance. If I go off without ye t'-night, I never come back. Why do ye pull back? Air ye 'fraid o' me?"

"N-no; but — but —"

"But what, Merry Etty?"

"It ain't right t' go an' leave dad all alone. Where ye goin' t' take me, anyhow?"

"Milt Jennings let me have his horse an' buggy; they 're down the road apiece, an' we 'll go right down to Rock River and be married by sun-up."

The girl still hesitated, her firm, boyish will unwontedly befogged. Resolute as she was, she could not at once accede to his demand.

"Come, make up your mind soon. The old man 'll fill me with buck-shot if he catches sight o' me." He drew her arm out of the window and laid his bearded cheek to it. "Come, little one, we was made fer each other; God knows it. Come! It 's him 'r me."

The girl's head dropped, consented.

"That 's right! Now a kiss to bind the bargain. There! What, cryin'? No more o' that, little one. Now I 'll give you jest five minutes t' git on your Sunday-go-t'-meetin' clo'es. Quick, there goes a rooster. It 's gittin' white in the east."

The man turned his back to the window and gazed at the western sky with a wealth of unuttered and unutterable exultation in his heart. Far off a rooster gave a long, clear blast — would it be answered in the barn? Yes; some wakeful ear had caught it, and now came the answer, but faint, muffled, and drowsy. The dog at his feet whined uneasily as if thinking all not well. The wind from the south was full of the wonderful odor of springing grass, warm, brown earth, and oozing sap. Overhead, to the west, the stars were shining in the cloudless sky, dimmed a little in brightness by the faint silvery veil of moisture in the air. The man's soul grew very tender as he stood waiting for his bride. He was a rough, illiterate man, yet there was something fine about him after all, a kind of simplicity and a gigantic leonine tenderness.

He heard his sweetheart moving about inside, and thought: "The old man won't hold out when he finds we 're married. He can't get along without her. If he does, why, I 'll rent a farm here, and we 'll go to work housekeepin'. I can git the money. She sha'n't always be poor," he ended, with a vow.

The window was raised again, and the girl's voice was heard low and tremulous:

"Lyme, I 'm ready, but I wish we did n't —"

He put his arm around her waist and helped her out, and did not put her down till they reached the road. She was completely dressed, even to her hat and shoes, but she mourned:

"My hair is every which way; Lyme, how can I be married so?"

They were nearing the horse and buggy now, and Lyme laughed. "Oh, we 'll stop at Jennings's and fix up. Milt knows what 's up, an' has told his mother by this time. So just laugh as jolly as you can."

Soon they were in the buggy, the impatient horse swung into the road at a rattling pace, and as Marietta leaned back in the seat, thinking of what she had done, she cried lamentably, in spite of all the caresses and pleadings of her lover.

But the sun burst up from the plain, the prairie-chickens took up their mighty chorus on the hills, robins met them on the way, flocks of wild geese, honking cheerily, drove far overhead towards the north, and, with these sounds of a golden spring day in her ears, the bride grew cheerful, and laughed.

At about the time when the sun was rising, Farmer Bacon, roused from his sleep by the crowing of the chickens on the dry knolls in the fields as well as by those in the barnyard, rolled out of bed wearily, wondering why he should feel so drowsy. Then he remembered the row with Lyme and his subsequent inability to sleep with thinking over it. There was a dull pain in his breast, which made him uncomfortable.

As was his usual custom, he went out into the kitchen and built the fire for Marietta, filled the tea-kettle with water, and filled the water-bucket in the sink. Then he went to her bedroom door and knocked with his knuckles as he had done for years in precisely the same fashion.

Rap — rap — rap. "Hello, Merry! Time t' git up. Broad daylight, an' birds a-singin'."

Without waiting for an answer he went out to the barn and worked away at his chores. He took such delight in the glorious morning and the turbulent life of the farmyard that his heart grew light and he hummed a tune which sounded like the merry growl of a lion. "Poo-ee, poo-ee," he called to the pigs as they swarmed across the yard.

"Ahrr! you big, fat rascals, them hams o' yourn is clear money. One o' ye shall go t' buy Merry a new dress," he said as he

glanced at the house and saw the smoke pouring out the stove-pipe. "Merry 's a good girl; she 's stood by her old pap when other girls 'u'd 'a' gone back on 'im."

While currying the horses he went all over the ground of the quarrel yesterday, and he began to see it in a different light. He began to see that Lyme Gilman was a good man and an able man, and that his own course was a foolish one.

"When I git mad," he confessed to himself, "I don't know anythin'. But I won't give her up. She ain't old 'nough t' marry yet — and, besides, I need her."

Having got his chores done as usual, he went to the well and washed his face and hands, then entered the kitchen — to find the tea-kettle boiling over, and no signs of breakfast anywhere and no sign of the girl.

"Well, I guess she felt sleepy this mornin.' Poor gal! Mebbe she cried half the night."

"Merry!" he called gently at her door. "Merry, m' gal! Pap needs his breakfast."

There was no reply, and the old man's face stiffened into a wild surprise. He knocked heavily again, and got no reply, and with a white face and shaking hand he flung the door open and gazed at the empty bed. His hand dropped to his side; his head turned slowly from the bed to the open window; he rushed forward and looked out on the ground, where he saw the tracks of a man.

He fell heavily into the chair by the bed, while a deep groan broke from his stiff and twitching lips.

"She 's left me! She 's left me!"

For a long half-hour the iron-muscled old man sat there motionless, hearing not the songs of the hens or the birds far out in the brilliant sunshine. He had lost sight of his farm, his day's work, and felt no hunger for food. He did not doubt that her going was final. He felt that she was gone from him forever. If she ever came back it would not be as his daughter, but as the wife of Gilman. She had deserted him, fled in the night like a thief; his heart began to harden again, and he rose stiffly. His native stubbornness began to assert itself, the first great shock over, and he went out to the kitchen, and prepared as best he could a breakfast, and sat down to it. In some way his appetite failed him, and he fell to thinking over his past life, of the death of his wife, and the early death of his only boy. He was still trying to think what his life would be in the future without his girl when two carriages drove into the yard. It was about the middle of the forenoon, and the prairie-chickens had ceased to boom and squawk; in fact, that was why he knew that he had been sitting two hours at the table. Before he could rise he heard swift feet and a merry voice. Then Marietta burst through the door.

"Hello, pap! How you makin' out with break —" She saw a look on his face that went to her heart like a knife. She saw a lonely and deserted old man sitting at his cold and cheerless breakfast, and with a remorseful cry she ran across the floor and took him in her arms, kissing him again and again, while Mr. John Jennings and his wife stood in the door.

"Poor ol' pap! Merry could n't leave you. She 's come back to stay as long as he lives."

The old man remained cold and stern. His deep voice had a raucous note in it as he pushed her away from him, noticing no one else.

"But how do you come back t' me?"

The girl grew rosy, but she stood proudly up.

"I come back a wife of a *man*, pap; a wife like my mother, an' this t' hang beside hers"; and she laid down a rolled piece of parchment.

"Take it an' go," growled he; "take yer lazy lubber an' git out o' my sight. I raised ye, took keer o' ye when ye was little, sent ye t' school, bought ye dresses,— done everythin' fer ye I could, 'lowin' t' have ye stand by me when I got ol',— but no, ye must go back on yer ol' pap, an' go off in the night with a good-f'r-nothin' houn' that nobuddy knows anythin' about — a feller that never done a thing fer ye in the world —"

"W'at did you do fer mother that she left *her* father and mother and went with you? How much did you have when you took her away from her good home an' brought her away out here among the wolves an' Indians? I 've heard you an' her say a hundred times that you did n't have a chair in the house. Now why do you talk so t' me when I want t' git — when Lyme comes and asks for me?"

The old man was staggered. He looked at the smiling face of John Jennings and the tearful face of Mrs. Jennings, who had returned with Lyman. But his face hardened again as he caught sight of Lyme looking in at him. His absurd pride would not let him relent. Lyme saw it, and stepped forward.

"Ol' man, I want t' take a little inning now. I'm a fair, square man. I asked ye fer Merry as a man should. I told you I 'd had hard luck, when I first came here. I had five thousand dollars in clean cash stole from me. I hain't got a thing now except credit, but that 's good fer enough t' stock a little farm with. Now I wan' to be fair and square in this thing. You wan' to rent a farm; I need one. Let me have the river eighty, or I 'll take the whole business on a share of a third an' Merry Etty, and I to stay here with you jest as if nothin' 'd happened. Come, now, what d' y' say?"

There was something winning in the whole

bearing of the man as he stood before the father, who remained silent and grim.

"Or if you don't do that, why, there 's nothin' left fer Merry an' me but to go back to La Crosse, where I can have my choice of a dozen farms. Now this is the way things is standin'. I don't want to be underhanded about this thing —"

"That 's a fair offer," said Mr. Jennings in the pause which followed. "You 'd better do it, neighbor Bacon. Nobuddy need know how things stood; they were married in my house — I thought that 'u'd be best. You can't live without your girl," he went on, "any more 'n I could without my boy. You 'd better —"

The figure at the table straightened up. Under his tufted eyebrows his keen gray eyes flashed from one to the other. His hands knotted.

"Go slow!" went on the smooth voice of Jennings, known all the country through as a peacemaker. "Take time t' think it over. Stand out, an' you 'll live here alone without chick 'r child; give in, and this house 'll bubble over with noise and young ones. Now is short, and forever 's a long time to feel sorry in."

The old man at the table knitted his eyebrows, and a distorted, quivering, ghastly smile broke out on his face. His chest heaved, then he burst forth:

"Gal, yank them gloves off an' git me somethin' to eat — breakfus 'r dinner, I don't care which. Lyme, you infernal idiot, git out there and gear up them horses. What in thunder you foolin' around about hyer in seed'n'? Come, hustle, all o' ye!"

And then they shouted in laughter, while the cause of it all strode unsteadily but resolutely out towards the barn, followed by the bridegroom, who was laughing — silently.

Hamlin Garland.

TALLEYRAND REPLIES TO HIS ACCUSERS.

THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.[1]

TALLEYRAND AND THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

[THE young Duc d'Enghien, grandson of the Prince de Condé, was seized by order of Napoleon at his residence in Baden, hurried across the frontier, tried by court-martial in Vincennes, executed for treason the next morning, and buried in a grave which had been dug for him in anticipation of the verdict before the trial began. Talleyrand gave a ball the same night.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said: "The Duc d'Enghien only perished because Talleyrand feared the return of the Bourbons; and to-day the wretch is Prime Minister of Louis XVIII." Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," says that Napoleon, in a council of ministers, denounced Talleyrand for the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Talleyrand stood immovable, with his back against the chimneypiece, while Napoleon exclaimed with lively gesticulations, "You have pretended that you had nothing to do with the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Do you forget, then, that you advised it in writing?" Many French writers of the time have insisted on Talleyrand's complicity — among them Méneval, "Napoléon et Marie-Louise, souvenirs historiques"; Rœderer, "Mémoires"; and Nougarède de Fayet, "Recherches historiques sur le procès et la condamnation du Duc d'Enghien."

In this case, for the first time in the "Memoirs," Talleyrand makes a serious and detailed reply to an accusation against himself. The reply is a denial without proof, save in the way of adroit and plausible argument. The case is thus reduced almost to a choice between the word of Napoleon and the word of Talleyrand — a dilemma which only the gravity of the subject preserves from becoming ludicrous.

In the same chapter Talleyrand deals with the accusation of complicity in the plot for the assassination of Napoleon, but with scarcely more success. The evidence against him is certainly fragmentary and inconclusive; and he has probably succeeded in breaking down the credibility of Maubreuil. But the fact remains that the most amazing orders were given, putting practically the whole army under the orders of the agent of this plot whenever he chose to call on it. Who was powerful enough in the government at that time to give such orders over Talleyrand's head or without his knowledge? — WHITELAW REID.]

PARIS, January, 1824.

I FIND myself obliged to add some sentences to these memoirs with regret at having to recall a cruel and painful event which I was unwilling even to mention in the foregoing pages.

I have never deigned to answer the lying and injurious accusations which, in such times as those wherein I have lived, could not fail to be leveled at all who devoted themselves to great public matters. But there is some limit to this disdain, and when it is a question of

[1] Extracts from the Memoirs, printed in advance of the volumes by arrangement with Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., the English publishers. (See also THE CENTURY for January and February.)

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blood, silence — at least to posterity — is no longer possible. The vile and shamefully self-confessed crimes of my accusers would in ordinary cases be a sufficient denial of their accusations. But in the present case the nature of the events, their historic importance, the modicum of truth in these accounts, the greatness of the persons involved, the honor of my name and of my family, all force me to repel the crimes of blood with which passionate hatred and cupidity would bespatter me.

I have been accused by M. Savary, Duc de Rovigo, of being the instigator, and therefore the author, of the hideous crime of which he confesses himself to have been the instrument, and which was committed twenty years ago upon the person of Mgr. le Duc d'Enghien. Monsieur le Marquis de Maubreuil on his part pretends that I attempted to bribe him in 1814 to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon while on his way to the island of Elba. Madmen have strange hallucinations! This is all I ought to say about this last accusation, which is so ridiculous and senseless that it could only have been invented by a fool or a madman; but M. Savary is neither the one nor the other, and him I will first answer.

All the accusations which M. Savary makes are, indeed, lost in those of which he has accused himself. No man charged with a crime has ever more imprudently or more shamefully revealed himself. Shall we follow him to the depths into which he has voluntarily sunk to answer his foolish and false allegations? But these allegations fit in with some statements from another source. Writings coming from, or alleged to have come from, St. Helena have been published with the sole purpose of restoring a great and lost reputation by means of passionate and studied defamation of all contemporaneous celebrities. I find myself flattered by seeing my name continually associated with those of all the princes and all the ministers of our time. I can only feel proud that such a large part is reserved for me in the expressions of resentment whose dominant motive was to satisfy implacable and jealous hatreds, and to punish France for its past glory, its recent misfortunes, its present prosperity, and the hopes of its future. Nothing in these formless compilations, silly conversations, speeches full of vanity, pedantic dissertations, and defamatory calumniations can be brought as proof against any one in the world.

In these writings, as in the pamphlet of M. Savary, two letters of mine have been quoted. They are not faithfully reported. I will give them verbatim as they must be in the archives, and I still hold myself responsible for them. These letters do not represent the painful part of the duty I was then called upon to perform; I have nothing to hide in connection with this dreadful catastrophe, for my part in it has been made public, and if it inspires me with painful regret it leaves me with no remorse.

Let us recall the facts, which will be the best way to refute the lying imputations of M. Savary.

We know that at the end of 1803 and the beginning of 1804 there were several plots against the life of the First Consul.

In the first months of 1804 a suit was instituted against Georges, Pichegru, Moreau, and others. After investigations by the home police, some other plots were discovered abroad, and they naturally sought to make some connection between them. The Ministry of the General Police had been abolished for several months past, and one of the Councillors of State had the charge of this part of the administration and was thereby subject to the direction of the chief judge, Minister of Justice, M. Régnier. This minister made the following report to the First Consul on the 7th of March, 1804 (16 Ventôse, year XII):

CITIZEN FIRST CONSUL.

At Offenburg, Electorate of Baden, near the Rhine Provinces, there is a committee, paid by the British government. This committee consists of French *émigrés*, former general officers, chevaliers of St. Louis, etc. Its object is to excite troubles in the Republic, by all possible methods.

Its principal agent is an émigré called Mucey, a person long known by his intrigues and the implacable hate he has cherished towards his country.

This wretch is charged by the committee with introducing into France and widely circulating the incendiary mandates of rebel bishops, as well as all the infamous libels which are manufactured in foreign parts to the detriment of France and its government.

A person called Trident, postmaster at Kehl, is the man employed by the committee to forward their correspondence to his associates in Strasbourg. These associates are known, and orders have been given for their arrest.

But I do not think that we should stop at this measure. Public peace and the dignity of the nation and its head demand the destruction of this hot-bed of intriguers and conspirators in Offenburg, who impudently insult the Republic and its government at its very gates. Both should be avenged by prompt punishment.

I therefore propose, Citizen First Consul, that you demand from his Serene Highness the Elector of Baden the immediate extradition of Mucey, Trident, and their accomplices.

Salutation and respect.

(Signed) RÉGNIER.

Certified according to law:

Secretary of State,
HUGUES MARET.

The First Consul in communicating this report to me ordered me to transmit it to the Elector of Baden, and to ask for the extradition

of the persons mentioned in it. This is the note which I addressed on this subject to the Baron of Edelsheim, Minister of Foreign Affairs to his Serene Highness the Elector of Baden:

PARIS, the 19 Ventôse, Year XII.

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic, has the honor to forward to the Baron Edelsheim a copy of a report made by the Grand Judge to the First Consul. He begs his Excellency to submit this important document to His Serene Highness the Elector of Baden. His Serene Highness will find therein new and conspicuous proofs of the kind of warfare waged by the British government against France, and will be painfully surprised to find that in his own state, at Offenburg, there exists an association of French émigrés who are among the most active workers in these wicked conspiracies.

The undersigned is charged with formally demanding that the persons composing the committee of Offenburg should be arrested and delivered at Strasbourg to the French officers charged with the duty of receiving them, together with all their papers.

The official demand which the undersigned submits in this connection is derived from the official text of the first article of the treaty of Lunéville. And when the subject is a state conspiracy, the well-known facts of which have already excited the indignation of Europe, the relations of friendship and neighborliness existing between France and His Serene Highness the Elector do not allow us to doubt that he will be anxious to comply with the demands of the French government in carrying out this main article of the treaty of Lunéville, and to aid in other ways in unveiling the plot which threatens at once the life of the First Consul, the security of France, and the peace of Europe.

The undersigned is charged to demand that, by a general and irrevocable order, all the French émigrés should be sent away from the countries forming the Electorate of Baden. Their residence in that part of Germany nearest to France can only be a cause of anxiety and an occasion of disquiet, and for themselves an incitement to form intrigues by which England profits and which she extends and directs according to her own wicked plans.

If it is taken into account that the émigrés who are still out of France are all men in league against the present government of their former country, men whom no circumstances, no change could reconcile, and who are in a constant state of war against France, it is evident that they are persons who by the terms of the treaty of Lunéville ought not to find refuge nor protection in the German states. It is therefore proper that they should be rigidly excluded. But the well-known sentiments and principles of His Serene Highness the Elector are alone an assurance that he will be glad to banish from his states such dangerous men, and give an additional proof of the value which he attaches to the perfectly friendly relations which so many circumstances have contributed to establish between France and the Electorate of Baden.

The undersigned awaits with all confidence the decision of His Serene Highness the Elector in regard to the demands which he has been charged with forwarding, and takes the occasion to renew the assurance, etc.

This note and the enclosed document show that it was only upon data furnished by the police that the French government demanded the extradition of certain persons and the expulsion of others from the Electorate of Baden, and we will see that in fact the Minister of Foreign Affairs was not the source of the information which was the cause of the proceedings against the Duc d'Enghien.

My note was dispatched the tenth of March. Some hours later, at his order, I went to the First Consul. I found him in a state of violent agitation; he was reproaching M. Réal, Councilor of State, charged with the general administration of police,— who was present,— with not knowing that the Duc d'Enghien was at Ettenheim with General Dumouriez plotting against the security of the Republic and against his own life and that these plots had their principal center at Offenburg. Soon turning upon me he reproached me in the same manner, demanding how it was that the chargé d'affaires of France at Carlsruhe had not reported upon such facts. As soon as I could get a hearing, which was not easy as his rage was so great that he left no time to answer, I reminded him that the presence of the Duc d'Enghien in the Electorate of Baden had been long known to him; that he had even charged me to inform the elector that the prince might reside at Ettenheim; that as to the intrigues which were going on at Offenburg, the chargé d'affaires at Carlsruhe, M. Massias, might not have been cognizant of them or might have neglected to mention them in his correspondence, either because he regarded them as of little importance or because he feared to compromise the Baroness de Reich, who was, they said, a relation or connection of his wife's. I tried in vain to allay the anger of the First Consul. He showed us the reports of General Moncey, first inspector of gendarmes, which announced the presence of Dumouriez at Ettenheim. These reports, as indeed all of this kind, were founded more upon induction than upon facts — all but the presence of Dumouriez, which was stated definitely and which nevertheless was not true. But the First Consul was very much impressed by them, and nothing could shake his belief that these intrigues were directly connected with the plots which were then being followed up in Paris. He therefore immediately formed the fatal resolution to have French soldiers on Baden soil arrest all the émigrés who were at Offenburg

and at Ettenheim. He dictated himself the order to the Minister of War to carry out this resolve, and the duty fell upon me to inform the Elector of Baden, after the fact, of the measure which he had thought necessary. I therefore wrote to the Baron of Edelsheim the letter which I here insert.

PARIS, 20 Ventôse, XII.
11 March, 1804, 3 A. M.

M. LE BARON:

I had just addressed to you a note, the object of which was to demand the arrest of the committee of French émigrés resident in Offenburg, when the First Consul, by the arrest of the brigands which the English government has vomited upon France, as well as by the progress and result of the examinations here, has fully discovered the share which the English agents in Offenburg have taken in the horrible plots against his person and the peace of France. He also learned that the Duc d'Enghien and General Dumouriez were at Ettenheim, and as it is impossible that they should both be in this town without the permission of His Serene Highness the Elector, the First Consul sees with the deepest sorrow that a prince whom he was pleased to honor with the especial friendship of France should give refuge to his most cruel enemies, and allow them quietly to hatch such terrible plots.

In these extraordinary circumstances the First Consul has considered it his duty to send two small detachments to Offenburg and Ettenheim, and to seize there the instigators of a crime which, by its very nature, places those convicted of it outside the law. General Caulaincourt is charged with the orders of the First Consul in this affair. You may be assured that he will use, in executing them, all the consideration which His Serene Highness the Elector can desire. He will have the honor to transmit the letter which I have been charged to address to Your Excellency.

Accept, M. le Baron, etc.

In sending this letter to General Caulaincourt I wrote to him the following lines:

PARIS, 21 Ventôse, XII.
11 March, 1804.

GENERAL:

I have the honor to forward to you a letter for the Baron of Edelsheim, Prime Minister to the Elector of Baden. You will be kind enough to transmit it to him as soon as your expedition to Offenburg is accomplished. The First Consul charges me to tell you that if you are unable to get your troops into the States of the Elector, and if you learn that General Ordener has not been able to enter, this letter shall remain in your hands and not be delivered to the Elector. I am charged to request you especially to seize and bring back with you the papers of Madame de Reich.[1]

I have the honor to salute you.

[1] The Baroness Reich had already been arrested at Offenburg by the Baden officials, who had given her up to the French authorities, and she had been taken to Strasbourg with her papers.

I have given these three letters entire because they constitute the real and only part which I had in the wretched affair of the Duc d'Enghien.

It is enough to examine these letters in order to see how much I had to do with the whole affair. The First Consul had long known the presence of the Duc d'Enghien in the Electorate of Baden. The French chargé d'affaires at Carlsruhe had informed us of it in the name of the Elector of Baden, and he had answered that the inoffensive conduct of the Prince, which he reported, made his further sojourn there unobjectionable. The Minister of Foreign Affairs had had nothing whatever to do with the investigation which the French police carried on then in the provinces next to our Rhine frontier. These investigations were directed either by the prefect of Strasbourg, by the order of Councilor of State Réal, in charge of the general police of the Republic, or by the officers of gendarmes of the towns under orders from the first inspector of gendarmes, General Moncey. Réal and Moncey delivered directly to the First Consul the reports as they received them. I knew nothing of these matters until the First Consul informed me of them, when he had orders to give me. As may be seen I transmitted to Baron Edelsheim the report of the Grand Judge, M. Régnier, in which there was as yet no mention of the Duc d'Enghien. When on new information, whose authority I sought to invalidate, I received the peremptory order to write again to the Baron Edelsheim, it is not possible that my letter could have any part in the arrest of the prince, since it was written to announce the arrest to M. d'Edelsheim, after the arrest should have taken place. The letter to General Caulaincourt attests, moreover, that I made provision in case of failure to carry out this violation of the Baden territory, which proves that I was ignorant that the order given to the Minister of War to send troops into the Elector's territory was precise, imperative, and to be obeyed absolutely. Still more was I ignorant of the bloody deed decided upon in the mind of the First Consul.

I insist upon these facts, sustained by all the published and unpublished documents, because they form a complete refutation of all the affirmations and evil insinuations of M. Savary. Beyond these letters I was left in the most complete ignorance, and M. Savary himself, without knowing it, and assuredly against his will, has taken pains to attest the fact. In one of the most important paragraphs of his libel he attempts to prove that at that time the inquiries of the police did not extend beyond the frontier, and that my ministry was alone charged with outside matters, and yet he tells

us further on that the First Consul was ignorant of the very name and existence of the Duc d'Enghien, not fearing to strip his whole story of plausibility by such an absurd statement. He goes on to tell in the greatest detail all that Councilor Réal and the chief of police had concocted in the way of police stratagems and methods to get exact information about the residence, the absences, connections, correspondences, and travels of the unfortunate Prince. It is upon their reports and those of their agents that the fatal and disastrous step was taken, and never did I myself, nor the agents of my department in foreign countries, appear either in the preliminaries or the execution of any of these measures.

Councilor Réal and the First Consul both knew very well that such things were not in accordance with my character or the principles of my diplomacy; that my assistance was useless, and that it would be better for me to be ignorant of the whole matter.

As to the letters which I addressed to Baron Edelsheim, I do not think they need an apology, but, if they do, it is to be found in the official post which I held at the time, in the difficult position that great events had created for France, and, lastly, in the entirely new relations which these events had formed between the newly made government and the other governments of the Continent.

I may be allowed here to make some comment on the duty of men in high position at those unfortunate periods in which Providence chooses to separate violently the personal destiny of kings from that of their peoples. The king is absent, his future is hidden, his personal servants are allowed to remain with him and follow his fortune, partake of his misfortunes, his dangers, and his hopes; in leaving their native land they espouse irrevocably his cause, and I respect and admire their generous choice.

But for others the country remains; it has the right to be defended and governed; it has without a doubt another right, that of demanding from them the same services which they owed to it and gave to it before the absence of the king. This is the light in which I have seen my duty and regulated my conduct.

At this moment France was again engaged in a war with England, while at peace with the rest of the world. The duty of the Minister of Foreign Affairs was to do everything in his power, within the limits of justice and law, to keep that peace.

In this respect, no one knows how complicated was such a duty. Placed between timid and suspicious governments, apprehensive of danger, and all more or less reconciled to each other — and a powerful sovereign whose genius, character, and ambition were only too well calculated to inspire them with distrust and disquiet, the Minister of Foreign Affairs had need to keep equal vigilance with regard to the policy which he was obliged to moderate and that which he had to combat. His relations with the government of which he was the minister were often much more difficult and strained than they were with the governments which it was his duty to placate.

The letter to General Caulaincourt, which I have given above, throws a strong light upon this subject and proves distinctly that the First Consul had taken precautions against this kind of negotiation; and this fact alone proves that I had done all I could to stave off events which must bring to my ministry a long series of inextricable difficulties. My letters to the minister of the Elector of Baden are the prelude, and it must not be forgotten, if their true sense is to be apprehended, that I fortunately had only to justify those measures of which I was aware.

To urge a feeble prince not to incur the enmity of a powerful neighbor; to send away from the French frontier assemblages of enemies which could accomplish nothing against the established government except by imprudent attempts, as fatal to the peace of Europe as to that of France; lastly, to prevent any cause of misunderstanding between the French government and the adjacent countries — such is the object of the first letter. The second, it is true, justifies weakly an act which strikes directly at one of the main principles of public justice, and this I admit to be wrong; but it is one thing to attempt to make a plausible excuse for, and quite another matter to counsel such an act or help to carry it out. In this latter case there is crime; in the former an unfortunate, a painful necessity. I use too strong a term in using the word crime in regard to a simple violation of a neighboring territory. In the course of this war, and of every other war, much more serious ones were committed by the enemies of France and by France herself, and the governments which commanded them were not branded as criminal any more than the ministers who were charged with excusing them. In the present case there was a crime committed, but it was in the final result contemplated in the violation of a foreign territory, and I am excused by my ignorance of this intention. Here the crime consists in the fatal consequences following this violation. But has the accuser any right to assert, without proof, that I foresaw these consequences? Such horrible foresight is only possible to an accomplice.

I must add to my words above on the subject of the duties of men in power at extraordinary epochs. A man finds himself obliged to live and to work under a government which has no other sanction than that of the events

which have raised it to power, and the need of the people for the safeguard furnished by that power. There may arise emergencies when a man must weigh his duties with regard to the position in which he is placed. Has the government which you obey commanded you to commit a crime? Doubtless you must unhesitatingly refuse at all hazards, run the risk of disgrace, and prepare to meet the consequences. But if this government, without your aid, has rendered itself criminal? Here is a double hypothesis. If the crime violates public order, if it brings the country into great danger, if it tends to social disorganization, the contempt of law, the ruin of the state — no doubt you must resist so far as to shake off the yoke, and take arms against a power which has henceforth become the enemy of the country and has lost all right to govern.

But if the crime is isolated, limited in its object and in its effect; if its general result is only to blast the name of him who has committed it, and to hold up to public infamy the names of those who made themselves his agents, his executioners, and his accomplices, then we must feel bitter and inconsolable sorrow, and weep over such a mixture of greatness and weakness, of nobleness and baseness, of energy and perversity which nature occasionally is pleased to combine in a single character. But we must leave it to the justice of posterity to apportion that share of glory or infamy which is due. There is nothing forfeited in such crimes but the reputation of those who commit them, and if the laws of the country, the public morals, the security of the state and public order are not subverted, you must continue to serve.

If it were not so, imagine a government suddenly abandoned by every man in the country of honor, capacity, intelligence, and conscience, and all its departments flooded by the scum and dregs of the nation. What terrible results would follow such a state of things! And where would be the blame if not in the refusal to adhere to the principle which I have set forth; which principle justifies the help that the most sincere enemies of illegitimate governments are obliged deliberately to accord to these very governments? This principle compels them also to remain faithful to these governments so long as the law of society and the defense of the nation's rights against foreign encroachments are the results of their fidelity.

This is the apology for the entire French administration at this epoch. It must never be forgotten that shortly before this time the social order of the country and the political system abroad had been in a state of anarchy. The French administration put a stop to these excesses, and fulfilled this noble enterprise with zeal and success. History will be tasked to tell all that was done then to calm excited spirits, to curb wild passions, to bring back into the different departments order, regularity, moderation, and justice. A correct financial system, the establishment of prefectures, the formation on a good basis of large armies, the maintenance of highways, and the publication of the Civil Code date from this time and bear witness to the excellent service rendered by all branches of the military and civil administrations of France. The Concordat, the Peace of Amiens, the political organization of Italy, the Swiss mediation, the first attempts at German federation, show the activity, the wisdom, and the good standing of the administration which I had formed and which I directed. The rules of prudence and moderation which I had been at the greatest pains to establish, to maintain, and to defend were later disregarded, and my determination to resign at that time will exonerate me in the eyes of posterity from all responsibility for those later mistakes. But what was possible in 1807 was not feasible in 1804; it would have been deserting the duties which I felt I owed to my country. Indeed my view of the matter was common to many besides myself, and it may be remembered that not a voice was raised in the whole country to protest against the dreadful outrage of which the Duc d'Enghien was the victim. It is sad to say this, yet it is true, and can only be explained by the fear that filled every one of seeing that government shaken which had saved France from anarchy.

Whatever may be thought of these reflections, which I considered well founded, let us sum up the different points which belong to and which caused this deplorable affair, and repeat what concerns myself:

1. That it was not through the Minister of Foreign Affairs, therefore not through me, that the First Consul was informed of the real or exaggerated plots which were being concocted the other side of the Rhine.

2. That I had nothing to do with the entire affair of the Duc d'Enghien except, first, to transmit to the minister of the Elector of Baden the report of the Minister of Justice, and later to inform him, after the act, of the orders given to Generals Ordener and Caulaincourt — orders with which I had nothing to do and which I could not influence.

Now as to the judgment and execution of the Duc d'Enghien, it will not be difficult for me to show that I had absolutely nothing to do with it. As Minister of Foreign Affairs I had nothing to do with appointing a council of war, nor with the execution of which M. Savary so boldly accepts the responsibility. To maintain that I played a part in this bloody drama it must be supposed that deliberately,

and for pure love of blood, I thrust myself into it. If my character and antecedents do not shield me from such an infamous and odious suspicion, I might ask my accuser a question which he could answer better than any one else, and demand what interest I would have in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien? I had no part in any of the crimes of the Revolution. I had given too many proofs of my devotion to the order of things established by the First Consul to find it necessary to influence his passionate anger in order to obtain a confidence which I had possessed completely for five years. Posterity can judge between me and M. Savary and all who, like himself, have one motive or another in trying to throw upon me the responsibility of a crime which I deny with horror. I have not accused any one, and will not; I only wrote to the king the following letter, to which I append the answer of M. de Villèle:

To the King, Louis XVIII.

SIRE:

I do not tell your Majesty any new thing in saying that I have enemies. I have them beside the throne, and far from the throne. Some cannot forget that I took a different view from them of the troubles of the Revolution, but whatever their judgment they must know that it is owing to the stand I then took that I could later, at the time marked out by Providence, so happily aid in the restoration of your throne and the triumph of legitimacy. This very restoration, this very triumph it is which my other enemies cannot forgive, and never will forgive. Hence all these libels, these voluminous souvenirs of Saint Helena, in which I am constantly insulted, defamed, by men who, vending the utterances, either true or imagined, of an illustrious dead man, speculate upon the greatest names of France, and by this disgraceful traffic make themselves the executors of the posthumous vengeance of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Sire, it is with these last that I must class a former minister of the Emperor, the only one whose name I do not venture to pronounce before your Majesty. This man in a moment of insanity has just pilloried himself as the executor of a vile assassination, happy if, by wallowing in blood, he can drag me with him and, by linking my name to his, blight in me the principal instrument of two restorations. Yes, Sire, of two restorations. In me they seek revenge for the 30th of March, 1814, and the 13th of April, 1815 — days of glory for me, of joy for France — days which linked my name to the founding of the constitutional order which we owe to your Majesty. But in vain envy, hate, and disappointed ambition join to deprive me of the esteem of my contemporaries and the justice of history; I know how to defend myself, and leave my honor intact to the inheritors of my name.

Amidst the storms of the past thirty years, calumny has poured many bitter lies upon my head, but there was one which I had so far been spared. No family had felt a right to demand of me the blood of one of its members; and behold a madman conceives the idea that, suddenly abandoning the gentleness of manners, the moderation of character which even my enemies have never denied, I should have become the author, the instigator of the most abominable assassination. I who never said a word, — and I thank Heaven for it, — not one word of hate, one counsel of revenge against any one, even my most bitter enemies — I had chosen for a sole exception, who? — a prince of the family of my king, as my victim, and thus to signalize my début in the career of an assassin. And this shocking crime, not only I am supposed to have counseled it but — using my power to remove the victim from the clemency of the First Consul — it is in opposition to Bonaparte, against the orders of Bonaparte, and at the risk of terrible and just responsibility, that I am charged with hurrying the judgment and the execution! And who is the man that dares to frame such horrors against me? My accuser has sufficiently exposed himself.

Nevertheless, Sire, my name, my age, my character, and the high dignity I owe to your kindness do not allow me to leave such an outrage unavenged. As a peer of France I cannot demand this reparation from the courts which are charged with the punishment of calumny. It is before the Chamber of Peers that I must summon my accuser, and from it I will demand an inquiry and a judgment. This trial, Sire, which I ask of your justice, you do not fear for me any more than I fear it for myself. Calumny will be confounded and its impotent rage will expire in the daylight of truth.

I am with most profound respect,

PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

PARIS, 8th November, 1823.

M. de Villèle to the Prince de Talleyrand.

PRINCE:

The King has read with attention your letter of the 8th of November. His Majesty orders me to say that he is surprised that you should have conceived the idea of asking for a solemn examination by the Chamber of Peers of France of the events of which M. le Duc de Rovigo has published an account.

His Majesty desires that the past should be forgotten, except the services rendered to France in his person.

The King therefore could not approve a step both useless and unusual, and which would bring up unfortunate debates and awaken painful remembrances.

The high rank which you retain at court, Prince, is a certain proof that the imputations which wound and afflict you have made no impression upon the mind of his Majesty.

I am, Prince, your Excellency's very humble and very obedient servant,

JOSEPH DE VILLÈLE.

PARIS, 15th November, 1823.

By this letter silence was commanded, and I was silent; and if I have thought it right to make the statements just expressed, it is that

they will see the light long after my death, and will establish the truth without provoking the scandals feared in 1823. The papers of the 17th November, 1823, contained the announcement: "The king has forbidden the Duc de Rovigo entrance to the Tuileries."

When soon after the letter of M. de Villèle, I presented myself at the château to pay my court to the king, his Majesty on seeing me said:

"Prince de Talleyrand, you and yours may come here without fear of painful meetings."

I have nothing to add to this account.

TALLEYRAND REPELS THE CHARGE OF ATTEMPTING TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON.

And now a word upon the accusation of M. de Maubreuil. This is so ridiculous that the very words of the author may be used to break it down. But first it is necessary to know who was M. de Maubreuil. Of an old and honorable family of Brittany, M. de Maubreuil entered military service under the Empire in 1807. After having served some time in the army which occupied Spain, he was turned out of the army at a moment when to be dismissed followed only the gravest misdeeds, for there was great need of soldiers. His name and the recommendations he managed to procure got him employment at the court of King Jérôme in Westphalia. This court was never considered very scrupulous in the choice of its servitors, as the selection of M. de Maubreuil after the Spanish incident may testify. Yet Maubreuil contrived to get himself driven away even from this court. Returning to Paris with a considerable fortune, Maubreuil plunged into business, the kind of business suited to men of his sort — army supplies. Whether from too great ability on his part or on the part of his associates, or bad faith on their side, he soon had troubles with the government, in consequence of which he says he had considerable losses which irritated him against the Emperor Napoleon. Such was his position at the time of the fall of the Empire. It is then, according to him, in the first days of the month of April, 1814, that he was several times called to my house by M. Roux Laborie, who at that time filled the position of secretary of the Provisional Government, and that he, in my name, proposed to him the assassination of the Emperor Napoleon. He was offered, he says, rewards for fulfilling this *secret mission*, as he calls it, and always by the intervention of M. Roux Laborie, for Maubreuil declares that he never spoke to me. These rewards were to be —I repeat his own words — "Horses, carriages, the rank of lieutenant-general, the title of duke, and the government of a province." He admits that he accepted it all and took measures for the execution of his *secret mission*. It seems that only after leaving Paris and already on the way, he was assailed by scruples and saw the horror of the deed he was about to commit. He immediately decides, generously, to give it up, and, as he wishes to signalize his return to virtue by a good action, he seizes the first opportunity. He meets on the road Queen Catherine, Princess of Würtemberg, wife of Jérôme Bonaparte, his sovereign in Westphalia. He stops her, seizes the wagon which follows her carriage, and robs her of all her money, clothes, and jewels, and returns triumphantly to Paris, where he is astonished at being arrested and prosecuted for highway robbery. This is an abridged history of my accuser M. de Maubreuil.

I ask if it is not of itself sufficient to refute the accusation?[1]

[1] The paragraphs that follow have not reached us as we go to press, and will be given later.

THE STARRY HOST.

THE countless stars which to our human eye
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
Forever bound to changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;
Returning never whence began their race,
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face,
As though God bade them win Infinity.
Ah, whither, whither is their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What Power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What Beauty lures them on through primal night,
So that, for them, to be is to advance?

Episcopal Residence,
Peoria, Illinois.

J. L. Spalding.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Modern Cheap Money Panaceas.

IN the two numbers of THE CENTURY immediately preceding the present one we have set forth the details of two historical schemes for making money cheap and plentiful, that of the Land Bank in England in the latter part of the seventeenth century and that of the Paper Bank in Rhode Island at the close of the Revolutionary War. We intend now to consider some of the plans with similar purpose that are put forth by the leaders in various kinds of cheap-money movements which have gained headway in the Western States during the last few months. With this consideration in view we have been making a collection of plans as they have been advanced from time to time in speeches and interviews. We append the more striking of these, giving the exact language in each instance, numbering them for convenience of reference, but withholding the names of the originators in order that our subsequent remarks may be free from all appearance of personality.

1. I am not stuck on silver and gold as circulating mediums. A piece of paper is my ideal. Geologists have things so fine that they can estimate the quantities of silver and gold in the mountains, and the Government should issue silver certificates to an amount equivalent to that estimate. It would be far safer, as it would be easy for a foreign nation to capture the coin in the treasury vaults at Washington; but the mountains they could not remove, even by all the faith they could muster.

2. People do not care whether a silver dollar contains seventy cents worth of silver or not, so long as it will buy a dollar's worth of sugar or coffee. For fifteen of these [holding up a copper cent] a man can buy copper enough to make two dollars, yet it is good money.

3. We [speaking for the Farmers' Alliance] believe in the people making their own money; we believe in the Government, which is simply the agent of the people, issuing their money directly to them without going around Robin Hood's barn to find them.

4. If the people had twice as much currency in their pockets as now, their prosperity would be greatly increased.

5. I am in favor of more currency. We have n't enough currency *per capita* to do the business of the country. If we cannot increase the currency, I think somebody ought to issue more collaterals. There is usually enough money if a man has the collateral.

6. Under a free-coinage system I think people who have small quantities of silver would be more apt to deal directly with the Government, and the coin, flowing out of the mints to them in smaller individual amounts, would quickly find its way into the channels of ordinary trade. The rich speculators who now do most of the handling of the metal take their big sums that they receive from the Government, and use them in further speculation. Little enough of it ever gets out in petty sums for circulation among the masses of the people.

7. My monetary system eliminates from money both the element of intrinsic value and the power to limit or control the value of things of use. I propose that the Government only shall issue money for the public use. In order to do this, I would have it issue immediately 500,000,000 new treasury notes of the denomination of one dollar each. So much of this amount as was necessary the Government should loan to the people; ten per cent. of each loan to be paid back each year, nine per cent. to be applied to the extinction of the principal, and one per cent. covering the interest. In that way it would be possible to redeem every mortgaged farm in the land within fifteen years.

8. Banks should not be allowed to issue notes. These should be printed and put out by the Government. The tariff should be reduced till there is a deficit in the treasury, and then greenbacks should be printed and issued to pay all claimants. These should not be redeemable in metal money. Each bill should bear the legend, "One dollar, receivable for all dues and debts." This would make it receivable for all taxes and import duties, and a legal tender. This would keep it perpetually at par.

9. Tens of thousands of our farmers have been unfortunate, and can never get out of debt without special relief. I would enact a law stopping the big interest they have agreed to pay, and substituting a debt at one per cent. interest. It would be done in this way. Suppose I owe you $5000 and accumulated interest on my farm. This new law would direct you to add the interest to the principal, and go to the treasury of my county and file the mortgage and an abstract of the property, and get a check on the nearest bank for the entire debt. That would satisfy you. Then the county treasurer makes a draft on the United States treasurer for the money, and gets it in crisp, new bills. That satisfies him. The United States treasurer accepts the mortgage on the farm,— providing it is worth the amount of the mortgage,— and sends word to me when the one per cent. interest is due. Is not that simple? It is the first news I have had of the transfer of the debt. That ought to suit everybody.

These nine plans can be grouped into two general classes, those which preserve for the proposed cheap money some intrinsic value, and those which eliminate such value entirely. Of the former it is to be said that they are similar in character to the plans of the English Land Bank and the Rhode Island Paper Bank in that they propose the issue of money on land as security. The proposition for issuing notes against the estimated amount of silver and gold in a mountain is of course a proposition to issue them on the value of the land. They could be no more kept at par than the Rhode Island notes based on farm values could be, but would drop at once to a level of their own, which would inevitably be below the gold standard of value. As for the plans in the second group (those which favor paper money with nothing to fix its value save the Government stamp), they all contemplate a currency which the author of one of the plans (No. 8) says would be "perpetually at par"; that is to say, at par with itself. This was the peculiarity of the Continental, the Confederate, and the Rhode Island paper money, of the French assignats, and, in fact, of all inconvertible paper money ever issued. It is surely unnecessary, in view of unbroken human experience in testimony of the folly of such money, to enter into a formal argument against it at this late day. We shall continue to show its complete failure in practice in subsequent articles upon experiments with it in various countries.

When we come to examine carefully these various plans we find that the advocates of all of them are more or less perplexed as to the methods by which the money, when it shall have been made plenty by act of the Government, shall be got into the "pockets of the people." This is the shoal upon which many a fair cheap-money panacea has been wrecked. The primal cause of every cheap-money agitation is the same — a desire on the part of people who are suffering from a scarcity of money to possess more. They have nothing additional to offer in return for more,— that is, merchandise, or goods, or labor, or product of any kind,— but they imag-

ine that the scarcity from which they are suffering is due to the dearness of the money itself, or to the financial policy of the Government in limiting the amount issued, or to some other cause than their own inability to raise more, either by actual sale of something, or on credit. When they are asked how they are going to get possession of a share of the more plentiful supply, and are held down to a specific answer, their ingenuity is greatly taxed, and they turn to their leaders for a solution of the difficulty. The different ways in which the leaders, whose plans we have collected, have met this demand furnish most instructive material for study.

In the first and second plans this point is not touched upon. In the third the author says he favors issuing the money directly to the people, which seems to imply a free and unlimited distribution. In the fourth plan the incontrovertible assertion that "If the people had twice as much currency in their pockets as now, their prosperity would be greatly increased" is not accompanied with any suggestion as to how this doubling process can be accomplished. In the fifth — and this point we shall touch on later — the searching suggestion is dropped that perhaps an increase of collaterals is as much needed as an increase of currency. In the sixth the curious idea is brought forward that free coinage of silver would put money into the pockets of the people by enabling them to take what silver bullion they might happen to have on hand to the mints to be coined. In the seventh, eighth, and ninth plans an unlimited issue of inconvertible paper by the Government is advocated to be loaned to the people at one per cent., sometimes with land security and sometimes with none at all.

Of the relief which might come to the people by allowing them to have their own bullion coined, it is only to be said that it would depend entirely upon the amount of bullion which they had on hand and of the value of the silver dollars after they were coined. If the farmers of the west have bullion in considerable quantities stored about their premises, the fact is one which has not been suspected. Concerning the various plans for government loans of paper money at one per cent., the same comment can be made upon all of them. They would undoubtedly put money into the pockets of the people, but what would the money be worth? The farmers of Rhode Island had plenty of money put into their pockets in 1789, but they found that they could not buy anything with it save at heavy discount, could not use it in payment of mortgages and other debts, and that it paralyzed the commerce and industry of the State, and brought irreparable shame upon its honor. If the Government of the United States were to go into the business of lending money to the farmers in return for mortgage security, as some plans propose, or in return for no security, as others suggest, the only results would be that the entire farm mortgage debt of the country would be unloaded upon the Government, that farmers and all other people would have a lot of debased money in their pockets, and that in the end the credit of everybody, including that of the Government itself, would be undermined, if not completely destroyed.

The real need of the times is the one mentioned in the fifth plan; that is, for more collaterals. When the author of that plan says that "there is usually enough money if a man has the collateral," he shows that he has been a close and accurate observer. Collateral, as defined by "The Century Dictionary," is "anything of value, or representing value, as bonds, deeds, etc., pledged as security in addition to a direct obligation." An advocate of cheap money was once going about Wall Street complaining of the scarcity of money, and saying that all existing industrial, commercial, and financial woes came from a too small supply of currency. When he was told that there was plenty of money to be borrowed at low rates of interest, he retorted, "Ah, but that is only on first-class security." Money is always obtainable on that kind of security, and few people are ever to be found who wish to loan it on any other. The man who calls for more collaterals means to call for more first-class securities, for upon no others does any prudent man care to lend money. In other words, every man who has something of value to sell, or to lend, can get money of value in return. He can compel no man who has money to lend to lend it on any other than good security. As the value of the collateral goes down the rate of interest goes up, until it reaches the prohibitive point. If a loan which has been granted on condition of interest and principal being paid in sound or "dear" money be repaid, under legal authority, in "cheap" money, the inevitable effect is always to make it more difficult for any one to borrow on any except the most stringent terms thereafter; that is, on the best security, and with principal and interest payable in gold.

Judicial Control of Contested Election Cases.

THANKS to Senator Saxton, New York has the honor of leading American States in a most important reform movement. His resolution, providing for the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment removing from the legislature the power to decide contests over seats in its own body and vesting it in the courts, was passed by both branches of the legislature last March. It must be passed again by the next legislature and then submitted to the people of the State for adoption or rejection. As Mr. Saxton's proposed amendment is the first of its kind, so far as we know, to receive even partial approval in an American legislative body, its provisions are worth quoting, so far as they change existing law. The words of the State Constitution empowering each house of the legislature to be the "judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members" are stricken out and the following inserted:

> The election, return and qualifications of any member of either house of the legislature, when disputed or contested, shall be determined by the courts in such manner as the legislature shall prescribe, and such determination, when made, shall be conclusive upon the legislature. Either house of the legislature may expel any of its members for misconduct; but every person who receives a certificate of election as a member of either house according to law shall be entitled to a seat therein unless expelled for misconduct, or ousted pursuant to a judgment of a court of competent jurisdiction.

This is a very radical remedy, since it not only takes from the two houses the control of contested cases but deprives them of all power to reject the judicial decisions. In various bills, not amendments, which have been introduced in Congress, providing for such decisions, power has always been reserved for Congress to ac-

cept or reject them at its pleasure, on the ground that Congress could not divest itself of a power conferred by the Constitution. That could only be done through an amendment to the Constitution of the United States similar to that which Senator Saxton proposes to our State instrument. It has been urged by advocates of these Congressional bills that Congress does have the power to refer such cases to the courts for preliminary trial, and that by acquiescing in these judicial decisions for a time it would soon establish the practice of accepting them without question, and that thus the reform would be accomplished without the formality and delay of a constitutional amendment. For States, Senator Saxton's method is by all odds the most desirable, whatever may be thought best in Congressional procedure.

The constitutional right which all our legislative bodies have to determine their own membership was derived from the English, and dates back to a time in which there was no other place in which a power so susceptible of abuse could be lodged. As the Speaker of the last Congress, Mr. Reed, pointed out a few months ago in an interesting article in the "North American Review," the "crown could not have it, for the House of Commons often represented a people entirely antagonistic to the king, and always a people who on some points differed from him, and whose control over taxation could not be suffered in any way to be taken from them. The power could not be vested in the judges, for in those days the judges were but representatives of the king himself, doing his work by his appointment and holding office at his will. Hence there was in early days no place where the right to judge of the elections could be lodged except with the elected body itself."

As we derived the idea from the English, we cannot do better than to follow in their footsteps in reforming the abuses which have sprung from the use of it in practice. Previous to 1770 all contested election cases in the House of Commons were tried by the whole House and determined by majority vote, but in that year dissatisfaction with the method became so great, since nearly every contest was decided in a partizan manner, that what is known as the Grenville Act was passed, which selected by lot all committees for the trial of election petitions. A few years later the law was amended so as to have the jury for these cases obtained by taking a ballot for thirty-three members, then striking from this number eleven for each party, the remaining eleven constituting the elections committee with final power. This system was continued in use with slight changes till 1848, when dissatisfaction with it led to the adoption of a law which put all contests into the hands of a committee of six members appointed by the Speaker, subject to the approval of the House. The members of this committee were usually men of high character and attainments, yet after twenty years' experience with their findings the House of Commons was informed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1868 that this method of deciding contests was a failure, that expenditures had been increased, corrupt practices had not diminished, and decisions had been uncertain and contradictory. In concluding his statement the Chancellor struck for the first time straight at the root of the evil by saying, "There is something in the principle upon which the jurisdiction of the House in regard to election cases rests which is essentially vicious."

With this declaration as a guide the House of Commons went into a long debate upon the matter, the result of which was the passage of a law which transferred the jurisdiction of contested cases to the courts. Decision of all such cases was placed absolutely in the hands of judges, one from each of the great divisions of the law courts, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, others to be added in case of necessity. One judge without a jury was to sit in each case, and, if he saw fit, might conduct the investigation at the place at which the election occurred. The judges were to certify their decisions to the Speaker, and they were to be accepted as final. The system has been in use since 1868 and has given perfect satisfaction. The judges were averse to having the power vested in them, and protested against such disposition while the bill was pending, but they have used it with such complete freedom from partizan influences that their decisions are never questioned.

Our problem to-day is precisely what theirs was in 1868, and Mr. Saxton's proposition is the first step towards meeting it with a like remedy. All authorities agree that our present method of deciding contests, first by a partizan committee on elections, and afterward by a partizan vote of the whole House, is unsatisfactory. In fact, so partizan is the use made of it in all cases in which the party majority in a house is small, that we have by common consent fallen into the habit of calling it "seat-stealing." So high an authority as ex-Speaker Reed admits this. In the article from which we have quoted above he said: "The committee usually divide on the line of party, when they divide at all, and the House usually follows in the same way. To any thinking man this is entirely unsatisfactory. The decision of election cases invariably increases the majority of the party which organizes the House and which, therefore, appoints the majority of the committee on elections. Probably there is not a single instance on record where the minority was increased by the decision of contested cases." To comprehend the full significance of this testimony to the evils of the present method, it should be borne in mind that in the Congress of which Mr. Reed was the Speaker a majority of seven was increased to one of twenty-four by a series of partizan decisions of the character which he depicts. Equally emphatic testimony is furnished by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, member of Congress from Massachusetts, who said in a newspaper interview, published in December, 1889:

> Indeed the House is rarely thoroughly and violently partizan except when it sits in a judicial capacity to try an election case. The present system offers a constant temptation to candidates defeated at the polls who happen to lose their election by a narrow margin to make contest on frivolous grounds, in the hope, too often fulfilled, that their party associates will be induced to seat them. To expect absolute impartiality from political representatives on questions which involve a gain or loss of votes in the House is to expect something of which human nature is not capable, and therefore it is desirable to substitute some less interested tribunal for the trial of these questions. To save the public time, to reach impartial decisions in election contests, and to reduce the number of such contests are the leading reasons for this measure, which I believe would be of very great benefit to the country as well as to the House. The courts to which we cheerfully confide the power of making decisions affecting the life, property, and character, which, as

we know, in all these grave matters render substantial justice, can certainly be trusted to decide impartially, in accordance with the law and the facts, conflicting claims to a seat in Congress.

In addition to the partizan consideration, there is also to be urged against the present method the expense and time which its operation involves. Mr. Reed estimates that the contests of the last eight Congresses have cost $318,000, an average of nearly $40,000 each, and that each contest consumed more than two days in the House, and much more in the committees.

It is clearly time for us to realize, as our English reformers in the same field realized in 1868, that there is something in the principle upon which our present method rests "which is essentially vicious." We ought to "reform it altogether," as they did, by removing the power of decision to the courts, leaving it there absolutely. That is what the Saxton amendment does. There is no reason for thinking that our courts would not be equal to the exercise of it with the same impartiality as the English courts have shown. In Congressional cases the circuit judges of the Supreme Court of the United States could be assigned in such numbers as were necessary for the duty. The recent increase in the number of these judges makes such service by them possible without serious interference with their regular duties. In the States the higher courts could be drawn upon. The danger of partizan influences affecting the decisions by such judges would be very small, even at the beginning of the practice, and would diminish with every successive case.

Law or Lynching.

WHY was it, when the news of the New Orleans lynching was sent over the country in March last, that nine people out of ten applauded the work of the mob, calling it justifiable and salutary? Why was it that so many law-abiding members of society were to be heard saying that if they had been in New Orleans they themselves would have joined the mob? Finally, why was it that in New Orleans itself a mob of such extraordinary character was collected, organized, and led to the execution of such barbarous work? The mass meeting from which it sprang was called together by a proclamation published in the newspapers and signed by the names of nearly one hundred prominent and respected citizens. The men who addressed the meeting were lawyers eminent in their profession. The mob itself was led by these same lawyers, and in its ranks marched other lawyers and merchants, men of wealth and position. This mob, so organized, composed, and led, marched to a prison, forced an entrance, seized and put to violent death eleven men. Its members then dispersed quietly to their homes. When their work was known, the entire press of the city, its exchanges and other organized bodies, and all other respectable elements of the city population, expressed approval. In the country at large the nearly unanimous voice of private approval was echoed in many reputable newspapers, and in London, the foremost representative of English public opinion, "The Times," gave the deed hearty commendation.

There was something so remarkable about this spectacle of civilized intelligence approving conduct which was a subversion of the laws of civilization and a reversion to those of barbarism, that an examination into its causes has been going on in thoughtful minds for the past few months. If it is true, as all approvers of the lynching contend, that this was absolutely the only adequate remedy for the case, how did it happen that it was the only remedy? If the legal machinery for dealing with crime and punishing criminals had broken down completely, what had been the causes of its breaking down?

These are questions which go to the root of the matter, and in seeking to answer them we shall touch upon points to which we have more than once called the attention of the readers of THE CENTURY. We published in this department of THE CENTURY, in April, 1884, an article under the title of "Mob or Magistrate," in which the tendency in certain parts of the country to resort to lynching when there had been a failure of criminal justice was discussed and deprecated. In that article we said: "It cannot be too often nor too strongly proclaimed that these lynchings themselves are crimes; . . . that they furnish a remedy which is worse than the disease. . . . Nevertheless, the failure of criminal justice, which makes room for mobs and lynching, is a greater disgrace than the savagery of the mobs." That article, which was in the main a condemnation of the methods of criminal lawyers in twisting and torturing the law into a protection for undoubted criminals from the just penalties of their crimes, had scarcely been published when the country was startled with the news of the court-house riot in Cincinnati — a riot more nearly resembling that at New Orleans than any other in our history. It was caused, it will be remembered, by the fact that there were twenty murderers in the city jail who had, for one reason or another, escaped trial. Out of seventy-one prosecutions for murder and manslaughter in the courts of the county during two years, four resulted in acquittal, two in quashed indictments, six in imprisonment, and fifty-nine were still pending. In the presence of such a paralysis of justice public indignation gradually reached the point at which it found vent in a riot, provoked thereto by the failure of a jury to convict a murderer of unusual brutality and undoubted guilt. The mob attacked the jail, burned the court-house, and filled the streets of the city with fighting and bloodshed for several days, killing none of the murderers, but causing the death of more than fifty innocent persons, destroying valuable records and property, and bringing the good name of the community into reproach the world over. This was due to the presence of a set of criminal lawyers, astute and unprincipled, who by means of an absurd jury law were able to prevent the conviction of almost any criminal.

Back of the failure of justice in New Orleans there looms one great cause which of itself makes the search for others unnecessary. The State has a reckless naturalization law which allows immigrants to vote in State elections as soon as they have declared their intention to become citizens. Here we put a finger upon the root of the evil of defective justice in every city in the land, for we find in this haste to get votes the corrupting and demoralizing touch of "politics." The Italian consul at New Orleans, after speaking of the large number of his countrymen who are orderly and useful citizens of Louisiana, goes on to say in an interview published shortly after the riot:

This does not exclude the fact that there are among them about a hundred criminals escaped from Italian prisons, most of them long since naturalized as Americans, mixed up in the city and State politics, and caressed and protected by politicians through whose support several have obtained important political places. Their especial occupation was to naturalize the newly arrived Italians here.

Is it any wonder that, under such conditions, the whole system of criminal detection and prosecution became so paralyzed that nothing but a mob could restore the reign of justice and order? And who was responsible for the power which the criminals had gained in the community? Was it the criminals or the men who had received them with open arms and nourished and petted them into power?

Here is the point for every American to consider, and to keep on considering until it shall arouse him to the necessity of bearing his part of the burden in the government of the community in which he lives. In how many of our large cities has the machinery of criminal regulation and prosecution escaped all taint of the same kind as caused the uprising in New Orleans? In how many does it poison every branch of the municipal service, beginning with the police and running up to the highest executive and judicial officers? Is it not notorious that "politics" is at the bottom of all our naturalization laws, and that if it were not for the greed of the politicians for more votes in elections, we should have far more stringent regulations for admitting foreigners to the suffrage? In how many of our cities is the police force absolutely free from the control of "politics," and is there any large city in which the contact between the political bosses and the criminal and semi-criminal classes is not so close as to compel, to a greater or less degree, the protection of the latter from the vigorous and fearless administration of the laws? In how many of our large cities are the police justices, who sit at the fountainheads of justice, upright and just and fearless magistrates, and in how many are they the agents of "politics," and the friends and protectors of the criminals whose support is valuable to politics?

Let us ponder these questions, and ask ourselves whether we are prepared to do in other cities what has been done in Cincinnati and New Orleans. Let us ask ourselves if we are prepared to tolerate the evils of misgovernment which we know to exist, and which we refuse to take a hand in correcting, until they so completely destroy our lawful methods of government as to force us to destroy them in turn by the unlawful and barbarous methods of riot and lynching. Shall we sit quietly and slothfully by and allow our boasted civilization to become a failure, and then try to set it right by hanging to the lamp-posts or shooting like dogs the miserable creatures whom our own negligence or indifference has permitted to get control over us?

These are the real lessons to draw from the New Orleans riot. It may be that our immigration laws are too lax or too poorly enforced; it may be that we ought to exclude more rigorously than we do the swarms of people who come to us from Europe, but our worst evils in government are not due so much to bad immigrants as to native indifference, or connivance, or cowardice, which permits or encourages ignorant or vicious immigrants to be put to base uses for political ends. If we are content to allow our cities to be governed by the least intelligent and least moral elements of their population, we must not complain if they make and administer laws to suit their own tastes; and we must be prepared to face, sooner or later, the crisis which will come when the laws cease to give the community that protection upon which its very existence depends. If we are going to do this, and are inclined to depend upon lynching to set us straight when the crisis arrives, it would be wise to have some system of martial law in readiness for use, for that would be at once a more effective and a more civilized method than that of a mob.

OPEN LETTERS.

Female Education in Germany.

ALTHOUGH the education of women has never been a subject of such widespread interest in Germany as it has been in western states, particularly England and America, a tendency towards reform is nevertheless present as a steady factor of the intellectual movement of the day. One small class of educational reformers, under the late jurist Holtzendorff, hold advanced and radical views as to the claim which the female population has upon the state for higher education. A larger and more moderate class, led by the famous and successful Lette, claim for German women such advantages as may be had in the common school, in special training schools, and in the domestic school. But the mass of Germans still hold to the conservative and traditional idea founded upon their belief that home is woman's true sphere. Between the three there are naturally many combinations. Giving the great majority of female schools over to the last-named class, there remain the Victoria Lyceum as a type of the extreme advance that reform has made in Germany,— an almost isolated case,— and the female industrial schools of Nöggerath and Clement, in Brieg and Berlin, the cooking-school in Cassel, the domestic school in Neviges, and the public household school for factory girls at Pforzheim, as examples of the successes that have followed in the wake of the Lette Union. The latter school, which was called into life in 1865 by the personal efforts and writings of the statesman and economist, President Lette, enjoys the patronage of the Universal German Women's Union and its numerous branch unions. The Victoria Lyceum is a separate and independent institution, like Vassar or Wellesley.

My own experiences as a student were gathered at the Victoria Lyceum and at the Empress Augusta Seminary, in Charlottenburg, Berlin,— an advanced conservative school,— after my graduation from a New Jersey female college. The earliest stages of a German girl's education I have not gone through, therefore;

but the observation which I have given to the methods and ideas of instruction, as I have seen them applied in families, has been considerable, and, as a housekeeper, I have had opportunities for detecting the results of the German common-school education on the lower classes of society.

The cultivated middle class is said to be the best educated, and I am willing to believe it, although it was in the family of a Göttingen professor that my Greek and Latin text-books fell under the denunciation of the father of the house, and I was directed to look to the daughters — who knew nothing but French and English, some history and music, a great deal of religion, and a little botany — as models of what females should be. Your German girl is taught to knit at her mother's knee. Knitting and sewing, indeed, are the earliest and the latest lessons which she takes and practises. Lessons are given regularly twice a week in knitting and sewing, and much time goes in practising, especially in the long evenings of north German winters. At the Empress Augusta Seminary the pupils, who had Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon, instead of the whole of Saturday, for a holiday, spent the time sewing and knitting; and in the evening, after study hour, each sat in her chair knitting, while a governess read aloud. I judge that we averaged nearly thirty hours a week in this employment, not counting Sunday afternoon and evening, when we sewed or knitted for ourselves. The result of the weight laid on sewing is a land full of skilful needlewomen — and likewise of debilitated girls.

Another principal factor in girls' education is held to be religion. Three hours a day are devoted to religious instruction during the eight years of education from the infant age of six years until confirmation. In the public, or state, schools priests instruct Catholic pupils, and rabbis teach Jewish girls, the instruction of the latter including the original Hebrew text of certain prayers and formulas. The American girl, who gets what she knows of religious history and dogmas from the Sunday-school, a course in Butler's "Analogy," and private reading, will wonder how so much time can be filled up, and what there is then to be learned. This religious course includes biblical history, the geography of Palestine, the histories of festivals, of the divisions of the canonical year, of church music, of the covenant, and of the Reformation, together with the committal to memory of a large number of hymns and psalms, of extracts from the Bible, Bible narratives, and Luther's catechism, which is explained. Confirmation is the closing act of a girl's schoolhood. The daughters of the poor are put through the catechism in herds. Often country girls walk long distances to the pastor, and, fasting, are catechized in the cold half-daylight of damp, stone vestries. Among the upper classes the mothers of families often accompany their children to the lessons of the pastor in order to talk the better with them on the subjects their minds are filled with. Very commonly, also, girls are sent for half a year or a year, or even two years, to a boarding school for completing the act in the society of congenial comrades. And pious natures often are stirred at this period with the profoundest and purest sentiments of their lives. Confirmation is the German revival — the only revival tolerated by opinion and conducted by the state.

After religion, the lessons which girls are taught most insistently are those in German. Since the political and military victories of 1866 and 1870, very great stress has been laid upon the German language in schools, and girls' seminaries include courses in German literature that are fuller than those in foreign literatures — an important advance over the old method, where French was more cultivated than the native tongue. In the prospectus of the Hirschberg Seminary, for instance, from four to eight hours per week are quoted as being devoted throughout the whole school course to German; that is, to reading, grammar, composition, and literary history. And here again a marked feature in opposition to the American method of literary instruction is the very considerable quantity of verse drilled into pupils' memories. During the course of a single year in Berlin we were examined on thirteen songs and odes, the long poem of the "Bells" by Schiller, and a portion of Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," besides forty or fifty other poems that had been committed in the lower classes. German girls do not quote more than American girls,— quoting has gone out of fashion here as elsewhere,— but they have a facility in writing verse that is astonishing. They also learn musical compositions by heart. And it is my opinion that the charm of family musical evenings in Germany is so complete chiefly because each member knows a full quantity of ballads, and knows them to the end. As I have never had a chambermaid who could not sew, so I have never found a nurse-girl, however low, who did not sing a modest stock of harmless songs. Indeed, among the lower classes, the hymns drilled into the memory in youth remain as a spiritual and sentimental solace to the end of life.

French is the branch that comes next in interest in the higher schools. Less time is devoted to English. But it is to be said of German instruction in the languages that, at the end, pupils are really practical masters of them. At the Empress Augusta Seminary a different language was spoken at each meal, and governesses saw to it that we spoke French during the hour of our daily promenade.

For the rest, however, German schools for girls offer little that is worth emulation. They cannot compare with most western models. The standard for attainment in mathematics and the sciences is low. Profit and loss and cube root are objects of instruction for the graduating class (see the catalogue of the normal school in Liegnitz). Algebra, geometry, and trigonometry are not taught, as a rule, even in their first elements. Botany is always a part of the plan of study; the elements of zoölogy and of chemistry are generally taught; philosophy rarely, geology extremely seldom, astronomy and philology almost never. Callisthenics are practised, and so are singing and drawing. The instruction in music is excellent.

The discipline in schools is severe, and in carrying it out several customs hold place that differ extremely from American ideas and ways.

The common school begins in winter at eight o'clock in the morning, in summer at seven, except in large cities and towns; and this rule is followed in families and in seminaries. A full hour of time is devoted to each lesson or exercise. In fact the German word *stunde* is identical for the two, lesson and hour. At

the Empress Augusta Seminary we rose in summer at six o'clock. Our beds stood in sections of large dormitories, and near them were iron washstands. A regulation existed as to how, and how much, we should be allowed to wash, and during the process a governess wandered constantly about to see that we followed it. We drew on our uniform dresses in silence, and at the next signal of the bell hurried into the main corridor. Here stood the directress. Each kissed her hand with a good-morning greeting,— according to the German code of manners the young must greet the old first,— and then took our given places in a file for marching down into the dining-hall. Here we stood at the back of our chairs at table while a morning prayer was read by the directress. This done, she seated herself; the governesses resumed their places, and finally we pupils took ours. I committed the mistake, I remember, of thinking the first morning that the butter before me was meant for the rolls; so that I took some. The matter created a stir down along the whole table. Nor did the governess venture to set me right of her own accord. It was left instead to a private interview between the directress and me for opening my eyes to the fact that butter was only eaten by our superiors. We pupils had to soak our rolls in our coffee and eat them so, two cups of coffee and two wheaten rolls composing our breakfast. After breakfast we had free time to put our wardrobes in order for inspection, to study, or to talk, until eight o'clock. School lasted from eight in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. At ten in the forenoon occurred a recess of fifteen minutes for eating a sandwich (without meat); at twelve we walked for an hour in the open air; at one we dined. After dinner we adjourned with a governess into the dormitories for washing our teeth and hands. At four in the afternoon we drank coffee, or, if it were the birthday of some one of us, delectated ourselves with chocolate and cake. We ate supper at seven. After supper came sewing until bedtime. The directress's hand was then kissed again, and a governess conducted us into the dormitories.

I remember that although the school was genteel, being founded especially for the daughters of officers, certain hygienic precautions were conscientiously carried out. Every newcomer, for instance, was examined by the doctor of the seminary, and at night one of the maids washed her head and combed it. The doctor, in truth, was a familiar figure. He was by even when the shoemaker's wife brought shoes for us to try on, and gave the decision as to which size should be retained and worn.

The governesses were resident teachers. There were four for every twenty pupils: one French governess, one English, and two German governesses.

No man was allowed to live in the establishment except the porter. And this personage owed the high preference which he enjoyed to his ugliness. May you live long, Herrmann, for your likeness will be hard to find — halt as you are, wanting in teeth, and one eye altogether, while the other eye is bleared. The pastor who preached Sundays in the little chapel came from the town, and the professors from other schools. The governesses gave few lessons; they sat by in the room while the professors taught. In ultra-conservative schools for daughters of the aristocracy female teachers are excluded from giving any lessons except in needlework. It is rare where they are employed anywhere except for languages and the elements of reading, grammar, and religion; except, of course, in convents, a national prejudice exists against female instruction in earnest studies. Nor will a consideration of the type of school where governesses and teachers are fitted out — and this of the Empress Augusta Seminary is one, and an advanced one at that — be likely to make a foreigner think the prejudice is without good ground. As a matter of fact the German woman is inferiorly trained. The tendency in all this teaching is towards strengthening a single faculty of the brain — memory. The logical faculty is as good as ignored. Drilling cannot be praised too much; but drilling, as it is carried forward in German girls' schools, relentlessly upon a minimum of topics, blunts all intellectual vigor and enterprise. The long sittings upon one theme—to go further into a single detail of discipline — is uncommendable. Consider the listlessness of half-grown girls when being held to the abstract subjects of the catechism for an hour at a time. Their minds necessarily lose tension, and the latter half of the hour is as good as lost. In the few years of a girl's school life these half hours make up an appalling quantum. Shorter lessons extended over longer terms would, I am persuaded, reach better results.

The physiological law of the refreshment that comes with variety and the need of repetitions of impressions upon the brain, especially in the young, certainly point to such a reform. The entire subordination which girls are taught, the want of rough-and-ready exercise, the lack of encouragement to act alone and to exercise their own wits — all these are minor deficiencies of the German method. They show themselves in the lower mettle of German girls.

An excellent trait that partly balances these deficiencies is the habit, which they are kept to, of industry.

Intellectual ambition, on the other hand, cannot be expected where the intellect is so little stimulated. The nation evidently considers this condition of intellectual deficiency in the daughters and wife at home as normal; witness the novels of the celebrated Gustav Freytag. The state and private female schools of the type I have described respond to the supposed needs of German home life.

But while the people generally cling with tenacity to the traditional educational standard, there is a growing desire for better teaching, which is bearing fruit in the establishment of various types of new schools. Of these the industrial schools that exist offer some novel traits, but in the main they resemble American schools of the same type. The Victoria Lyceum, however, differs too remarkably from Vassar, Wellesley, and similar colleges in America to be passed by quite undescribed. It has not the constitution, the dotation, or the stability of a university, but its original character resembled a piece broken off from such an institution more than a college or school. All lessons were given in the form of lectures; no examinations were held; the course followed was a matter of individual choice; the rooms in the building were arranged as lecture-rooms, and professors walked in, assumed their desks, and at the close of an hour or two hurried out, precisely as at the university. The themes lectured on were modern history, the history of Greek and Roman art, German literature, and the literature of

France. The pupils were mostly young ladies of the leisure classes, and numbered in my day (1873) about ninety or a hundred, the lyceum having opened in 1869 with seventy or less.

The originator of the idea of the lyceum, and its first directress, was Miss Archer. She broke loose from England, and came, as many of us have come, to Germany as the land of learning, only to find that if learning was here, it was not for girls. The instruction she found in the Lüneburger Seminary was no better than she had had at home. But she went through it, and passed a governess's examination, as is required by law, to enable her to teach. She then came to Berlin. Her means were very limited. To support herself she gave lessons in English; in the evenings, in pursuance of her object, she studied Latin, Greek, mathematics, physics — all, in short, that had been left out of the instruction in schools. If Miss Archer's experience had not been of a kind to make her respond passionately to the desire for higher education, the idea that formed itself in her mind of establishing a college must have collapsed in view of its extreme difficulty. And, in truth, it is to be added to the lists of wonders that this obscure little governess, unbefriended in a great foreign city, should have accomplished such a task. She succeeded in having herself introduced from one patroness to another, upward in the social scale, till she got acquainted at last with the governess of the royal children, and later, through the countess, with the Crown Princess Victoria. Miss Archer's plans were matured, and she laid them before her Highness. In spite of the difference in their ranks, the two countrywomen understood each other. Going to lectures was a popular fashion, and, as no great scheme was practicable, it was determined to begin by adopting the current usage, only seeing that the courses of lectures were exhaustive and systematically adapted to the stage of the pupils' mental development.

When Miss Archer died, in 1882, the lyceum had attained a form somewhat different from its early compass, and essentially that which it now presents. The courses of lectures are retained, and included, during the winter semester of 1888–89, history of painting among the peoples of the Occident, Grecian plastic art, ancient art, furniture of houses in ancient and modern times — the last three courses being held in the royal museums face to face with the objects of art described. A second group of lectures included, besides the early themes of history and literature, a course in logic. And, finally, a third group grapples with the natural sciences — physics, geology, botany, and geography. The prospectus gives the whole number of lectures read as nearly twelve hundred and fifty for the year 1888–89, and the number of listeners to them as over nine hundred. The price per lecture is thirty cents.

To the lectures are added regular and exhaustive courses of instruction, and it was in these courses that Miss Archer introduced the study of the Latin tongue. They include — besides the modern languages, history, literature, and art — botany, physics, and ethnography. It is worthy of note, perhaps, that the teacher of the latter science as well as that of art history is a woman.

Pupils of the courses of instruction bind themselves to regular attendance for three years, and to fulfil whatever exercises may be set.

In 1885 their number reached two hundred, many of whom were common-school teachers and governesses.

A union, as it is, of school and university, the lyceum in Berlin embodies the highest advance which reform of female education has made in Germany.

Countess v. Krockow.

Gettysburg and Waterloo.

As the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg, from their size, bloodiness, and decisive importance, have so often provoked comparison, it may be of interest to readers to compare the force and loss of the combatants in each. I take the figures for Waterloo from the official reports as given by Dorsey Gardner in his "Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo"; and the figures for Gettysburg from "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," and from Captain William F. Fox's "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War."

Unlike Waterloo, Gettysburg was almost purely a fight of infantry and artillery; the cavalry, which did good work during the campaign, played no part in the battle itself, the bulk of the horse of the two contending armies being at the time engaged in a subsidiary but entirely distinct fight of their own. The troops thus engaged should not be included in the actual fighting forces employed at Gettysburg itself, any more than Grouchy's French and the Prussians against whom they were pitted at Wavre can be included in the armies actually engaged at Waterloo. The exclusion will be made in both cases, and the comparison thereby rendered more easy.

Even making these exclusions it is impossible wholly to reconcile the various authorities; but the following figures must be nearly accurate. At Gettysburg there were present in action 80,000 to 85,000 Union troops, and of the Confederates some 65,000. At Waterloo there were 120,000 soldiers of the Allies under Wellington and Blücher, and 72,000 French under Napoleon; or, there were about 150,000 combatants at Gettysburg and about 190,000 at Waterloo. In each case the weaker army made the attack and was defeated. Lee did not have to face such heavy odds as Napoleon; but, whereas Napoleon's defeat was a rout in which he lost all his guns and saw his soldiers become a disorganized rabble, Lee drew off his army in good order, his cannon uncaptured, and the *morale* of his formidable soldiers unshaken. The defeated Confederates lost in killed and wounded 15,530, and in captured 7467, some of whom were likewise wounded, or 23,000 in all; the defeated French lost from 25,000 to 30,000 — probably nearer the latter number. The Confederates thus lost in killed and wounded at least 25 per cent. of their force, and yet they preserved their artillery and their organization; while the French suffered an even heavier proportional loss and were turned into a fleeing mob.

Comparing the victors, we find that the forces of the Allies at Waterloo consisted of several different kinds of troops, and together with the losses can best be presented in tabulated form. Wellington had under him 68,000 English, Germans, and Dutch-Belgians, while Blücher had 52,000 Prussians.

	Number.	Killed and wounded.	Missing.	Per cent. of killed and wounded to force engaged.
Wellington's British	23,991	6,344	592	.26+
" Germans	25,886	4,006	478	.15+
" Dutch-Belgians	17,784	1,000	3,000	
Blücher's Prussians	51,944	5,612	1,386	.11-
	119,605	16,962	5,456	.15

The figures for the Dutch-Belgians, who behaved very badly, are mere estimates; probably the missing numbered more than 3000, and it is very unlikely that the total killed and wounded went as high as 1000.

At Gettysburg the Northerners lost 17,555 killed and wounded and 5,435 missing; in other words, they suffered an actually greater loss than the much larger army of Wellington and Blücher; relatively, it was half as great again, being something like twenty-two per cent. in killed and wounded alone. This gives some idea of the comparative obstinacy of the fighting.

But in each case the brunt of the battle fell unequally on different organizations. At Waterloo the English did the heaviest fighting and suffered the heaviest loss; and though at Gettysburg no troops behaved badly, as did the Dutch-Belgians, yet one or two of the regiments composed of foreigners certainly failed to distinguish themselves. Meade had seven infantry corps, one of which was largely held in reserve. The six that did the actual fighting may be grouped in pairs. The Second and Third numbered nominally 23,610 (probably there were in reality several hundred less than this), and lost in killed and wounded 7586, or thirty-two per cent., and 974 missing; so that these two corps, whose aggregate force was smaller than that of Wellington's British regiments at Waterloo, nevertheless suffered a considerably heavier loss, and therefore must have done bloodier, and in all probability more obstinate, fighting. The First and Eleventh Corps, who were very roughly handled the first day, make a much worse showing in the "missing" column, but their death rolls are evidences of how bravely they fought. They had in all 18,600 men, of whom 6092, or thirty-two per cent., were killed and wounded, and 3733 missing. The Fifth and Twelfth Corps, of in the aggregate 20,147 men, lost 2990, or fifteen per cent., killed and wounded, and 278 missing.

Thus of the six Union corps which did the fighting at Gettysburg four suffered a relatively much heavier loss in killed and wounded than Wellington's British at Waterloo, and the other two a relatively much heavier loss than Blücher's Prussians.

In making any comparison between the two battles, it must of course be remembered that one occupied but a single day and the other very nearly three; and it is hard to compare the severity of the strain of a long and very bloody, with that caused by a short, and only less bloody, battle.

Gettysburg consisted of a series of more or less completely isolated conflicts; but owing to the loose way in which the armies marched into action many of the troops that did the heaviest fighting were engaged for but a portion of the time. The Second and Third Corps were probably not heavily engaged for a very much longer period than the British regiments at Waterloo.

Both were soldiers' rather than generals' battles. Both were waged with extraordinary courage and obstinacy and at a fearful cost of life. Waterloo was settled by a single desperate and exhausting struggle; Gettysburg took longer, was less decisive, and was relatively much more bloody. According to Wellington the chief feature of Waterloo was the "hard pounding"; and at Gettysburg the pounding — or, as Grant called it, the "hammering" — was even harder.

Theodore Roosevelt.

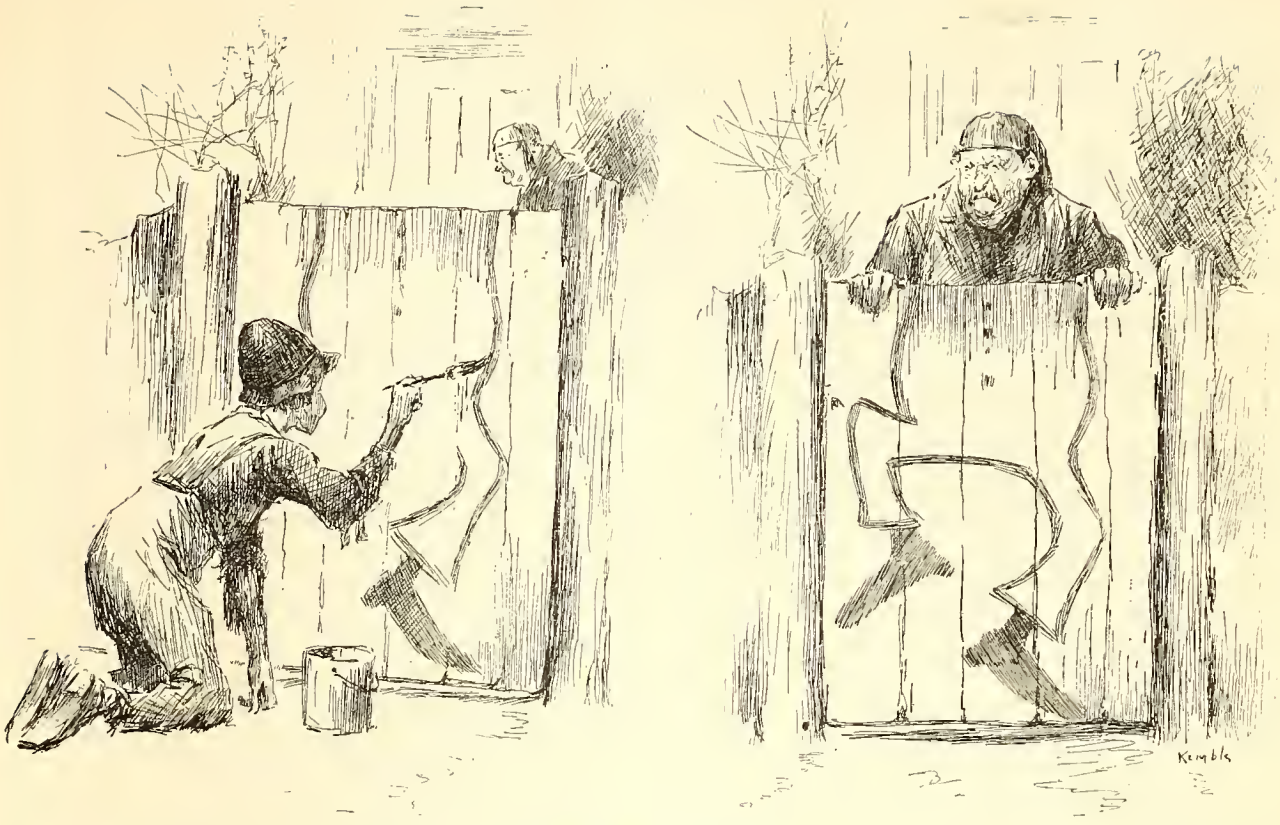
Ernest L. Major.

SOMETIME in 1884 those art students of New York whose lack of resources forbade any hope of their ever completing their studies in Paris, read with much interest that a fund had been placed in the hands of trustees, the increase of which was to be devoted to the maintenance in Paris for three years of a student from the art schools of New York. Later this interest was somewhat abated when it was learned that some years must elapse before the increment of this fund would yield an amount large enough for the purpose. The same year one of the large publishing firms of New York announced that an art competition for which it had offered a prize had failed to bring out any work which its judges deemed worthy, and that it would add the amount of this prize to the fund, and so make it possible to send a student abroad that year. The judges and trustees of this combined Hallgarten and Harper prize were to be three well-known artists — Augustus St. Gaudens, T. W. Dewing, and William M. Chase.

The successful competitor was Ernest L. Major, a pupil of the Art Students' League — whose picture, "Springtime," exhibited at the National Academy of Design in the fall exhibition of 1890, is printed on page 229 of this number of THE CENTURY. Mr. Major was born in Washington in 1864. He began the study of art under E. C. Messer at the Corcoran Art Gallery. In 1882 he entered the Art Students' League of New York, and was a pupil of William M. Chase until his good fortune sent him to Paris in 1884. There he came under the criticism of Boulanger and Jules Lefebvre at the Académie Julien. His first *envoi* to the salon was in 1885, a landscape. His second, in 1888, was an important figure-subject, "Ste. Geneviève," since exhibited in America in the cities of Chicago, New York, and Boston.

It is yet too soon to predict Mr. Major's future,— he is still three years on the youthful side of thirty,— he is a good draftsman, his composition and technique are above the average, and his color is pleasant and harmonious. He is possessed of a good deal of artistic individuality, evidenced by the fact that the pictures he has painted since his return to America show little of the styles or mannerisms of his masters.

William Lewis Fraser.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Tommy, the painter's boy, decorates old Sweigler's gate.

Old Sweigler appears and wonders at Tommy's hilarity.

De Bugle on de Hill.

I DOAN' like de noise, er de marchin' ob de boys,—
An' I 'low I doan' s'pose I evah will,—
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,
Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away
An' ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Sumpin' whispahed in my eah 'bout my little volunteah,
An' sade he nevah will come back no mo'.

I 's thinkin' mos' to-day ob how he marched away,
Wid de bright sun a-climbin' up de sky;
Marched out an' down de street to de drum's wild beat,
An' den how dey fotched 'im home to die.
Oh, de sad, moanful way missus bowed her head to pray,
When Gabe said, "Hit 's gittin' mighty still,
But I 'll rise an' jine de boys when I heah de cannon's noise,
Er de soun' ob de bugle on de hill!"

Dar 's a spot mighty deah to dis ole darky heah,
Whar de sunshine am peekin' frough de palms.
Wid his hands 'pon his breast dar my soldier 's gone to rest
Jes peacefully a-sleepin' in de calms.
An' de drum's wild beat er de tread ob marchin' feet
I know cain't disturb 'im now until
De Lo'd gibs command, den I know he 'll rise an' stan'
At de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Hit 'peahs as ef I seen de ole plantation green,
An' sometimes I reckon dat I heah
De reg'ment pass by, an I 'low I hear a cry
Like de moan ob my little volunteah,
An' de sobbin' on de day po' ole missus kneeled to pray.
An' sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin heah de tread ob feet, to de drum's wild beat,
An' de soun' ob de bugle on de hill.

Bow Hackley.

Parnassus by Rail.

BALLADE.

It is proposed to build a railway like that on the Rigi up the hill of the Muses.— *Foreign News.*

No more the wishèd height to gain
We climb Parnassus, laboring,
Or where Castalian airs sustain
The murmur of the Muses' spring
Bestride the steed of daring wing
To mount aloft: we take the train
Straight for the summit with a swing,
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.

Once wound the way through grape and grain,
By laurel groves where song was king,
And birds had caught the liquid strain,
The murmur of the Muses' spring:
"Next stop Parnassus." "*Ding-a-ding!*"
We hear to-day; within our brain,
Instead of songs the Muses sing,
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.

We meet, instead of nymph or swain,
Men bored like us with traveling.
Winds waft to us no soft refrain,
The murmur of the Muses' spring:
The breeze might bear with it a sting,
Dash of the critic's cinder-rain.
Sash down! and sit we fashioning
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.

Envoy.

Prince Populace, your praise will bring
The murmur of the Muses' spring.
You like it not? Then don't disdain
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.

Marion M. Miller.

The March of Company A.

"FORWARD, march!" was the captain's word,
And the tramp of a hundred men was heard.
As they formed into line, in the morning gray,
Shoulder to shoulder went Company A.

Out of the shadow into the sun,
A hundred men that moved as one;
Out of the dawning into the day,
A glittering file went Company A.

Marching along to the rendezvous
By grassy meadows the road ran through,
By springing cornfields and orchards gay,
Forward, forward, went Company A.

And the pink and white of the apple trees,
Falling fast on the fitful breeze,
Scattered its dewy, scented spray
Straight in the faces of Company A.

A breath like a sigh ran through the ranks
Treading those odorous blossom-banks,
For the orchard hillsides far away,
The northern hillsides of Company A.

Forward, march!—and the dream was sped;
Out of the pine wood straight ahead
Clattered a troop of the Southern gray
Face to face with Company A.

Forth with a flash in the Southern sun
A hundred bayonets leaped like one.
Sudden drum-beat and bugle-play
Sounded the charge for Company A.

Halt! What is here? A slumbering child,
Roused by the blast of the bugle wild,
Between the ranks of the blue and gray,
Right in the path of Company A.

Nothing knowing of North or South,
Her dimpled finger within her mouth,
Her gathered apron with blossoms gay,
She stared at the guns of Company A.

Straightway set for a sign of truce
Whitely a handkerchief fluttered loose,
As under the steel of the Southern gray
Galloped the captain of Company A.

To his saddle-bow he swung the child,
With a kiss on the baby lips that smiled,
While the boys in blue and the boys in gray
Cheered for the captain of Company A.

Forth from the ranks of his halted men,
While the wild hurrahs rang out again,
The Southern leader spurred his way
To meet the captain of Company A.

Out of the arms that held her safe
He took with a smile the little waif.
A grip of the hand 'twixt blue and gray,
And back rode the captain of Company A.

Up there, in the distant cottage door,
A mother, clasping her child once more,
Shuddered at sight of the smoke-cloud gray
Shrouding the path of Company A.

A little later, and all was done—
The battle over, the victory won.
Nothing left of the pitiless fray
That swept the ranks of Company A.

Nothing left—save the bloody stain
Darkening the orchard's rosy rain.
Dead the chief of the Southern gray,
And dead the captain of Company A.

Fallen together the gray and blue,
Gone to the final rendezvous.
A grave to cover, a prayer to say,
And—Forward, march! went Company A.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

A Day in June.

SEE the meadows white with daisies,
Hear the Bob o'Lincoln's song,
While he passes through the grasses,
While he sings the whole day long.
Daisies, daisies, daisies white,
Meadows white with daisies;
Bob o', Bob o', Bob o' bright,
Singing sweet June's praises.

See the meadows white with clover,
Hear our robin redbreast's song.
While he flashes through the ashes,
While he sings the boughs among.
Clover, clover, clover white,
Meadows white with clover;
Robin, robin, now it 's night,
Day of June is over.

Charles H. Truax.

Observations from the Farm.

THE cat is always friendly at milking-time.

NEVER inform the calf which way you wish to drive him.

YOU can draw more milk from a cow than you can pound out.

A ROOSTER makes a pretty fair watch-dog—if you understand rooster talk.

THE old dog says, "Don't whip me; you can teach the puppies so much easier."

AN old boundary fence is often very effective in keeping happiness off the place.

THE devil left more than his horns and hoof to the average cow.

ONCE in a while it really pays better to go a-fishing than it does to plow.

A COLT is like a schoolboy—willing to wrestle with you if he can get the best hold.

THE angleworms must hear you when you speak of going for trout. They are as scarce as loafers in time of a draft.

IT is a melancholy fact, but the water you have hoisted out of the well for the last ten years will not do for the stock this morning.

C. H. Crandall.

To My Only Child.

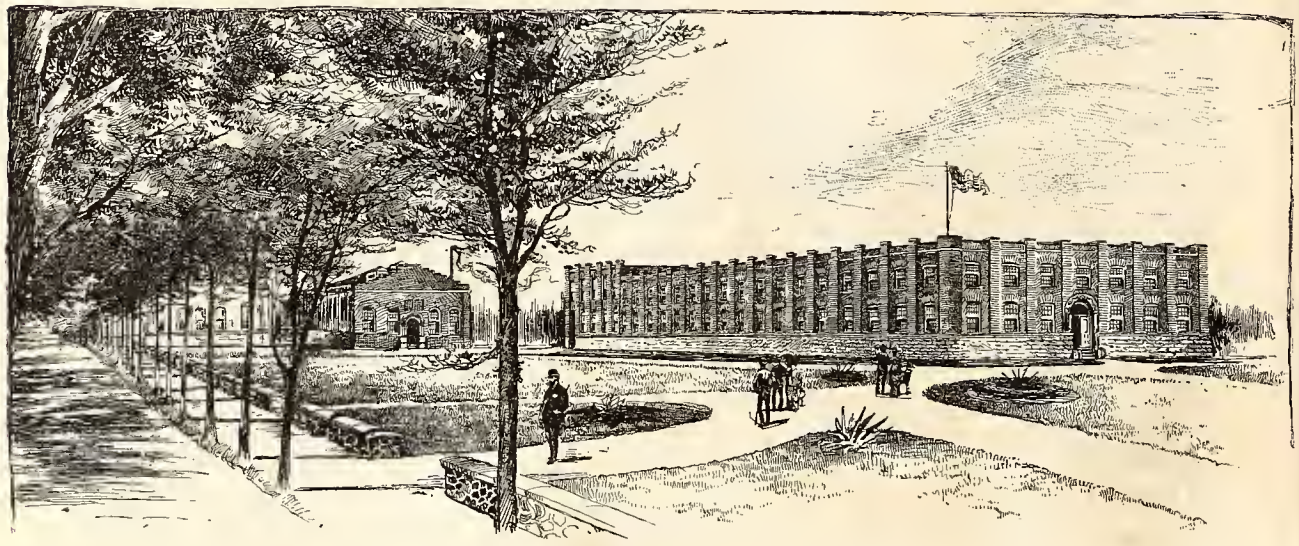
WHEN Charlie is not here
The day is long,
And haunted by a fear
Of sudden wrong.

Could woman be more dear?
More lone a song?—
"When Charlie is not here
The day is long."

Douglas Sladen.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

PEARS
PEARS
"AND A NICE LITTLE BOY
HAD A NICE CAKE OF SOAP
WORTHY OF WASHING THE HANDS OF THE POPE."
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.



AT THE HOME OF THE KODAK.

In a recent number of The Century James Whitcomb Riley in his inimitable Hoosier dialect tells how

> Uncle William last July
> Had his picture took,

and describes with charming simplicity the old Indiana farmer who could n't see why they should want his "likeness." But one morning they got him into town,

> Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed
> Up around the face,

till the old fellow succumbed to the flattering and "sat." The conclusion of the poem is touching in the extreme.

> All so providential! Why,
> Now he 's dead and gone,
> Picture 'pears so lifelike I
> Want to start him on
> Them old tales he ust to tell,
> And old talks so sociable,
> And old songs he sung so well
> 'Fore his voice was gone!

But the most important pictures taken by the Kodak after all are the pictures of the baby! The reign of a man as master of his own house lasts only till the baby comes. After that he resigns in favor of the new administration. A friend of mine has several series of Kodak pictures subdivided as follows,

1 set of his horse,	4 sets of his wife,
3 sets of his dog,	41 sets of his baby.

He is still adding to the last series. I looked over some pictures at the factory, that had been sent for finishing. I picked them out at random. The first lot consisted of a full roll, 100 pictures. Six were marked imperfect, and ninety-four good. The ninety-four were of the baby, the other six I don't know what they were — but that man has a gallery of pictures that money can't buy, that will be a source of pleasure to him to the end.

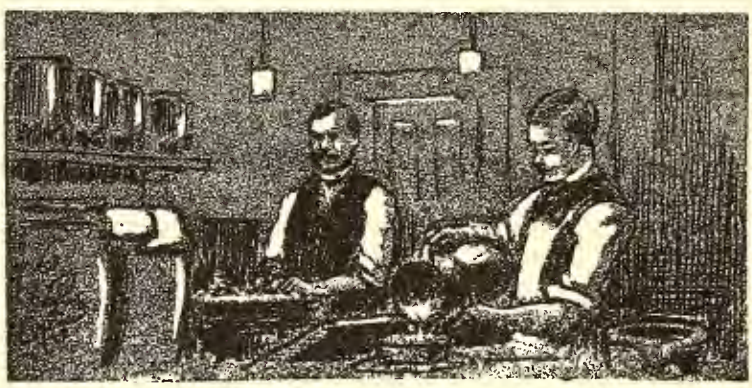
The click of the Kodak button is now heard around the world. It has not only brought photography within reach of the general public, but has done more to deepen the popular interest in the science of photography than any other discovery in the art. Photography is no longer the secret of the darkened laboratory. Through the Kodak, thousands of persons have now more or less acquaintance with chemicals and processes employed in making photographs, though not one of them knew more at first than to press the button. But gradually the fascination of the work took hold of them, and unconsciously they acquired practical knowledge of a business which if necessity demanded would earn them a first-class livelihood, and which to an ambitious mind offers a field of unlimited pos-

INSPECTING KODAKS.

sibilities. Who knows but that it remains for a Kodaker to make the first successful print in colors? That is only one of the coming things in photography. I cannot tell you to what an extent the industrial and mechanical arts would be affected by such a discovery;—it is beyond human calculation.

A few words, therefore, about the home of the Kodak may not be without interest. Although there is a great factory devoted to the manufacture of the Kodak in England, and others contemplated for France and Germany, yet the parent house is American, and is located in the thriving town of Rochester, New York State. Like the Telegraph, Telephone, and Electric light, it is exclusively an American invention, and largely the product of one man's efforts, Mr. George Eastman, founder of the company which now bears his name.

Mr. Eastman's career is typical of this country, and is a striking illustration of what energy, industry and perseverance can accomplish in the face of all obstacles. Mr. Eastman's first start was in an experimental laboratory in his own house. From that insignificant beginning he has seen a business grow till his company has become of international reputation, with important business connections in all parts of the world. The business having grown beyond the capacity of the old factory it has been turned into an office and shipping department, and immense new works erected in the outskirts of the city for the manufactory. These new factory buildings are unique. No others are like them. They were built specially for the specific business, and embody every suggestion that previous experience proved practical. The man with an eye for machinery will be interested in the Engine House, with its boilers, engines, ice machine, etc. The Electric Light Plant furnishing power and light will further impress him, and the peculiar construction of the buildings themselves will excite his curiosity. The main buildings are detached from the Power House, to avoid vibration, and dust. Two hundred horse-power is required to operate the plant, and over five hundred people are now engaged in manufacturing the Kodak and the supplies connected therewith.



IN THE EMULSION ROOM.

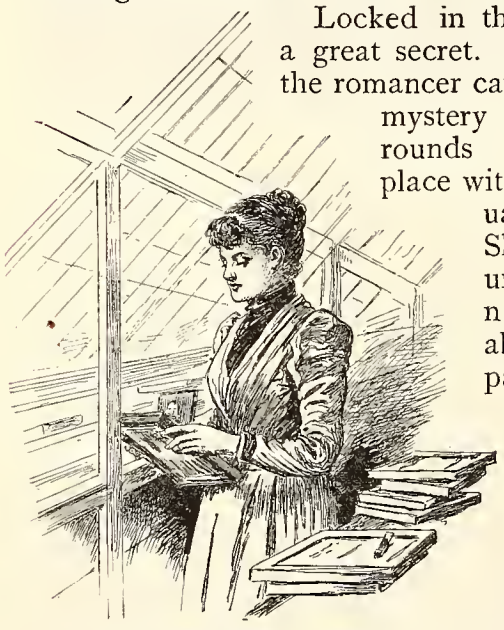
REMOVING SPOTS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

The first step is making the Camera itself.

FINISHING THE CASE.

If it takes nine men to make a pin, it takes apparently nine times nine to make a Camera, so many different groups are at work on it. One set prepare the wood by cutting it, seasoning it, and drying it again. Others put it together, while still others arrange the interior mechanism. When all the parts are completed the final touches are put on. The Lens is properly focused, then thoroughly tested, several pictures being made under varying conditions to practically demonstrate the perfect working of the Kodak. After this examination is made it is loaded, sealed, and packed for shipment. When a sealed camera is delivered to the purchaser, that seal indicates that it left the factory in perfect condition. There is no fear about its getting out of order by rough usage. It is made for that purpose and will stand all the wear and tear incident to its career.

The light yellow, transparent film which is on the roll holder, and which is rarely seen by many persons, as it is never exposed to light, is what takes the picture, and the sensitive coating on it is made in the Emulsion Room.



PRINTING KODAK NEGATIVES IN THE GALLERY.

Locked in this room is a great secret. No tale of the romancer can equal the mystery that surrounds this weird place with its perpetual gloom. Shadowy figures move noiselessly about preparing the Emulsion, which is so sensitive to light that should one ray of whitelight enter this room all its contents would be instantly destroyed. Small incandescent lights covered with deep orange paper relieve this room of absolute darkness, but the inexperienced visitor would be unable to distinguish anything. Constant association, however, enables the workman to see as well in this gloom as you and I do in the light.

When the Emulsion is finally prepared it is spread over large sheets of transparent material 34 inches wide and 300 feet long, $\frac{3}{1000}$ of an inch thick. When dried it forms a thin coating, which adheres to the transparent material, and the two form a perfect substitute for the former cumbersome glass dry-plates. The sheets are subsequently cut in strips to suit the different size roll holders. This is one great feature peculiar to the Kodak.

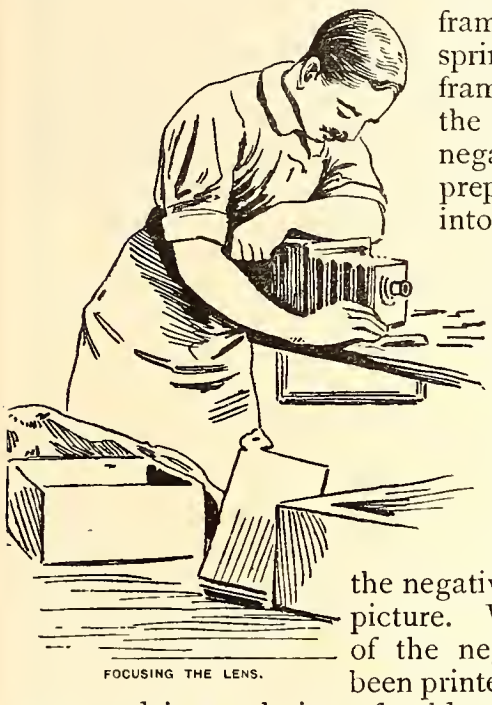
When the Kodak comes back to have the negatives developed, each roll is numbered and each separate exposure is marked with the same number. At the height of the busy season thousands of negatives come back every day, and the system which provides for a proper handling of each order is perfection itself. The number of exposures is first ascertained, and

MOUNTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

when they are all developed a complete record of the result is returned to the office. As some are occasionally spoiled, directions for avoiding the trouble in future accompany the returned negative. Thus some are marked "over timed," some "under timed," "double exposure," "insufficient light," etc., etc., so that when the operator learns the result of his first experience he is in a position to make his next attempt with almost absolute success.

After the roll holder has been removed from the camera, which is done in the dark room, the development commences. The roll is cut into short lengths to facilitate handling, and is first immersed in water. After soaking a short time it is put in a solution of pyrogallic acid and soda, and in this bath the picture slowly appears. When the picture is brought out sufficiently the image is "fixed" in a solution of hyposulphite of soda. Then the negative is

washed and dried and taken to the printing galleries. Here are sheets of albumenized paper, sensitized with silver. The negative is laid face down on this paper, and placed in a small printing frame. Small springs close the frame and bring the face of the negative and the prepared paper into close contact. The frame has a glass face through which the light penetrates, and the action of the light through the negative gives the picture. When each of the negatives has been printed the prints are toned in a solution of gold to give them the right color, and then sent to the Finishing Room. Here, small imperfections are removed, and the picture is mounted on heavy cardboard. It has a dull finish up to this point and lacks brilliancy. But several turns through a Burnishing machine — a contrivance like a wringer, the cylinders being of steel and heated by steam — give a beautiful, highly polished appearance, and the completed picture is ready for the customer again. As many of these pictures as



FOCUSING THE LENS.

BURNISHING PHOTOGRAPHS.

required can be printed from these negatives at any time.

There is a popular impression that because the Roll Holder is arranged to take 100 pictures the operator must necessarily wait till the entire series are taken before sending it back to be finished. This is an error. You can have any number developed at any time by merely removing the Roll Holder and cutting off such pictures as may be required and forwarding them by mail. Kodakers are naturally impatient to see their work, and it would be unreasonable to ask them to finish the whole hundred before they saw the results of the first ten, and that point is fully recognized by the makers of the Kodak.

Seldom indeed has an advertising phrase so caught the popular fancy as "You press the button; we do the rest." It is heard on the street, in the cars, at the theater, in the clubs, and in fact wherever men and women most do congregate. The comic papers have burlesqued it, statesmen have paraphrased it, and it is repeatedly used to point a moral or adorn a tale. Chauncey M. Depew, in a great speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce, made one of his most telling hits by aptly quoting Mr. Eastman's aphorism. Speaking of reciprocity, Mr. Depew said, among other things referring to needed legislation:

> With the control we already possess of the markets of Europe in breadstuffs and provisions we can relegate the burning question of the pig and his international rights to the realm of diplomacy, if wise legislation by Congress will give to the American merchant the opportunity to carry the product of the American farm to the republics of South and Central America.
>
> As merchants and bankers and business-men we say to Congress in the language which advertises that most universal production of our institutions, the "Kodak": "You press the button; we do the rest." (Loud and continued applause.)

The word Kodak itself has often been ascribed to Greek origin. As a matter of fact the word is an arbitrary coinage, used to identify the manufactures of the Eastman Company, and until used in this connection had no existence, and meant nothing.

Many women who have a natural talent for writing have encountered the greatest difficulty in having suitable illustrations made. It is hard to describe exactly what one most wishes to preserve, and the disappointment of work done under such circumstance is invariable. There is but little doubt that books handsomely illustrated are more readily sold, and with the Kodak any number of illustrations are at hand for the author at any time. A case in point is Mrs. General Collis's interesting book, "A Woman's Trip to Alaska." In it

DEVELOPING KODAK NEGATIVES IN THE DARK ROOM.

she describes in a charming manner her trip along the Northern Pacific and up the coast of British America to Alaska. All through her book are delightful pictures of the things that most impressed her, and underneath each is the line, "Kodak'd by the author." There are some very humorous suggestions in her snap-shots from the rear of the last vestibule; and when she describes the Yellowstone Park and illustrates her work with Kodaks taken by herself she adds at once a wonderful degree of interest to her trip, and has a record of an experience so good and so novel that not only were her immediate friends interested in her tale but the general public as well, and her book now enjoys a wonderful popularity all over the country. No wonder Mrs. Collis becomes enthusiastic over the beauties of our country when she has so much to remind her of them. To Mrs. Collis also belongs the credit of using the word Kodak as a verb. Doubtless Mrs. Collis's book will do much to stimulate other efforts in the same direction, and such a rivalry cannot fail to be of benefit.

As a phrenologist the Kodak takes high rank. It is an index to character unerring in its conclusions. If a man is a lover of horse-flesh you will find his Album filled with pictures of all the crack trotters in the country. If he is a yachtsman all the chief participants in the leading Regattas find an honored place in his cabinet. Bacon said you can tell a man by the letter he writes. You can do it more easily by the picture he takes.

If he has been abroad the route is as plainly indicated as if it were laid out before you. He finds no difficulty at the Custom Houses. All nations know the Kodak and it is pronounced the same in every tongue. There is the scene on leaving the dock, the Departure of the Pilot, Incidents on Board, and the First View of Land on the Irish Coast. Few prints come from London, probably because the smoke and fog are not favorable to the taking of good pictures.

From France come some interesting bits of Paris. Italy seems to re-awaken the spirit, and the Coliseum, the Leaning Tower, and many familiar scenes follow in quick succession. Venice seems to lead in a pictorial sense, more views of Gondolas, Incidents of Canal Travel coming from there than from almost any other point except possibly Switzerland. Lake Como, Luzerne, the Matterhorn, Chalets, Peasants, Hotels, etc., mark the tourist's path to Germany: Berlin, the Home of the Kaiser, comes in for a goodly share of attention, the Schloss, Unter den Linden, and Bismarkiana, figuring prominently. A good deal of taste is displayed in the selection of subjects, those showing hackneyed themes being pretty well eschewed. From the number of views given of any particular place, it is easy to tell what has most pleased the traveler. The immense amount of interest added to a trip under such circumstances cannot be denied, and when an unusually interesting event occurs, such as the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the series contains material that cannot be duplicated under any circumstances.

At home the Kodaker finds innumerable practical uses for his camera. The man who has a house to sell or a stock farm finds a great ally in his Kodak. Purchasers who cannot spare the time to visit the place personally receive an exact representation of the article by the next mail, and much time and trouble is saved in consequence.

There are many scenes and incidents connected with summer life which endear themselves to the young people, and it serves to bring back many a pleasant hour in after years when nothing remains but a distant memory.

Young parents, as we all know, have a habit of promising themselves and each other that baby's photograph shall be taken every six months, until he is four or five years old. Yet how rarely is this noble resolve put into execution. The inconvenience and expense of obtaining such pictures is apt to put all enthusiasm on the subject to flight. With a

IN THE SHIPPING DEPARTMENT.

Kodak in the house — ready for use upon a moment's notice — every whim in this direction is easily gratified.

The future of photography is alluring in its possibilities. No other science holds out such inducements to the searcher after the secrets locked in the heart of chemistry. When the first successful photograph was made, all the art centres were shaken to their foundation, and the prejudice against it among the artists in Paris was formidable. Painting, they said, was doomed. But the camera has become an ally of the palette, and the two work in harmony for the good of all mankind. We cannot all own great pictures, but the numerous reproductions at a slight expense are brought within our reach by the camera.

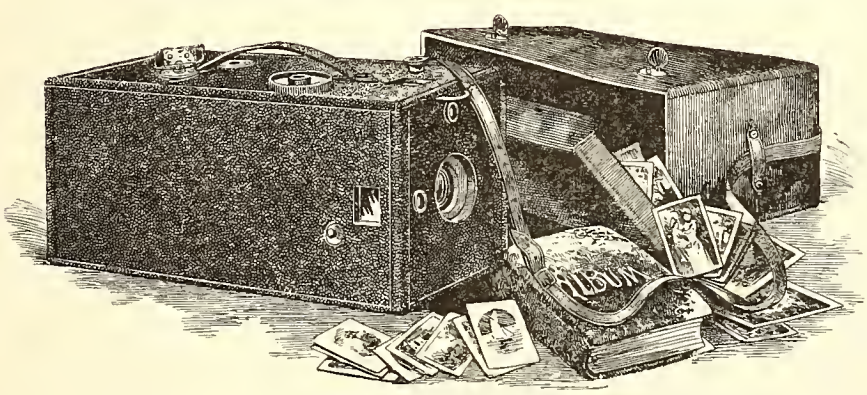
But not only in peace is the camera great, for in war its utility is startling to contemplate. With a balloon and a Kodak every plan and detail of the enemy's fortifications can be laid before the opposing army. A view of the country for many miles around can be had, and the movements of an army detected long before the action begins. In this direction the Kodak may become an instrument of warfare more to be dreaded than a dynamite gun.

All sorts and conditions of men and women to-day use the Kodak. Presidents and Emperors, Kings and Princes, Statesmen and Theologians, Litterateurs and Ministers, Doctors and Lawyers, Artists and Artisans, and in short the whole range of human society finds an endless source of pleasure and profit in the unassuming Kodak.

The Kodak is made in several sizes, and is kept in stock by photo dealers in all parts of the world. A visit to the nearest dealer will enable you to see the goods, and give you other information which our space forbids. If your dealer does not keep them, write to the Company direct, and they will gladly answer all questions.

Every effort is made by the Eastman Company to provide enquirers by mail with full information regarding the Kodak. There is a Manual of Photography, which accompanies each Kodak, which gives every particular regarding the practical working of the instrument together with directions for developing. Several other pamphlets are in course of preparation, one, "Through Europe with a Kodak," of particular interest, which will be mailed to those interested. Almost every dealer in the United States has the Kodak in stock, but if you live in a remote point write to the Company direct.

H. C. Brown.



HARRY LEROY, quoting Shakspeare: "When I have matched my *racket* to these *bawls!*"

THE IVERS & POND SOFT STOP

Our exclusive patent, is designed to do away with the *racket* of piano practice, *and it does it.* It does not affect the action of the piano, and has nothing to do with the pedals. The person at the piano hears every note, and every note is clear, sweet, and musical, light, not loud, not annoying to one reading in the same room, not heard by those talking, writing, or sleeping in any other room. If any one trying to sell you some other piano tells you it is not a very desirable improvement, or if he shows you some other device, claiming that it is practically the same, hear him out, let him commit himself, and then, before buying of him, write us, and we will tell you where and how you can try our Soft Stop, and judge its value for yourself before you buy any piano — ours or another.

Our pianos are first-class, not of the low-priced sort, and can be seen at

J. G. RAMSDELL'S, 1111 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
F. H. CHANDLER'S, 300 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
G. W. HERBERT'S, 18 East 17th Street, New-York.
AYRES & WYGANT CO.'S, 182 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
KOHLER & CHASE'S, San Francisco, California.
W. J. DYER & BRO.'S, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
PHILIP WERLEIN'S, 187 Canal Street, New Orleans.
SANDERS & STAYMAN'S, Baltimore and Washington.
THOS. GOGGAN & BRO.'S, Galveston, Texas.
PHILLIPS & CREW'S, Atlanta, Georgia.

and in about 150 other piano dealers' warerooms, from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.

MASONIC TEMPLE, 183-186 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

N. B.—We ship on approval where no dealer has our instruments, piano to be returned at our expense for railway freights both ways if unsatisfactory on trial. Distance, one mile or 2000, is no more obstacle than a city block in Boston. Terms of payment to suit reasonable convenience of customer. **We take old pianos in exchange. Catalogue and information free.**

SOLID SILVER

Exclusively.

TRADE MARK

STERLING.

WHITING M'F'G CO.

SILVERSMITHS,

Union Square & 16th St.,

NEW-YORK.

We make solid silver only, and of but one grade—that of Sterling, $\frac{925}{1000}$ fine; therefore purchasers secure entire freedom from false impressions, and the question, "Is it silver or is it plated?" is never raised concerning a gift bearing the above trade-mark.

June, '91.

SOUVENIR SPOONS
OF NEW-YORK.

What we know about Souvenir Spoons will be of interest to you if you will give us an opportunity to tell you

ABOUT
OUR NEW
"Rip Van Winkle" Tea Spoon.

Our less expensive "Rip Van Winkle" Spoon has met with such success that we determined to introduce this beautiful model of "RIP," which is characterized by its careful finish and accuracy of detail.

ABOUT
OUR
"Peter Stuyvesant" Coffee Spoon,

THE BEST SELLER IN THE MARKET.

Price, - - $4.00.

Its exquisite workmanship and design place it above all others as the gem of any collection.

Rip Van Winkle Tea Spoon, $5.00.

Peter Stuyvesant Coffee Spoon, $4.00.

ABOUT
OUR
"KNICKERBOCKER," "ANNEKE JANS," AND "GENERAL SHERMAN"
Souvenir Spoons,

as well as the Souvenir Spoons of all the cities between Maine and Alaska.

ABOUT
any other Souvenir Spoons, and particularly about any of those advertised in this publication.

Lovers of choice Silverware will find that, in proportion, weight and finish, our Spoons are not only suitable for practical use, but are well worth a place in any cabinet as an exemplification of high art in silver, side by side with the "Apostles" Spoons of old.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO.
17 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

Dealers in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, etc.

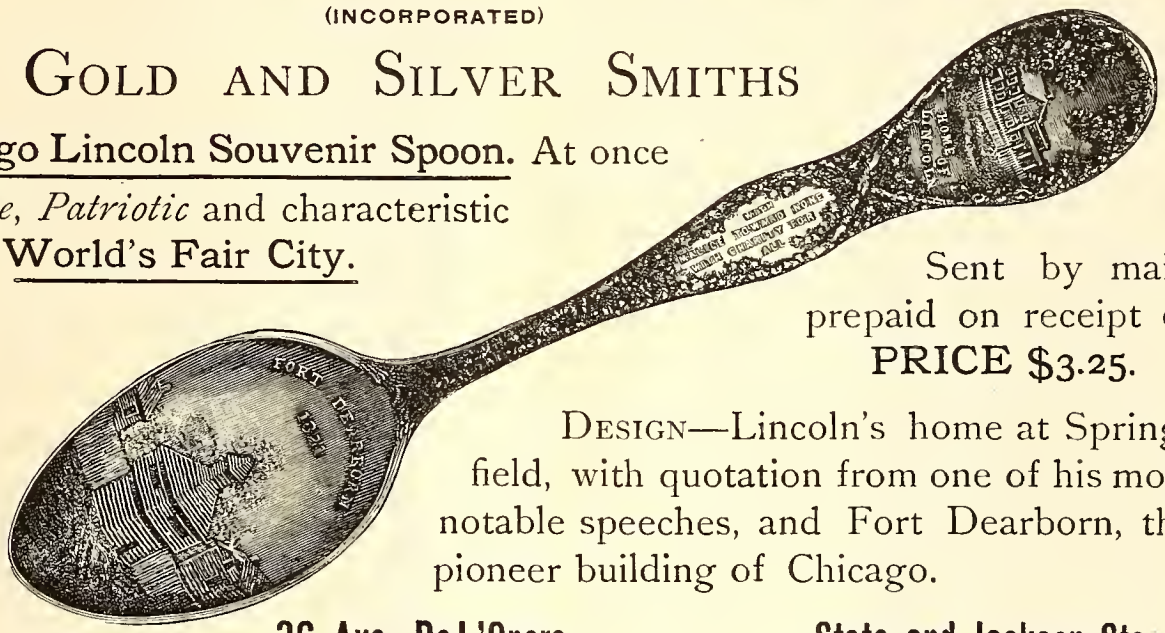
Send for Price-List.

SPAULDING & Co.

(INCORPORATED)

GOLD AND SILVER SMITHS

Chicago Lincoln Souvenir Spoon. At once *Unique, Patriotic* and characteristic of the **World's Fair City.**

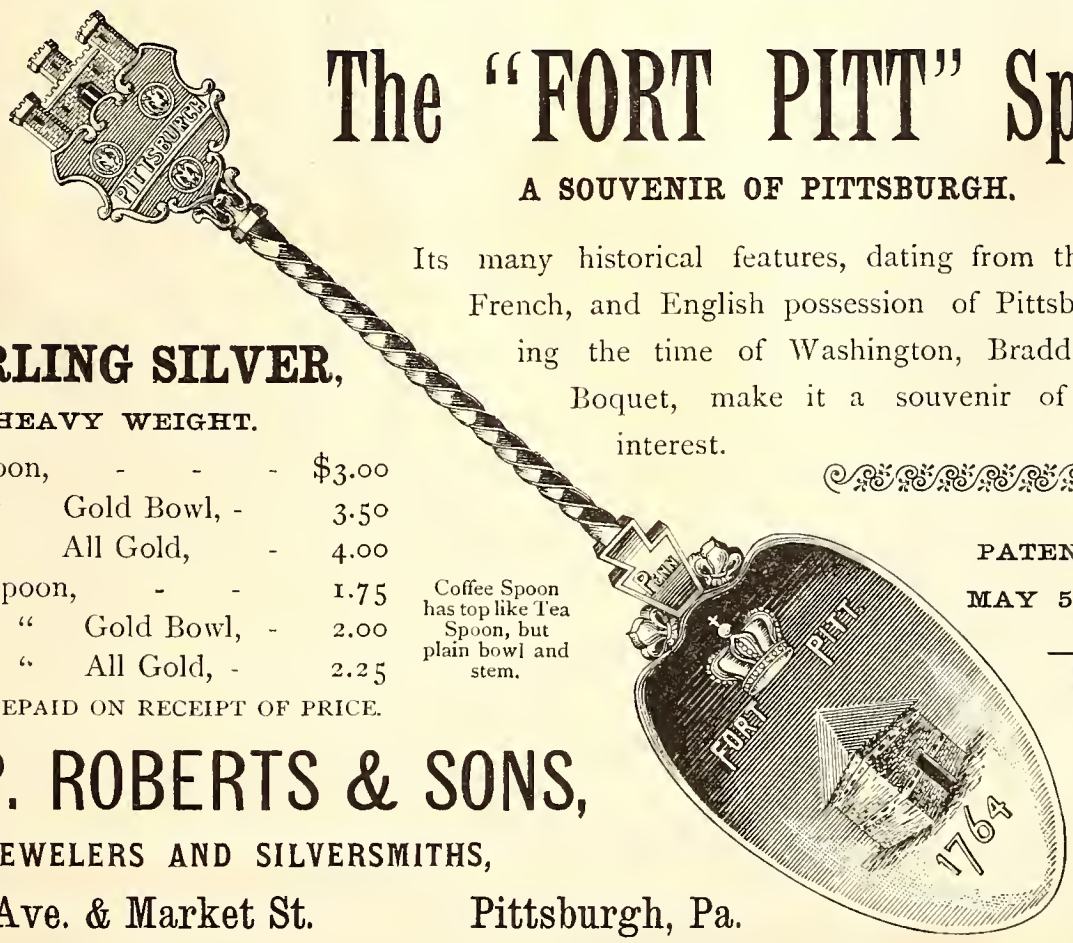


Sent by mail, prepaid on receipt of **PRICE $3.25.**

DESIGN—Lincoln's home at Springfield, with quotation from one of his most notable speeches, and Fort Dearborn, the pioneer building of Chicago.

36 Ave. De L'Opera Paris

State and Jackson Sts. Chicago



The "FORT PITT" Spoon.

A SOUVENIR OF PITTSBURGH.

Its many historical features, dating from the Indian, French, and English possession of Pittsburgh during the time of Washington, Braddock, and Boquet, make it a souvenir of National interest.

PATENTED MAY 5, 1891.

STERLING SILVER,

HEAVY WEIGHT.

Tea Spoon, - - -	$3.00
" " Gold Bowl, -	3.50
" " All Gold, -	4.00
Coffee Spoon, - -	1.75
" " Gold Bowl, -	2.00
" " All Gold, -	2.25

Coffee Spoon has top like Tea Spoon, but plain bowl and stem.

SENT PREPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

E. P. ROBERTS & SONS,

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,

Fifth Ave. & Market St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

The "Saratoga" Spoon.

The design of this spoon is the most striking of the many that have appeared. The handle is represented by a paddle and a quiver of arrows rising at the back. On the blade of the paddle is a miniature figure, beautifully executed, of Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, drinking from High Rock Spring as it originally appeared. Where the handle runs into the bowl is seen the Turtle, which was the "totem" of the Mohicans. These heavy Sterling Silver Souvenirs of America's great Spa are offered at the following prices:

Tea Spoons,	Plain	$2.50 each		Gilt	$3.00 each.
Orange "	"	$3.00 "	....	"	$3.50 "
Coffee "	"	$1.50 "	....	"	$1.75 "

To be had only of

CAMERDEN & FORSTER,

Favorite Spring Building, Broadway,

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW-YORK.

SOUVENIR SPOONS.

Coffee Spoon,
ACTUAL SIZE.
Patent applied for.

"MIDNIGHT RIDE, 1775."

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.
Longfellow.

This is without doubt the best historic Boston spoon that has been put upon the market.

PRICE LIST.

Tea Spoon,	Plain Bowl,	- -	$2.50
" "	Gold "	- - -	3.00
Orange "	Plain "	- - -	2.75
" "	Gold "	- - -	3.00
Coffee "	Plain "	- -	1.50
" "	Gold "	- - -	1.75

MADE IN

Sterling Silver

ONLY.

If your dealer does not have these spoons, we will send them to any address, prepaid (by mail) on receipt of price; for 5 cents additional we will insure safe delivery of package.

Coffee Spoon,
ACTUAL SIZE.
Patent applied for.

"JOHN HARVARD"

(Founder of Harvard College).

This spoon, possessing, as it does, more than a local value, is sure to be popular with the many graduates of the College. Upon the handle is a facsimile of the autograph and a raised copy of the statue of John Harvard.

PRICE LIST.

Tea Spoon,	Plain Bowl,	- -	$2.00
" "	Gold "	- - -	2.50
Orange "	Plain "	- - -	2.25
" "	Gold "	- - -	2.50
Coffee "	Plain "	- -	1.25
" "	Gold "	- - -	1.50

FREEMAN & TAYLOR,

495 Washington St.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE·MOST ARTISTIC & BEAUTIFUL

SOUVENIR SPOONS

ARE THE

NEW HAMPSHIRE, PRISCILLA, MILES STANDISH, HIAWATHA, EVANGELINE RIP VAN WINKLE, AND ANGELUS.

No Collections are Complete without these examples of the very highest skill in design and fine die work.

Made only in

STERLING SILVER

in Tea, Coffee, & Orange sizes

—

ASK YOUR JEWELER TO PROCURE THEM FOR YOU

MANUFACTURED·&·PATENTED BY

WILLIAM·B·DURGIN

DESIGNER·&·MAKER·OF·WARES·IN·STERLING·SILVER

·FOR·THE·TRADE·ONLY·

Concord, New Hampshire.

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

"THE PHŒNIX" SOUVENIR SPOON.

Patent applied for.

The attention of Collectors of Souvenir Spoons is called to this interesting design for the City of Chicago. The top of handle consists of the fabled "Phœnix" rising from its ashes; in the background is seen the rising sun, indicating the dawn of a new day. The bowl of spoon is artistically etched with a faithful representation of old Fort Dearborn, erected on the present site of Chicago, by order of the general government, in 1804, and demolished in 1856. This is representative of the birth of the city, while the "Phœnix" commemorates that most important epoch in its history, its destruction by fire, which occurred in 1871. These two striking and eventful features, so happily combined in this design, form an interesting and historical souvenir of the city. The spoon is solid sterling silver, of extra heavy weight, and is manufactured and for sale exclusively by

HYMAN, BERG & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

Diamond Merchants and Jewelers,

STATE AND MADISON STREETS, CHICAGO, ILL.

And will be mailed to any address at the following prices:

TEA SPOONS, - - - $3.50	ORANGE SPOONS, - - $3.50	COFFEE SPOONS, - - $1.75
" " Gilt Bowl, - - 4.00	" " Gilt Bowl, - 4.00	" " Gilt Bowl, - 2.00

After Dinner Coffee Cups.

Owing to the growing fashion for making collections of different shaped *Coffee Cups*, we will send from our VENETIAN CHINA WARE, on receipt of the price,

2 A. D. Coffee Cups, handsomely decorated, - - - $1.00

6 A. D. Coffee Cups, different patterns, decorated, - - - $3.00

If you are unable to see our *Venetian Ware* at your dealer's, we will ship you any of the following articles on receipt of price, paying transportation charges this side of the Rocky Mountains if your order is more than $5.00.

1	Rialto Teapot,	$1.48	12	Rialto Fruit Saucers, scolloped edge,	$1.97
1	" Sugar Bowl,	1.41	1	" Salad Bowl,	1.24
1	" Cream Pitcher,	.76	12	" Tea Cups and Saucers,	4.31
1	" Slop Bowl,	.37	1	" Comport,	1.12
1	" Cake Plate,	1.04			
12	" Tea Plates, scolloped edge,	3.06			

Crazed in Service,

A little book, beautifully illustrated with colored plates, gives some interesting information about china ware. *Write us for it before you purchase any table ware.* It is sent free.

TRENTON CHINA CO., Trenton, New Jersey.

The "St. Paul" Souvenir Spoon.

"OLD FORT SNELLING," so intimately connected with the early history of Minnesota, crowns the top, while underneath is a beautiful and perfect illustration of "Minnehaha" (Laughing Water), made famous by Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha." No printed illustration can do justice to this lovely spoon.

PRICES:

Tea Spoon, - $2.25

Orange Spoon, - $2.65

" " gold bowl, $3.00

Sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price, and money refunded if not satisfactory.

BULLARD BROTHERS, Jewelers,

143 East Third Street,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Mention THE CENTURY.

ORANGE SPOON, exact size.

WE OFFER AGENTS

Big Money in Exclusive Territory.

Our new patent Safes, sell at sight in city or country. New Agents first in field actually getting rich. One Agent in one day cleared $86. So can you. Catalogue free. ALPINE SAFE CO., No. 363–371, CLARK ST., CINCINNATI, O.

HIGGINS & SEITER.

We sell high-class China, Rich Cut Glass, etc., from all the leading manufactures in the world, at strictly moderate prices. We do more—we send illustrated catalogue free. Send for it.

50 and 52 West 22d St. New-York.

EDWARDS' ORANGE SPOONS.

STERLING SILVER INLAID.

Pure Silver Inlaid at points of rest, then plated entire. Five times as much silver used as Standard plate. The bowl is shaped to fit each section of the orange and the meat easily removed. If you cannot obtain them of your jeweler send to us for catalogue.

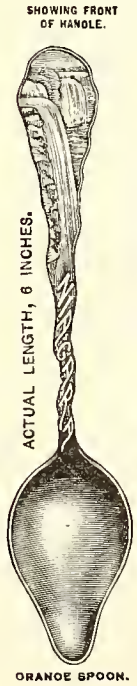
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

NIAGARA SOUVENIR SPOONS!

[STERLING SILVER.]

The front shows in relief Prospect Point, the American and Horse-Shoe Falls, with Goat Island between, and the Rapids flowing down the Stem. The back is in a beautiful repoussé pattern.



PRICES.

Tea Spoon, good weight	$2.00
" " extra heavy	3.00
Coffee Spoon, plain bowl	1.50
" " gilt bowl	1.75
" " all gilt	2.25
Orange Spoon, plain bowl	2.75
" " gilt bowl	3.00
" " all gilt	3.75
Sugar Spoon, plain bowl	3.50
" " gilt bowl	3.75
Bon Bon Spoon, gilt bowl	3.00
Sardine Fork, gilt tines	6.25
Letter Opener	2.00

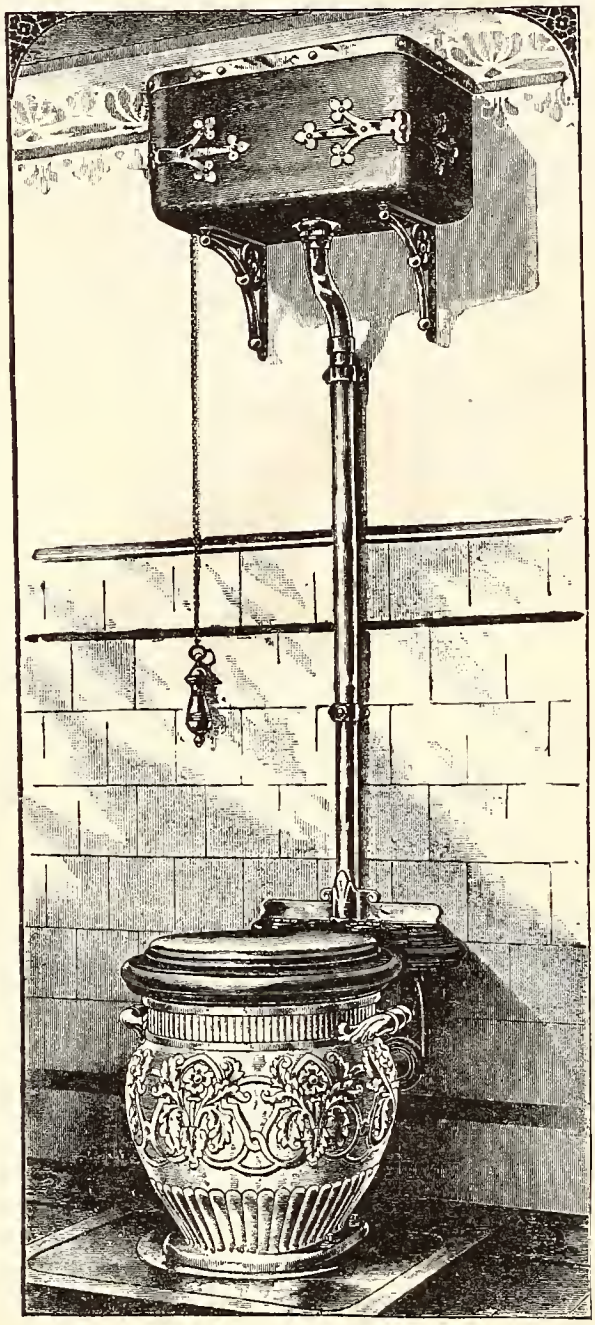
Sent to any address on receipt of above prices, with privilege of return if not entirely satisfactory. These prices include marking.

W. H. GLENNY, SONS & CO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The J. L. Mott Iron Works,

84 TO 90 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK,
AND
311 AND 313 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.



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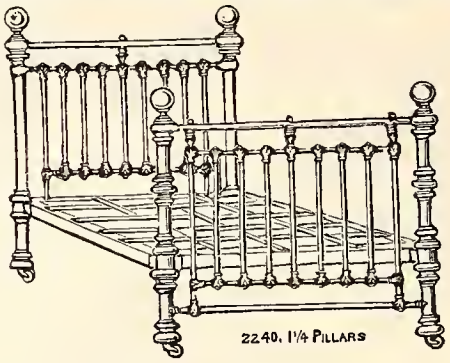
The Grecian Vase Water-Closet.

(PATENTED; OTHER PATENTS PENDING.)

THE GRECIAN VASE WATER-CLOSET combines the sanitary features of a first-class wash-out ventilating closet with a handsome and artistic design, being the reproduction of a classic shape made of the finest quality of English Porcelain.

The Cistern is a departure from stereotyped designs; it is a combination of finely finished woodwork with brass ornaments.

Illustrated Price List mailed on application.



B. Fitch & Co.

Importers (direct)

Brass AND Iron Bedsteads,

Manufacturers of Fine Bedding,

59 and 61 Fourth Ave.

New-York.

Telephone, 604 Spring.

LOWELL

For nearly half a century, Lowell Carpets have been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST

The word **"LOWELL" APPEARS IN CAPITAL LETTERS** in the back of **Lowell, Wilton** and **Body Brussels** at every repeat of the pattern. **LOOK CAREFULLY** to the trade-marks, and be sure you get the genuine

LOWELL CARPETS.

The LOWELL INGRAINS are wound upon a hollow stick, which the United States Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The stick is in two solid pieces with the name of the

LOWELL COMPANY

stamped within.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequaled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

CARPETS

HOW TO ORDER CHINA BY MAIL.

State whether you want a complete Dinner Set,

Haviland China at First Hands

or only one or more courses. Courses, such as soup set, fish set, roast set, salad set, etc., etc., may always be had separately. A complete dinner set may be gradually accumulated in this way, and an agreeable variety in decoration obtained.

WATER PITCHER.

State style of decoration.

We have over one thousand different styles. If you will give us some indication of what you have in mind as to color, and whether a flower or other decoration, it will aid us in giving you the information you wish.

State how much money you wish to spend.

We invite your confidence. We wish to satisfy you and guarantee full value, but we do not wish to offer you $500 sets if you only want to spend $50.

Frank Haviland, 14 Barclay St. New-York.

ENTHUSIASTIC WOMEN

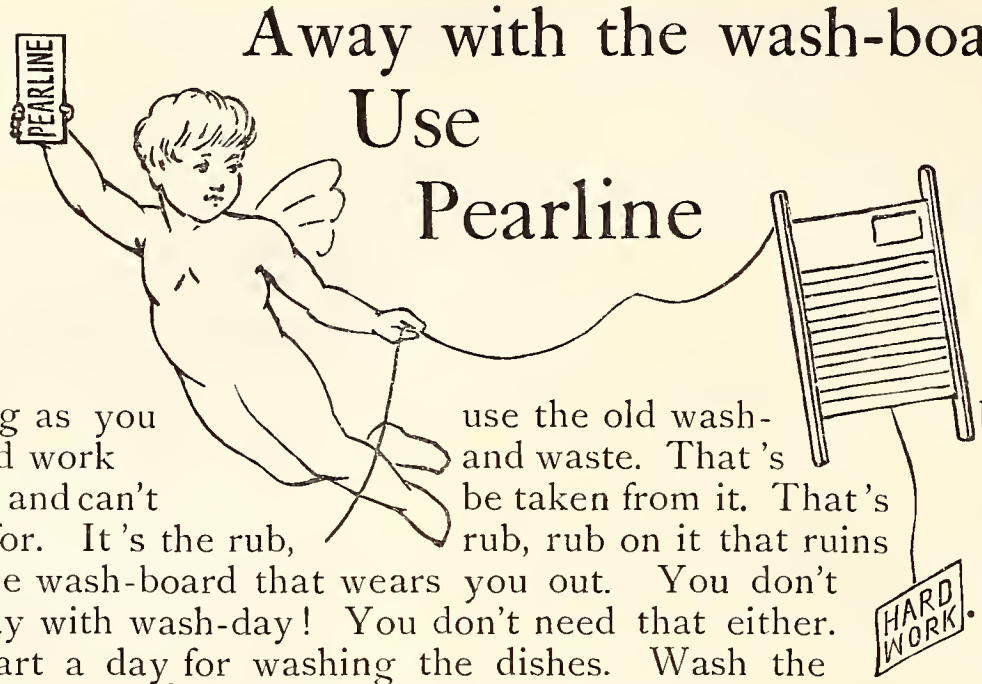
in every State are singing the virtues of the Laughlin Combinet, this May day. Before next May the song will be familiar in every household, as every thoughtful housekeeper will eventually recognize the immense superiority of this china jar, bailed and covered, odorless and noiseless, capacious and cheap, over the devices heretofore required to accomplish its varied work.

Get the genuine "LAUGHLIN," bearing our trade mark and name stamped on each piece.

THE HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA WORKS,

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Away with the wash-board Use Pearline



As long as you be hard work with it, and can't made for. It 's the rub, It 's the wash-board that wears you out. You don't use the old wash-board there'll and waste. That 's what goes be taken from it. That 's what it was rub, rub on it that ruins the clothes. need it.

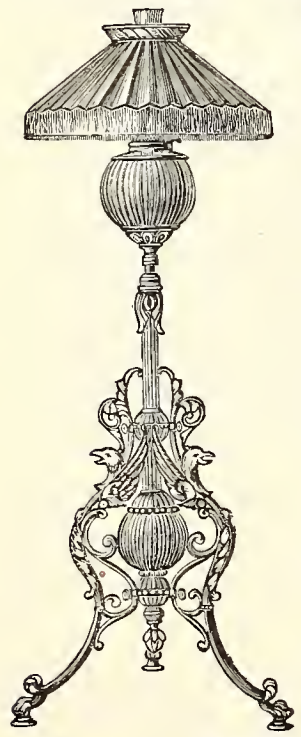
Away with wash-day! You don't need that either. You don't set apart a day for washing the dishes. Wash the clothes in the same way, with no more work, a few at a time.

But you 'll have to use *Pearline* to do it. *Pearline* only can rid you of wash-board and hard work; with it you can do your washing when you like. And you can do it safely, too. Directions on every package.

Away with the peddlers and prize givers, who say their imitations are "as good as" or "same as" Pearline — IT'S FALSE — Pearline is never peddled and has no equal. Sold by all grocers.

246 JAMES PYLE, New-York.

THE **B & H** LAMP



IS THE ONLY

Double Central Draught

LAMP MADE.

The two distinct currents of air passing up through the Burner, cause more perfect combustion, giving

A WHITER, STEADIER, MORE PERFECT LIGHT

than any other Lamp yet produced. In styles, finish and workmanship they are the *best*.

Largest Variety { Table, Hanging, Banquet, and Piano.

Every genuine "B & H" Lamp is stamped **"The B & H"** Buy it and take no other. Sold by leading houses everywhere.

Manufactured by

Bradley & Hubbard Mfg. Co.

The Largest Lamp Manufacturers in the World.

NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

Factories, Meriden, Conn.

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL COLORS EXQUISITE SURFACE LIKE PORCELAIN.

FOR beautifying and decorating the home it has no equal. For interior decoration, suitable for wood, wicker, metal, glass, earthenware, etc. Put up in self-opening tins ready for immediate use. Made in every color, shade and tint. Prices by mail: Tins, 60 cts.; Tinlets, 20 cts.

BATH ENAMEL

SPECIALLY MADE TO RESIST THE ACTION OF BOILING WATER.

Tins, by mail, 70 cts.

ASPINALL'S ENGLISH ENAMEL was awarded the first prize medal at Paris in 1889, and the only gold medal at Edinburgh in 1890. Beware of worthless imitations.

Wholesale Depot for the United States,

384 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

DIECKERHOFF, RAFFLOER & CO.

Fine China,

Rich Cut Glass,

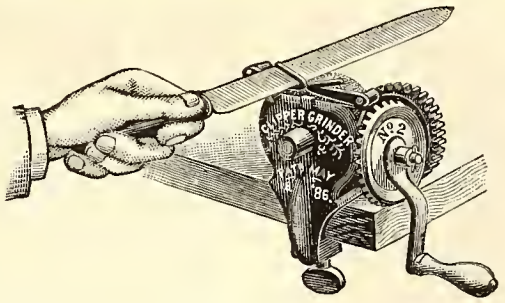
Artistic Pottery.

A carefully selected stock of Plates, Cups and Saucers, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Ware, from the leading China Manufacturers, and everything requisite for the Table, in choice cut and richly gilded glass.

Davis Collamore & Co., Limited,

Broadway and 21st Street,

New-York.



Do you want to keep your Carving Knife, Scissors, and Pocket Knife sharp?

IF SO, OUR

"Clipper Knife and Scissor Grinder"

is what you want to do the work.

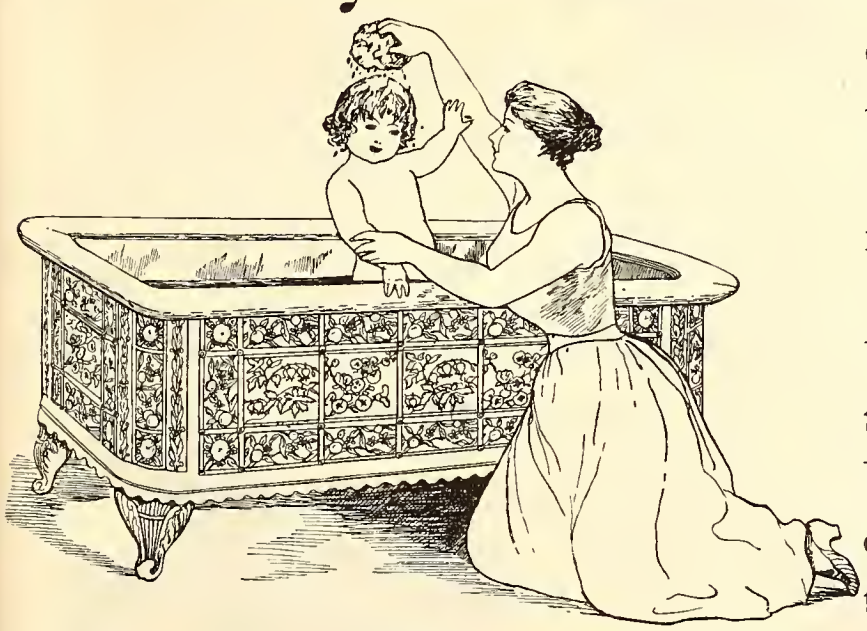
This is a thoroughly practical tool, made, in the best manner, of iron, with a pure sapphire corundum wheel. Easy to work, does good work, simply constructed and not liable to get out of order. With ordinary use it will last for years. Arranged to fasten on table.

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD HAVE ONE.

Sent, express paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of $2.50. Descriptive circulars free to any who will send us their address.

MONTGOMERY & CO.
Dealers in Mechanic Tools and Supplies,
105 Fulton St. New-York City.

If you are a Lover



Of the beautiful, this tub would please you. It is incased in tile to match the surroundings. It is expensive — no better inside, however, than our cheapest tub. We make only one quality, the best, and they are all guaranteed.

Our Porcelain-Lined Baths are unsurpassed for beauty, healthfulness, and durability.

Standard Manufacturing Company,

Catalogue Free. **P. O. Box No. 628A.** **PITTSBURG, PA.**

THE AUTOMATIC CREAM FREEZER

Works automatically. Freezes cream and ices without labor. Requires no turning of cranks. Is economical of ice. Prepares cream or ices for serving in from 20 to 50 minutes. Can be used as a wine cooler or in sickness for cold preparations. Many testimonials like the following from Col. J. A. Price, Scranton, Pa. (the inventor of the celebrated "Dockash" Stove Grate):

GENTLEMEN: I have used your "Automatic" Cream Freezer with great satisfaction. It produces a perfect Ice Cream for table use without motion or labor, and its results are really surprising.

Respectfully yours, J. A. PRICE.

These Freezers are especially for family use and are made in four sizes, ranging from 3 pints to 8 pints capacity.

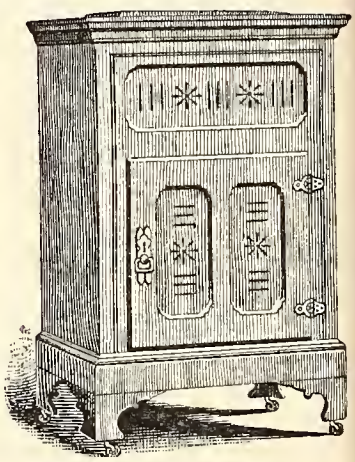
Send for Circulars and Prices to

TREMAN KING & CO. Sole Manufacturers, ITHACA, N. Y.

DO YOU NEED A REFRIGERATOR?

If so, do not purchase until you have investigated the

"WISCONSIN PEERLESS."



The most perfect Refrigerator ever placed on the market. Scientific and perfect construction. Walls filled with **Mineral Fibre, which is 40% better as a non-conductor than Charcoal, 280% better than empty walls or so-called "dead-air" space.** Perfect circulation of cold, dry air. **All flues cleanable.** Will reduce your ice bills. Made of genuine oak or ash, and fully guaranteed. All sizes and styles. Bronze or Brass trimmings. If your dealer does not handle them, send for catalogue and prices to

THE WISCONSIN REFRIGERATOR CO.,

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., U. S. A.

Or THE ROSS & FULLER ASS'N, 33 Chambers St., New-York.

SEND · POSTAL · FOR · COLORED · PAMPHLET

Beg Pardon, Ladies.

Do you know a royal good thing when you see it?

It will pay you to find out about this.

In this cooker food does not touch metal.

No watching or stirring required.

The food jar can only be damaged by accident, and any dealer will furnish new one at trifling cost. Easily adjusted as a lamp chimney. Perfect cooking. Absolute cleanliness.

Cheapest to buy, best and cheapest to use. Send us a postal; you 'll be glad of it.

THE EUSTIS MFG. CO. 126 W. 24th St., N. Y.

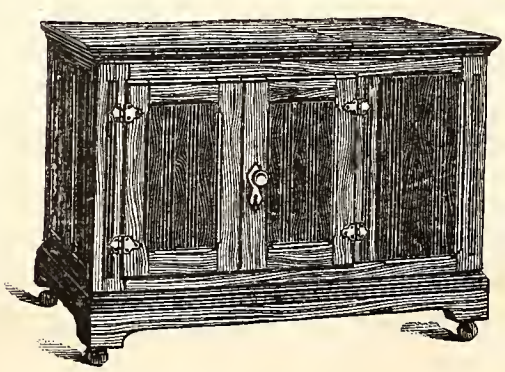
THE "TABLE TOP" REFRIGERATOR,

MANUFACTURED BY THE

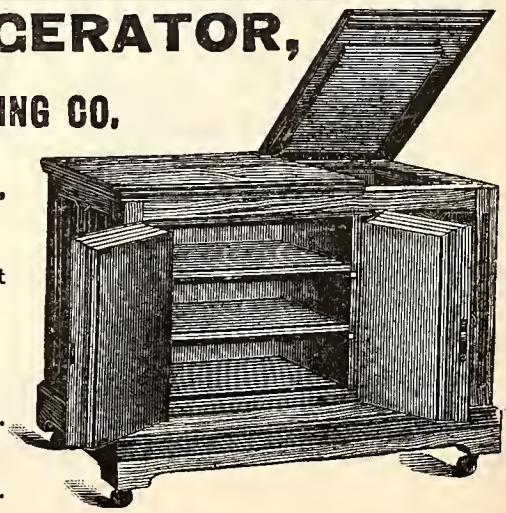
HOPPER LUMBER & MANUFACTURING CO.

Market and Canal Sts.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.



The most convenient only 33 in. high.



Positive Circulation.
Absolutely Dry.
Perfect Insulation.

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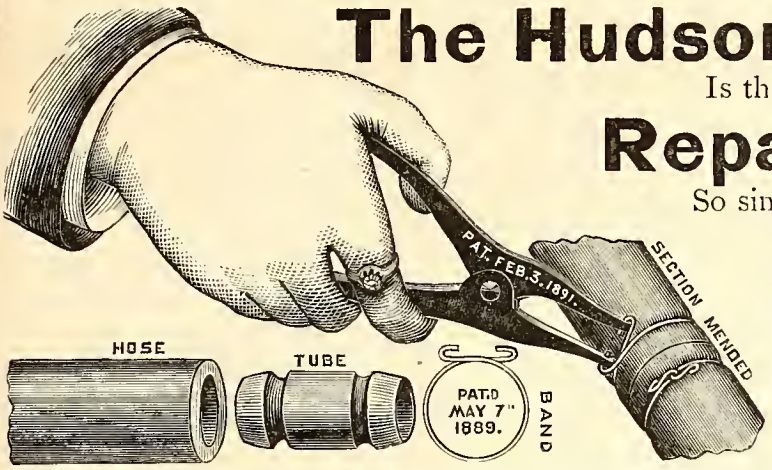
The Hudson Hose Mender



Is the only practical device for

Repairing Hose.

So simple a child can operate it.

One box containing six tubes, twenty bands, one pair pliers, sent post-paid on receipt of $1.00. Extra parts sold separately. When ordering, give inside diameter of your hose. All stores keep them.

☞ **A Rare Chance for Agents.**

C. E. HUDSON, LEOMINSTER, MASS.

The Gem Freezer — *The Best in the World.*

DO NOT BE IMPOSED UPON BY DEALERS WHO MAY TRY TO SELL YOU OTHER FREEZERS BY TELLING YOU THEY ARE "JUST AS GOOD" OR "JUST THE SAME AS THE GEM."

YOU WANT THE BEST, THE MOST CONVENIENT AND ECONOMICAL.

INSIST ON HAVING THE **GEM** AND SEE THAT IT IS LABELED IN RED: AS IN THE CUT.

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The Best in the World.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING HOUSE FURNISHING AND HARDWARE STORES EVERYWHERE.

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FOR ALL THE YEAR ROUND, BY MRS. S. T. RORER, A BOOK OF 104 PAGES, CONTAINING RECIPES FOR 120 ICE CREAMS SHERBETS. FROZEN FRUITS ETC. IS PACKED WITH EACH **GEM** FREEZER. SAMPLE COPY WILL BE MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 6 CENTS IN STAMPS, IF THE NAME OF THIS PUBLICATION IS GIVEN ON APPLICATION TO THE

AMERICAN MACHINE CO.,

"C" LEHIGH AVE. AND AMERICAN ST., PHILADELPHIA.

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Whatever aids the kitchen aids the household. From soup to dessert there is always a chance of disaster, especially in the dessert, which has frequently ruined an otherwise admirable dinner. In a little brochure which we have issued, "Frozen Dainties," will be found many valuable receipts which, with the aid of a White Mountain Freezer, will afford an infinite variety for selection. Send postal for a copy.

The White Mountain Freezer has become a national necessity. No household once knowing its possibilities would be without it. It saves its cost many times in a month and is always a source of satisfaction. It is sold everywhere.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO. 120 HOLLIS STREET, NASHUA, N. H.

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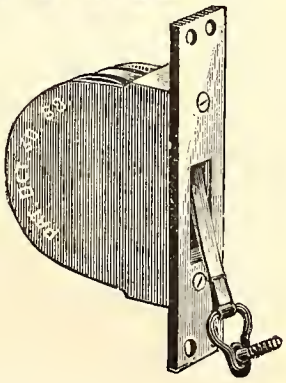
NO CORD USED IN

THE CALDWELL SASH BALANCE.



A perfect substitute for weights and cords for balancing window-sash. *Have been in use* successfully for two years in *many large buildings*. Can be *applied to old windows* without altering sash or frame. If you are *building* or *remodelling*, write for circular and price-list.

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Sold by the Hardware Trade. **28 Centre Street, Rochester, New-York.**

Don't make your temper as sour as the lemon and hot as the weather by squeezing lemons the

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THE MANNY LEMON JUICE EXTRACTOR

No seeds, no skin, no black living scales—only the pure juice and all of it, instantly delivered.

If dealers cannot supply you, send us 30 cts. in stamps, and we will send sample prepaid.

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199 Columbia Street, Rockford, Ills.

"For this RELIEF much thanks."
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TRADE MARK.

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REGISTERED.

HAS CREATED

Surprise — at the facility with which it can be fixed and the beauty of its many designs.

Curiosity — to discover how such an exquisitely beautiful relief decoration can be sold at such a comparatively low cost.

Satisfaction — with its appearance when decorated, the durability of mould, and the general effect wherever used.

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Your dealer in lamp chimneys —what does he get for you?

There are common glass and tough glass, tough against heat. There are foggy and clear. There are rough and fine. There are carefully made and hap-hazard.

You can't be an expert in chimneys; but this you can do. Insist on Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass," whichever shape you require. They are right in all those ways; and they do not break from heat, not one in a hundred.

Be willing to pay a nickel more for them.

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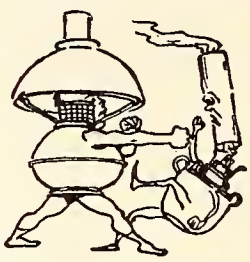

Nobody cares how much oil a lamp burns —oil is cheap. But, if the "Pittsburgh" burns less oil and gives more light than any other central-draft lamp, we all care; and we care a good deal; for it shows that the other lamps evaporate oil without burning it, while the "Pittsburgh" burns it.

Besides, the "Pittsburgh" is easy to manage; the others are not. The "Pittsburgh" is clean by habit; the others are foul by habit—they have dirt-pockets, every one of them. Send for a primer.

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That Shepard's "Lightning" Freezer is the best in the market. That it freezes the quickest and runs the easiest; has the heaviest and strongest castings, and the largest and best cedar tubs, and still costs no more than other freezers.

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$12.35 delivered East of the Mississippi FREE.

Upholstered in Red, Blue, or Brown **DAMASK**, or **SATIN**. Parasol to match.

Adjustable top. All metal parts **Full Nickel.**

WOODEN OR WIRE WHEELS.

We manufacture the largest and most complete line of

BABY CARRIAGES

IN THE UNITED STATES.

Carriages upholstered or finished in any style desired. Send for Illustrated Catalogue showing 50 styles. Prices absolutely lowest.

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THE DIFFERENCE.

The Standard Thermometer can be read across the room, and gives the correct temperature. It is made for all uses.

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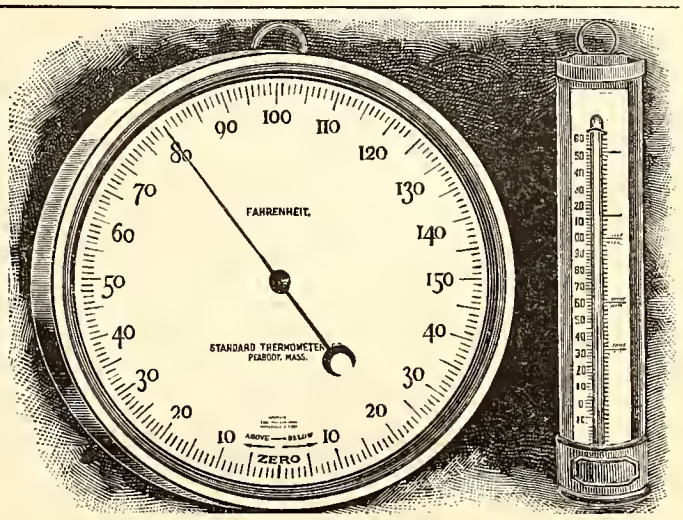
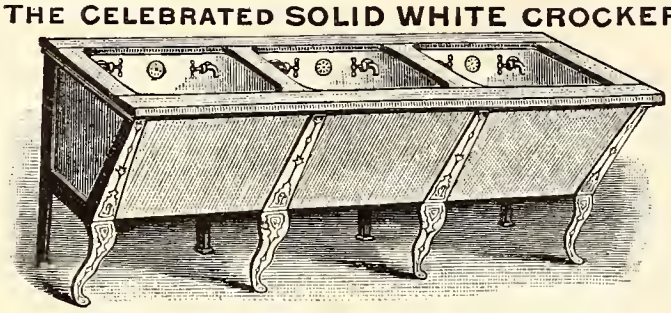


THE CELEBRATED SOLID WHITE CROCKERY STATIONARY WASH-TUBS.



Get the **best.** Do not risk your health by using materials that will leak, absorb, decay and become malodorous and infectious.

Our solid White Crockery Wash-Tubs, having stood the test of continued use in thousands of our best families and hospitals for over fifteen years, **stand unrivaled,** being **imperishable, well glazed, non-porous** and as easily cleansed as a dinner plate.

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Send for price list and catalogue.

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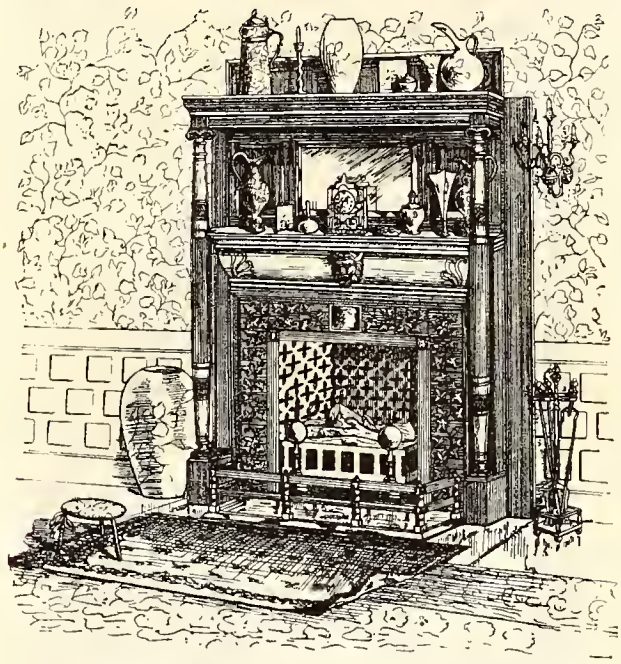

Wood Mantels were used in old colonial houses and are fashionable in modern homes. They are made in all hard woods by The Robt. Mitchell Furniture Co., Cincinnati, O., at prices ranging from $6.50, and are shipped by freight to any railroad station, ready to be put in place by an ordinary carpenter.

Send six cents in stamps for illustrated catalogue of many styles.

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Pinless Clothes Line

Is the only line ever invented that holds the clothes without pins; a perfect success; patent recently issued; sold only by

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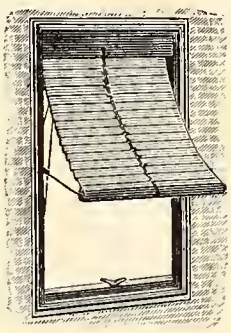
to whom the exclusive right is given; on receipt of 50 cents we will send a sample line by mail; also, circulars, price list and terms to agents; secure your territory at once. Address THE PINLESS CLOTHES LINE COMPANY, 17 Hermon St., Worcester, Mass.

THE IMPROVED COMBINED AWNING AND BLIND



Is fitted with chain connections; is **strong, durable, light** and **handsome.** It meets the approval of leading architects and is unequaled by any **awning, inside or outside shutter** now in use. It is more easily handled than the common awning, is simple in construction. With care it will last in perfect condition for years. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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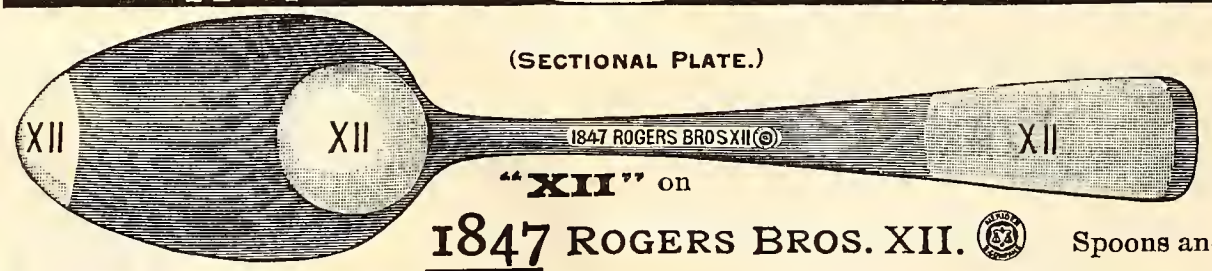

(SECTIONAL PLATE.)

"XII" on

1847 ROGERS BROS. XII. Spoons and Forks means they are plated three times heavier on the three points most exposed to wear as shown above, adding correspondingly to their durability, at an additional cost on Tea Spoons of 75c. and on Table Spoons and Forks $1.50 per dozen.

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THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY,

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THESE GOODS ARE IN THE STOCK OF EVERY FIRST-CLASS DEALER.

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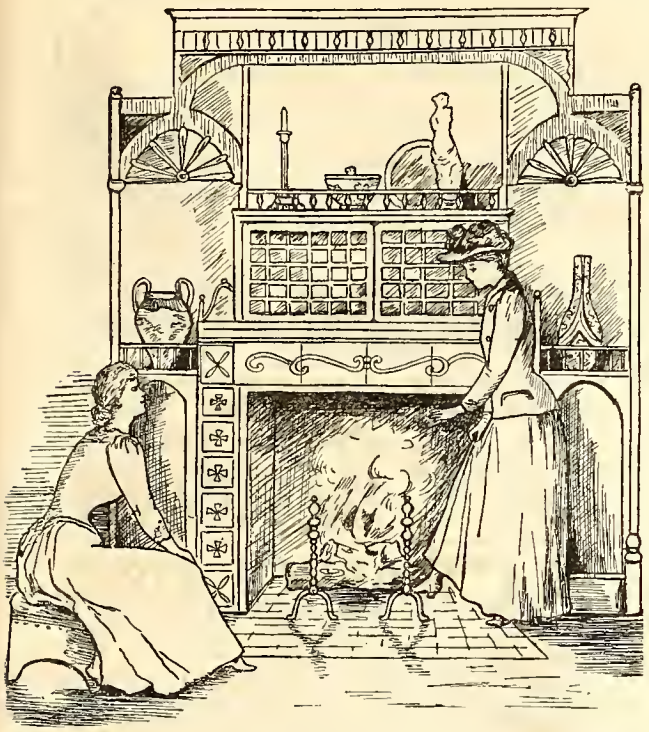

Miss White:—I have heard so much about your lovely house. What an exquisite Mantel and such pretty Fretwork.

Miss Brown:—Yes, we are all very much pleased with it. We had Briggs & Leibius do the decorating and furnishing.

Write for catalogue of Mantels, Fretwork, Draperies, Bric-à-Brac, etc., sent free.

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

CHESAPEAKE POTTERY WARES,

AMERICAN HIGH GRADE TOILET AND DINNER WARE.

THE AURELIAN TOILET SET.

No Copying foreign shapes, decorations or trade-marks.

HAYNES, BENNETT & CO.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Toilet Sets in decorations suited to any style or tint of Bedroom Furnishings. Eighty Different Patterns.

Contrasts.

From 15 to 20 turns of the wrist and twists of one's temper, while in an uncomfortable stooping position, are necessary to open or close one of the ordinary hand wheel valves on a direct radiator.

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"ONLY A TOUCH of the FOOT"

is required to open or close the **PEDAL VALVE** and turn the heat on or off.

A child can work it, and it is sure to be fully open or tightly closed.

Sizes are standard and the Pedal Valves may be substituted for any other.

Your carpets are not spoiled,
Your fingers are not burned,
Your temper is not ruffled,
And comfort and economy follow.

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W. E. WOOD'S PATENT "PEDAL VALVE," FOR RADIATORS.

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IMPERIAL LIQUID METAL POLISH,

For cleaning and polishing articles of gold, silver, nickel, or brass, solid or plated—in fact, every article of metal which requires polishing.

It is a new discovery by one of the world's most eminent chemists. It is far superior to anything in the polish line at present on the market.

It is a liquid, free from all the objections to a paste or powder polish. It will soil neither the hands nor anything surrounding the metal to be polished. It will not adhere to any engraved or indented surface. Absolutely free from grit; warranted not to scratch nor mar the finest surface.

For harness or carriage mountings or trimmings it has no equal. It will neither injure nor soil the leather or polished surface of the carriage.

Give it a trial, and you will never use any other. Ask your grocer or druggist for it. Send 10 cents to pay the postage, and we will send a sample bottle free.

Price, Half Pints, 25c.; Pints, 40c.

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Fully equal to any in the market for comfort, strength, durability and finish.

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HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
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A CRANK FOR YOUR SAFE KNOB

PAINE'S COMBINATION-LOCK CRANK (Pat'd), is an elegant little nickel-plated crank which clamps instantly to the smooth dial-knob of any combination-lock. Insures wonderful ease, speed and certainty in turning to the numbers and unlocking. Safe-owners delighted. In use by largest Banks and Business Houses. Price, $1.00, postpaid. Sent for 5 days FREE TRIAL to any safe-owner. Write for one. American Lock-Crank Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Sole Mnfrs.

PLANS 25. cts We can save you fifty dollars when you build. Write for catalogues. Address The National Builder, Adams Express Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

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To propel one's-self, or to be pushed about in, *comfortably, easily,* and of the *reliable* sort. Send stamp for catalog giving prices of all styles and sizes. Quote THE CENTURY.

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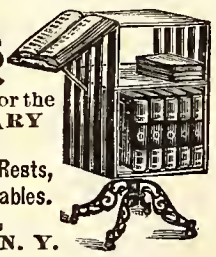

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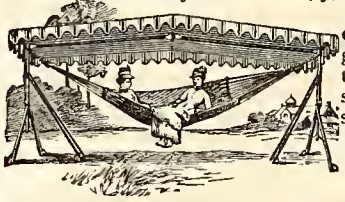
Revolving Book Cases, Book Rests, Dictionary Holders, Utility Tables.

Send for Catalogue. **R. M. LAMBIE, 39 E. 19th St., N. Y.**

ANCHOR FOLDING HAMMOCK SUPPORT.
Frame, cherry color; canopy, fancy stripe awning cloth.



6th Season. Great success. Anchors firmly. Has great strength. Chains to attach to hammock. Packs small for shipping. Order now for your summer home.

Send for illustrated circular.

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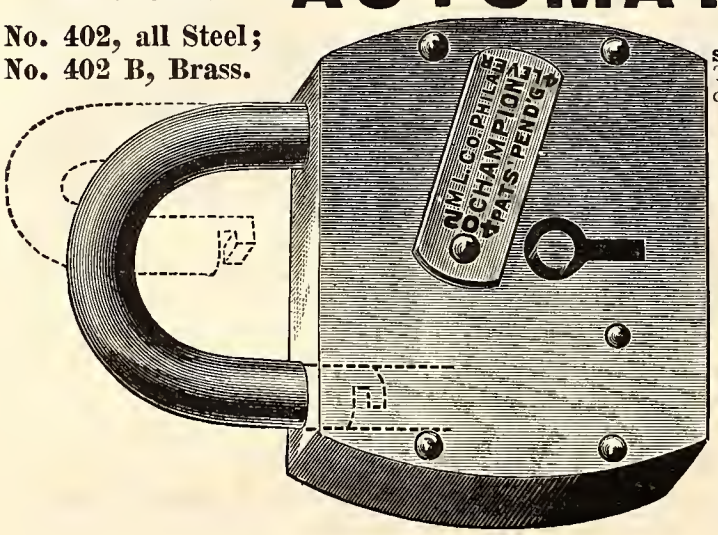
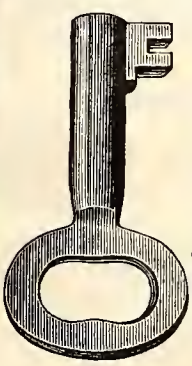
A NEW PATENT 4-LEVER

AUTOMATIC PADLOCK.

No. 402, all Steel;
No. 402 B, Brass.



We recommend this Lock as one that has **secured a front seat in the market.** It is well built and strong for its size. The size and style of shackle adapt it to an unusually wide range of service. **300 changes of key** are easily obtained from its **4 levers,** affording a **security** not elsewhere offered for the price. Its **instant automatic action** pleases everybody.



The retail price yields the dealer a very liberal inducement, and yet is lower than ever before made for locks so good. If not yet in stock of your local Hardware House, we will mail sample **No. 402** on receipt of 40 cents; or **No. 402 B** for 50 cents.

It will pay **every business man** to send for our **Lock Catalogue No. 9.** Those who send 3 cents in stamps will receive, with the catalogue, our new **Nickel Steel Pocket Tool,** bearing our address, and universally acceptable.

MILLER LOCK CO.,
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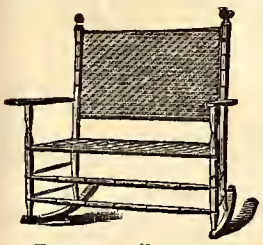
COMMON SENSE CHAIRS, SETTEES AND ROCKERS.

"The Common Sense chairs and settees of Mr. Sinclair are not surpassed by any other class of goods, and parties furnishing country houses, and desiring inexpensive, comfortable and durable furniture, will do well to write to Mr. F. A. Sinclair, at Mottville, N. Y., for a copy of his hand-book, which contains illustrations of the various articles he manufactures, with a schedule of prices."—*Scientific American.*



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Sinclair's useful and substantial Home Comforts.

Fireside Comfort is a very attractive seat for young or old. Try it and be happy.

Strong, durable and comfortable. No light, trashy stuff, but good, honest home comforts. Special discount to clergymen. Send stamp for catalogue to

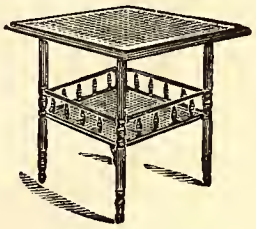
F. A. SINCLAIR, Mottville, Onondaga Co. New-York.

Ask your Furniture Dealer for Sinclair's Common Sense Chairs.

If you can't get them, don't take any other, but send to me direct.

My address is stamped on all of my chairs; please find it before purchasing.

Do not be deceived by the *Mottville* Chair.



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Solid Comfort Back Rests. Pat. Folding Bed Trays.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Trays.	*Prices.*	*Back Rests.*	*Prices.*
No. 1, 15x23 in.	$3.00	No. 1, plain	$4.00
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In antique oak, ash, walnut, or cherry, or in im. mahogany.		No. 3, with head rests	5.00
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cost no more than ugly designs. Whether you live in Texas or Oregon, you can buy from our immense stock, by our method, as well as if in Philadelphia. Our mail trade is the largest. Samples of beautiful selected papers sent for 8c.

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Now is the time to order, and it is well to order only the best—The WILLER SLIDING SCREEN and SCREEN DOORS. • • • •

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"T. M. C." Dauber

LIGHTEST, HANDIEST, NEATEST.

BEST MADE.

SOLID KNOT.

EXTRA STIFF BRISTLES.

POLISHED NICKEL SHEET STEEL.

TILTED HANDLE. OBLIQUE SCRAPER.

NO TIN TO BLACKEN THE FINGERS

Knot just right size to enter blacking box, and black shoe without daubing the upper. Sold everywhere. Sample by mail, 25c. Once tried always used.

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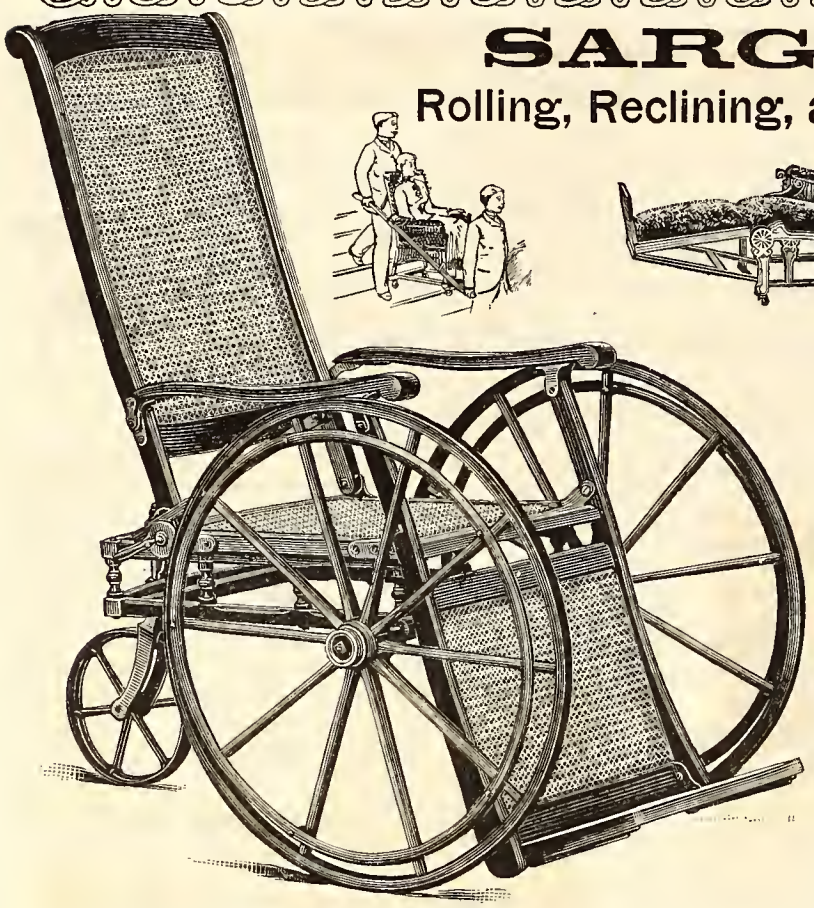

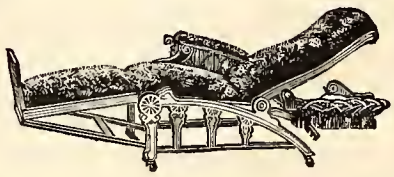

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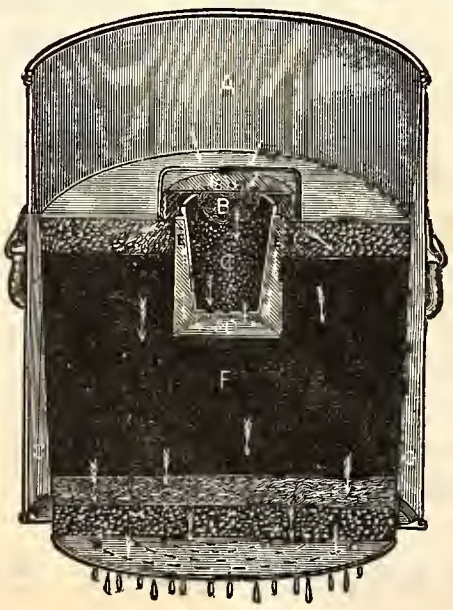

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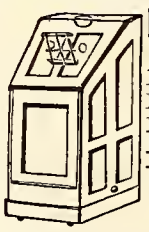

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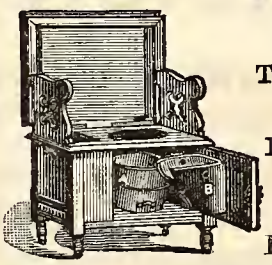

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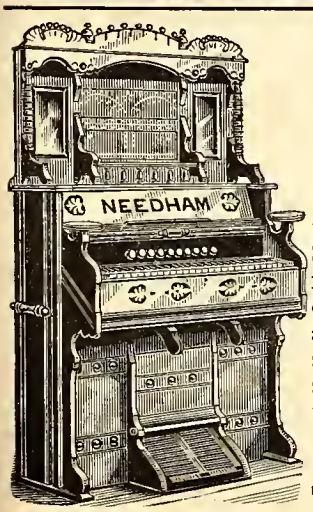

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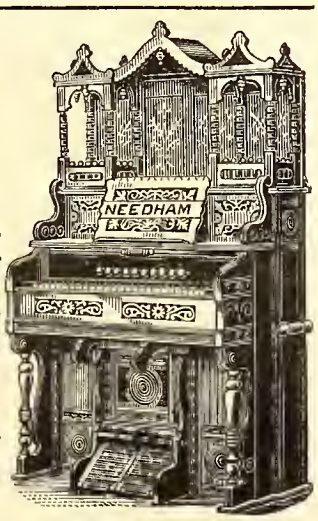

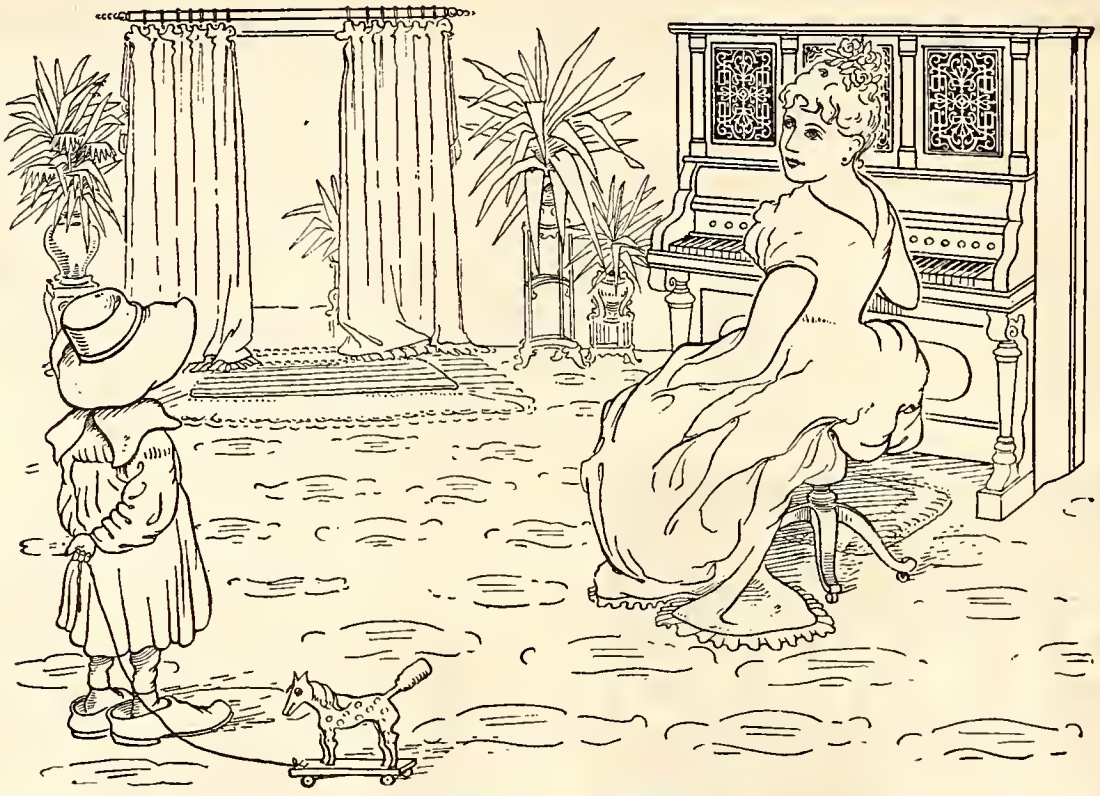

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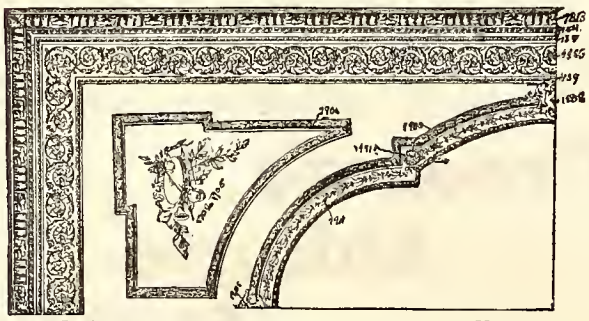

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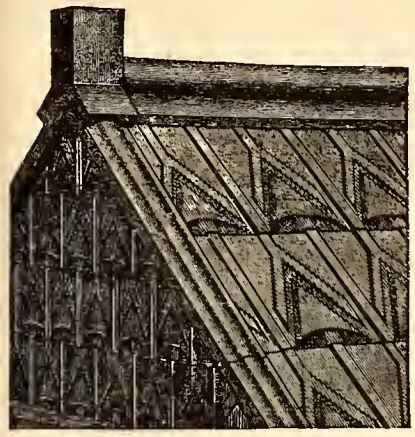

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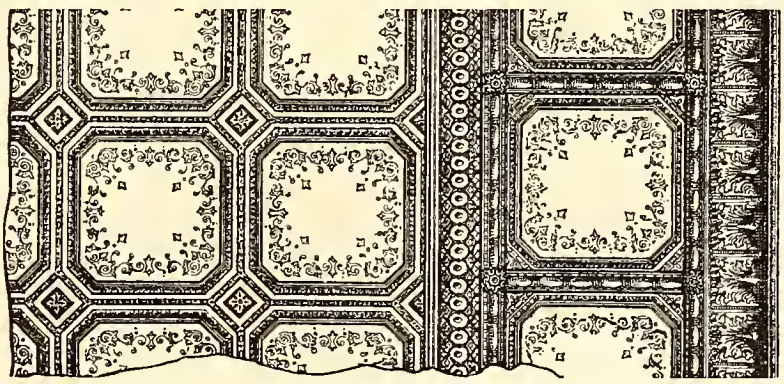

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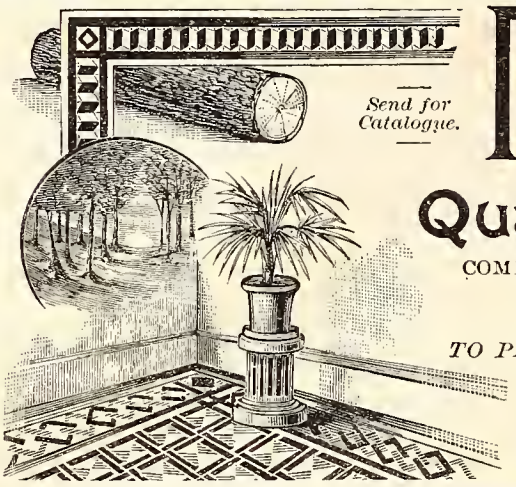

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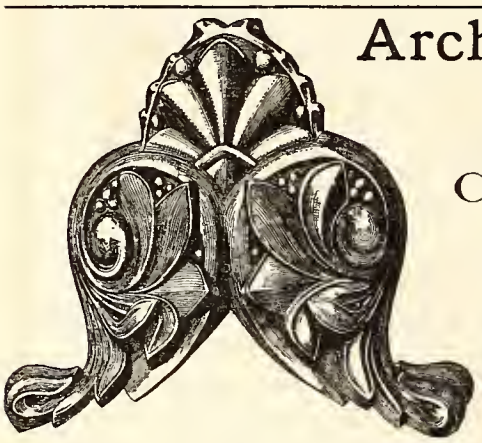

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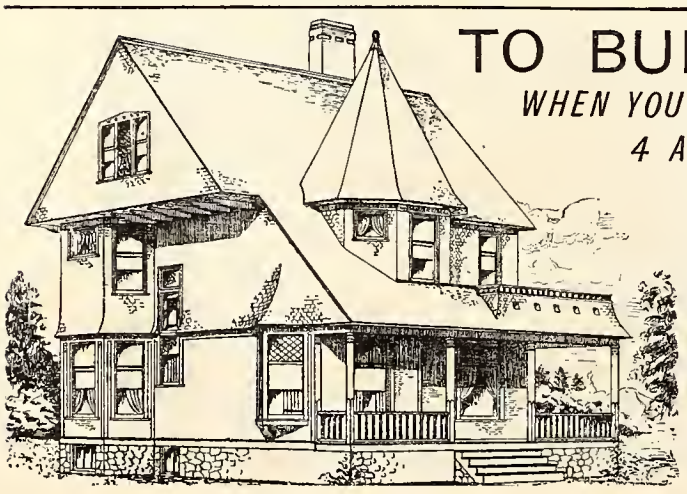

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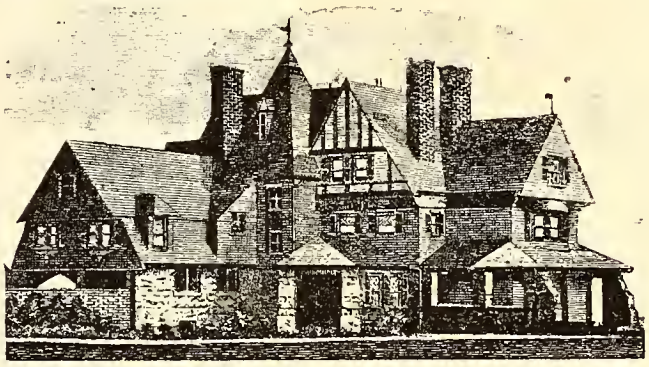

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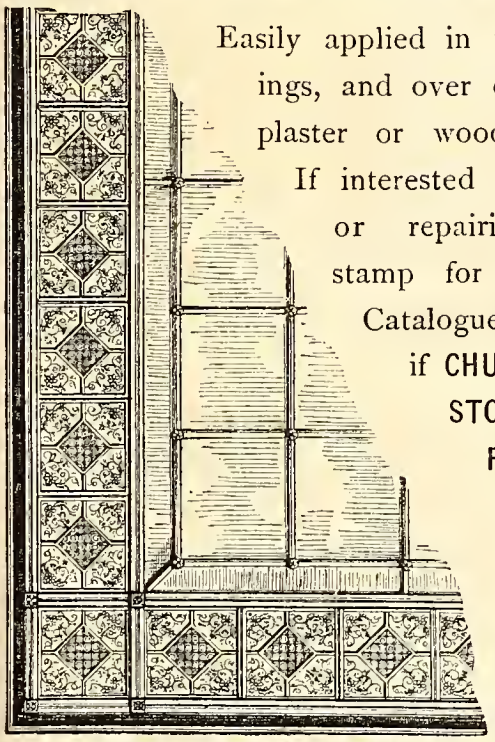

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SOMETIME, and want to build something convenient yet

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A book of handsome BUILDING DESIGNS in Artistic Cottages and Residences, costing from $400 to $10,000.

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JAS. G. WILSON,

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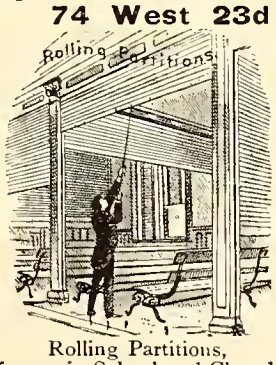
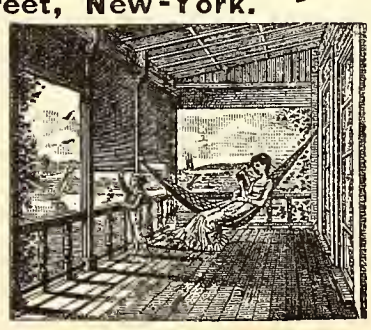
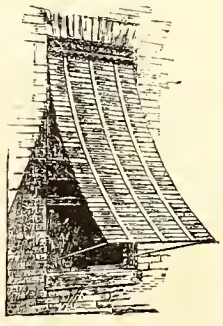
English Venetian Blinds, handsomely trimmed with linen, silk, or metallic ladders.



Rolling Partitions, for use in School and Church Buildings.



Rolling Venetian Blinds, for Piazzas.



Outside Venetian Blind and Awning, combined.

POWERS' DUPLEX TEMPERATURE REGULATOR,

— FOR —

STEAM, HOT WATER, AND FURNACE.

An ornamental disk of Antique Brass, hanging on the wall of one room in the house, and connected by a tube, inside the partition, with the regulating device at the heater, controls, by vapor pressure generated by the heat of the room, the damper of

any Heating Apparatus,

Opening it when it *ought* to be *opened*, and *closing* it when it *ought* to be *closed*. It opens just as *much* as is *necessary* and *no more*.

Endowed with Intelligence!!

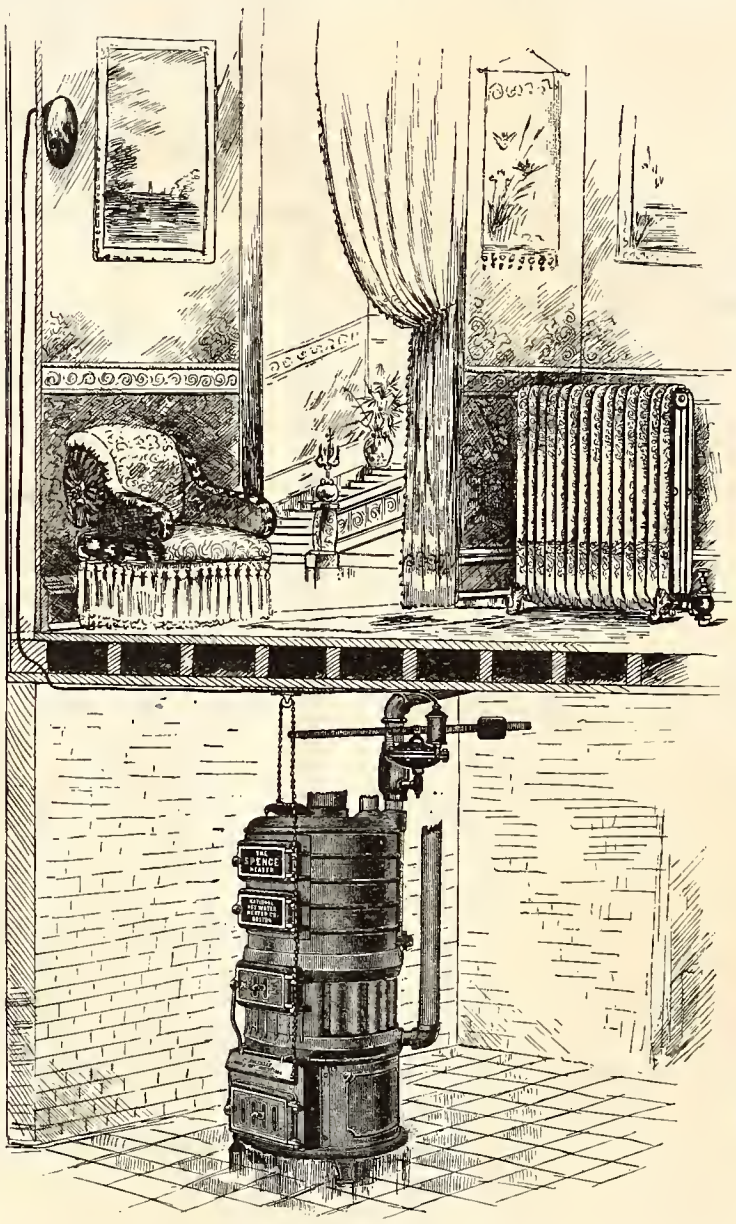
Positive and Sensitive in its Action!

No Electricity!

No Complication!

Automatically maintains a Uniform Temperature.

SAVES FUEL.



ATTACHED TO HOT WATER.

IF

you expect to live another winter it will pay you to investigate this.

Are you Building?

See that this goes in; and preferably *before plastering*.

Any mechanic can put it up. It is *simple and cheap*.

Easily put in any house.

Satisfaction guaranteed!

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

It is the *only Regulator* that is *entirely Automatic!*

It is the only one that will prevent a Hot Water Heater from **BOILING OVER.**

THREE YEARS IN USE.

SAMPLES OF MANY LETTERS RECEIVED.

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Mr. W. P. POWERS. Dear Sir: We have sold about fifty of your Regulators during the last year, along with the Spence Hot Water Heaters, and so far as we have heard they are giving perfect satisfaction. We have had nothing but good reports from them. We consider your Regulator a very valuable attachment to a Heating Apparatus and shall in the future strongly recommend it to all our customers. With your Thermostat to automatically control the dampers, Hot Water is the "Ideal" for house heating.

Very truly yours, NATIONAL HOT WATER HEATER CO.
By C. B. THOMPSON.

WM. E. IVES & SON, Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AMBOY, ILL., March 20, 1891.

W. P. POWERS, Esq. Dear Sir: Your Regulator and Thermostat put upon my Hot Water Heater works like a charm. I am more than pleased with it. I would not do without the Thermostat for ten times its cost, and the Regulator for a Hot Water Heater does its work to perfection. You have a right to say that it is a "living, breathing creature, endowed with intelligence," for its operation is perfect.

Yours very truly, W. E. IVES.

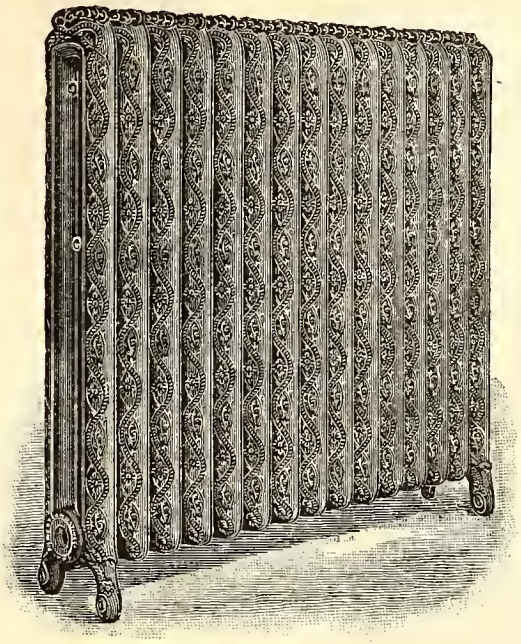
Address for Catalogue, **THE POWERS' DUPLEX REGULATOR CO., 79 ERIE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.**

PLEASING DESIGN—MODERN CONSTRUCTION.

No base to accumulate dust.

May be decorated to harmonize with furnishings.

No packing.



Occupies small space.

Threaded connections. Large internal areas, insuring free circulation.

Smooth surface.

MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY BY

PIERCE STEAM HEATING CO.

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42 Oliver Street.
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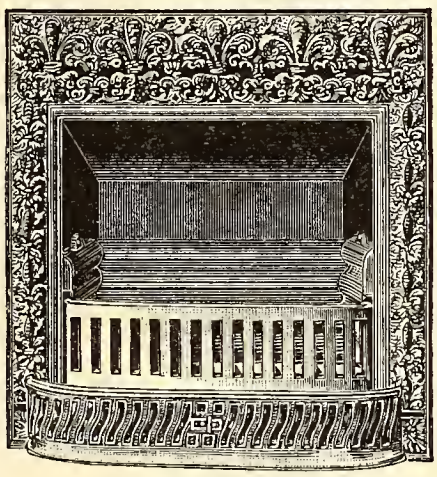
"Pure Air Ventilating Grate."

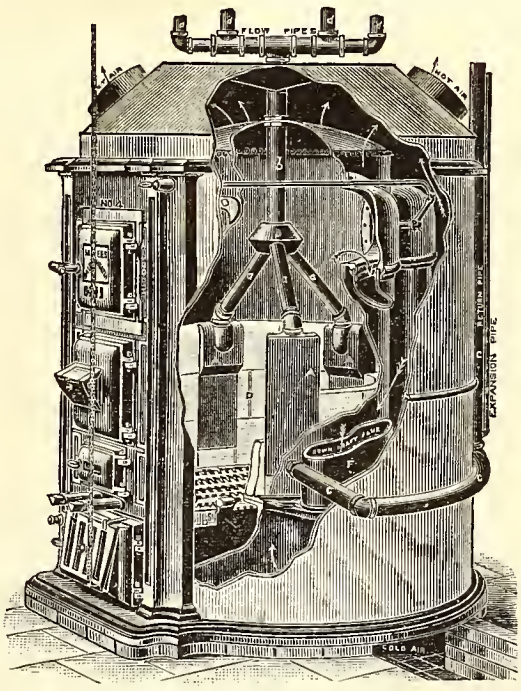


Mention THE CENTURY.

Pure fresh air from out of doors *positively* heated. It will warm more cubic feet than any grate ever before offered to the public; the extra heat from hot-air chamber is greater than that from a 10 x 14 register of the best furnaces. Fire maintained without trouble. Largest variety of tiles for fire-places and floors in New England. Manufacturers of **brass** and **wrought-iron fenders, andirons,** etc. Send 10c. stamp for 200-page catalogue or stamp for circular only.

MURDOCK PARLOR GRATE CO.
18 Beacon St. Boston, Mass.

This Furnace, and the Magee Mystic Range, have received highest awards wherever exhibited.



Received Gold Medal at Mechanic Fair just closed at Boston.

The **BOSTON HEATER** Furnace for heating with warm air only, or in combination with hot water, as shown in the above cut, has become deservedly popular.

We guarantee it to give perfect satisfaction in every particular if properly arranged and used.

A good heating apparatus is a blessing, but a poor one is a curse.

May we send you a descriptive circular with references—letters from users?

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ESTABLISHED 1837.

PERFECT HOT WATER STEAM WARM AIR HEATERS.

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Merits your attention.

Architects, Steam-fitters, Builders, and all interested in

Heating Apparatus

owe it to themselves and their clients to become familiar with

The Best Hot-Water Heater

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FOR CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.

FOR FINE RESIDENCES.

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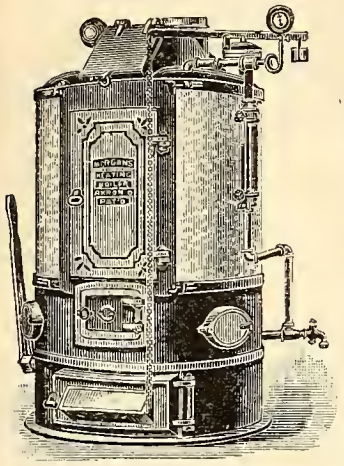

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Manufacturers of

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HEATING APPARATUS.

17 Sizes for Steam and 17 Sizes for Hot Water.

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Catalogues, Estimates, and all information cheerfully furnished.

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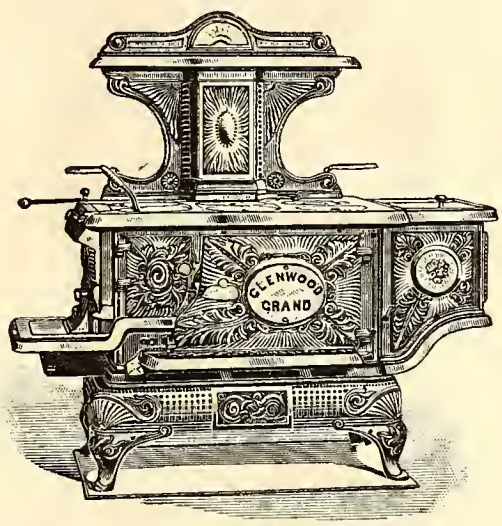
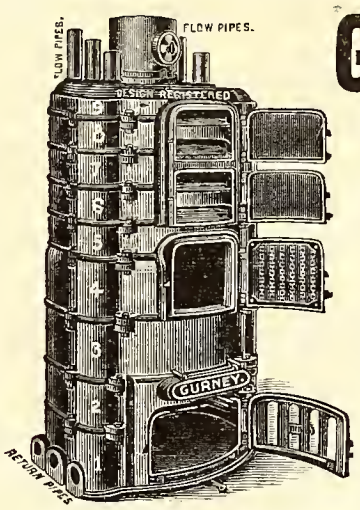


The Weir Stove Co. of Taunton, Mass., are the makers.



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The most economical, durable, and efficient; thousands in use. Send for

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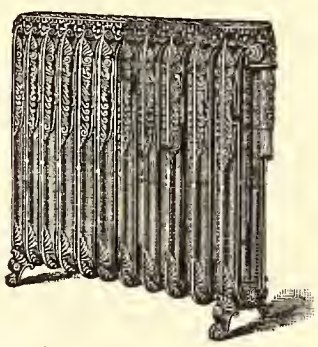
an illustrated pamphlet, giving full description.



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For Steam or Water Heating.

LARGE OR SMALL BUILDINGS.

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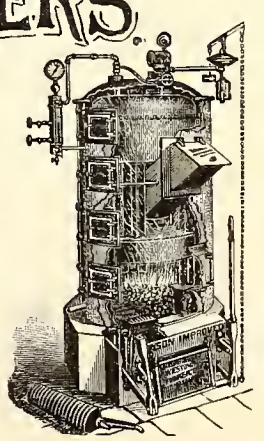

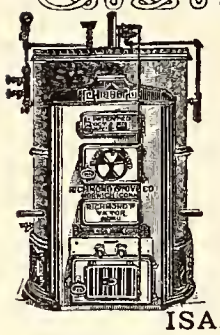

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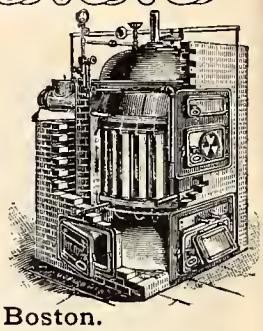
RICHMOND HEATERS.

STEAM AND HOT WATER.

THE RICHMOND STOVE CO.,

NORWICH, CONN.



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HOUSE HEATING
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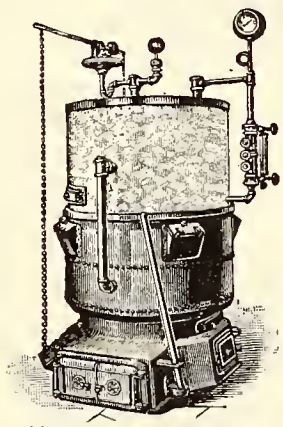

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Saves Health, Time, Money, and Patience.

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GREATEST RADIATION SMALLEST COAL CONSUMPTION REQUIRES LEAST CARE

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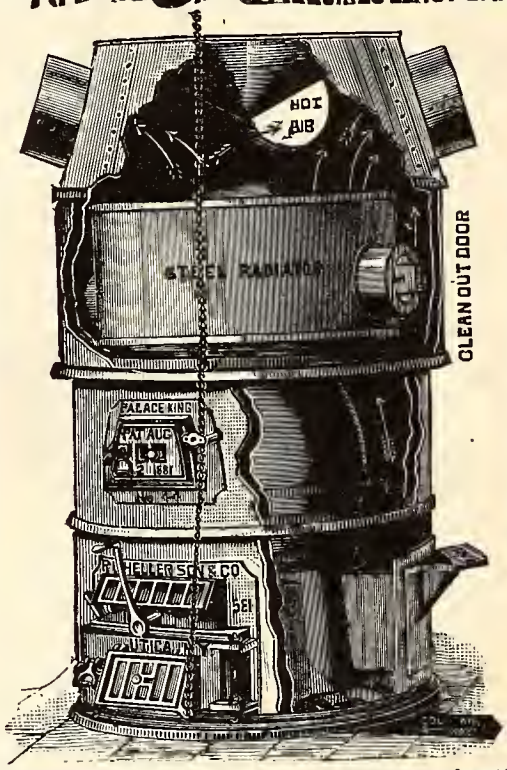

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Send for Catalogue covering all the scientific points and Price-List.

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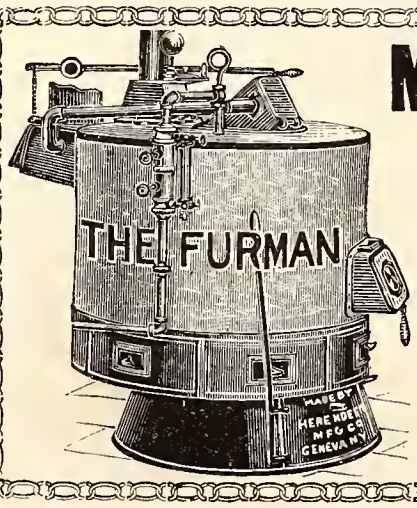

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AT LOW COST.

New Illustrated Manual of 150 pages now ready and mailed free. Containing full information on modern **STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING, VENTILATION, Etc.**, with valuable suggestions to those Building or Remodeling their Heating Apparatus. Sole manufacturers of the

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ECONOMICAL—SUBSTANTIAL—SAFE.

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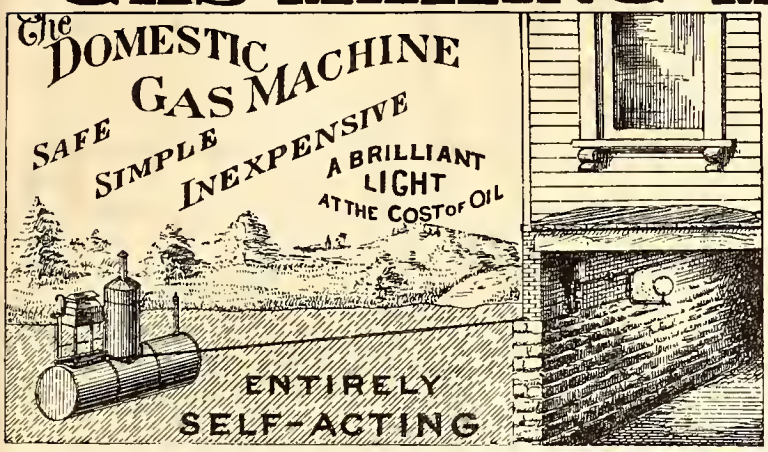
GAS-MAKING MADE EASY.



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They are packed and shipped to any part of the United States or the world in perfect working order.

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They run themselves.

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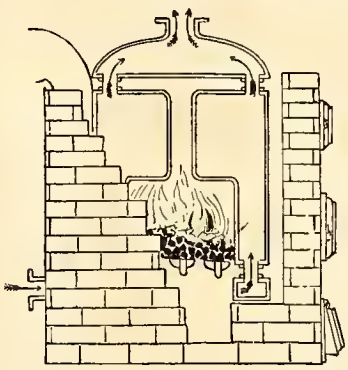
Fresh Air Warmed by Hot Water.

The Finest Warming and Ventilating System in the World.



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Foundry, Works, and Main Office,
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Manufacturers of Complete Apparatus, the Pequot Vertical-Section Hot-Water Boilers, Direct and Ventilating Hot-Water Radiators, Expansion Tanks, Hot-Water Thermometers, Damper Regulators, etc.

The established merit and highly gratifying results of this Company's Direct and Indirect work, covering a period of several years in Residences, Libraries, School Buildings, Churches, and Hospitals, should be investigated by all who desire carefull planned, competent, and easily managed work, at moderate first cost and highest economy of maintenance.

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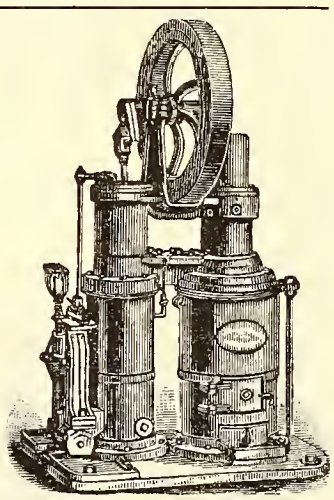
The Improved Rider Hot-Air Pumping Engine,

With Recent Improvements.



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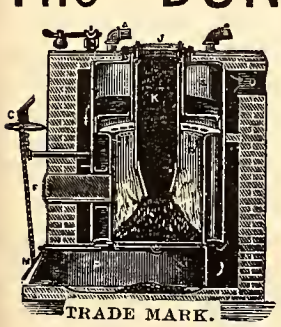
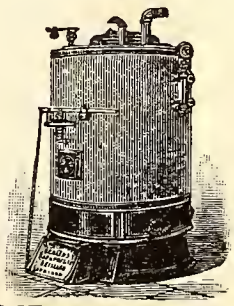


WITH SELF-FEEDING COAL MAGAZINE
IS THE BEST FOR
Low Pressure Steam or Hot-Water Heating,



And insures a warm House night and day. Over 16,000 in use.
Keeps steam up constantly. Also Steam Engines and Boilers of all kinds and Machinery generally.

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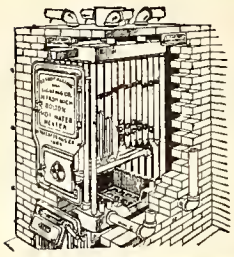
NEW-YORK OFFICE, 36 PARK PLACE.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue with full description.



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DETROIT HEATING & LIGHTING CO.
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"WARMTH FOR WINTER HOMES"
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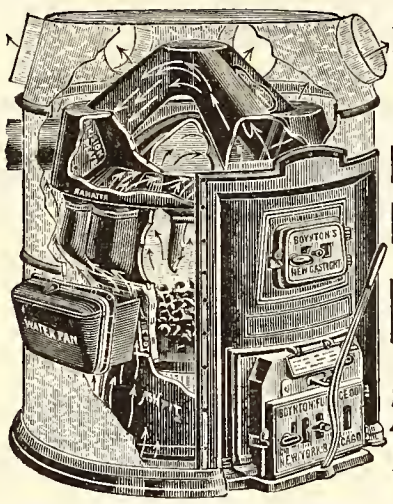

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RANGES & HOT WATER HEATERS
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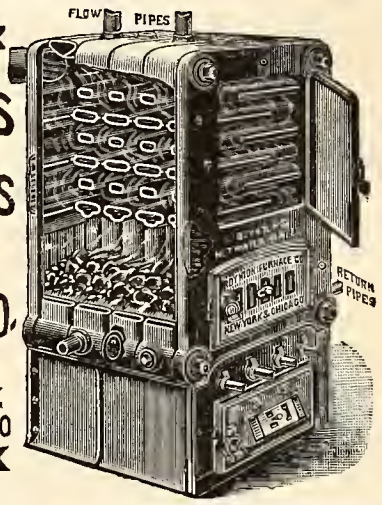

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Everybody who contemplates building a home should read this work before deciding upon which one of the various methods of heating to adopt. Mr. Tudor's well-known reputation, and his connection with some of the most prominent heating and ventilating problems in the country, render what he has to say of especial value. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 20 cents.

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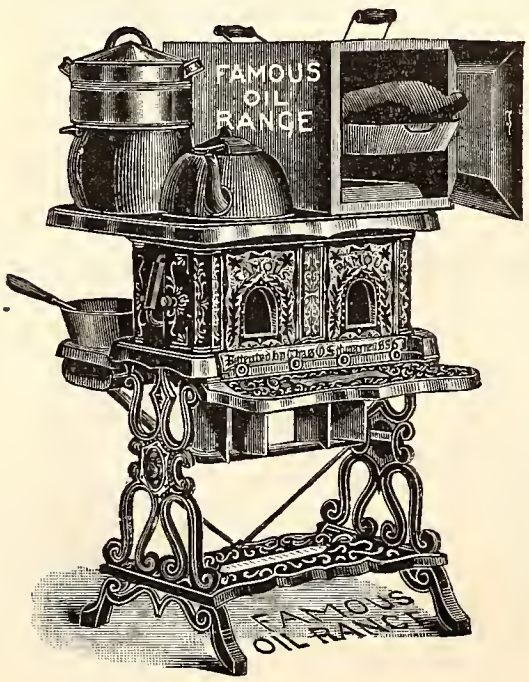

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With 4 Powerful Burners and Permanent Laundry Attachment!

An Oil Stove that actually has the power of a Coal Range, and will do **all** the cooking and laundry work of the family. It can be used the year round, if desired.

It has FOUR PATENT CRESCENT-SHAPED WICKS, two of which are equal to three of the ordinary wicks on other stoves.

It is **Non-explosive**, and can be graduated to be run light or strong, as desired. It stands on legs with casters.

FOUR FLAT IRONS can be HEATED AT A TIME without taking up any of the space on top.

It uses the regular stove furniture, and is everywhere superseding other stoves, for it has what has long been wanted—**POWER.**

EVERY STOVE HAS THE

Extension Top, Oven, Stand with Casters, Flat-Heater Attachment, Shelves, etc.

It is the lowest in price of any stove of equal capacity. Sold by dealers throughout the country.

Write us for special circulars. We can put you in the way of getting this stove, no matter in what part of the country you live.

SMITH & ANTHONY STOVE CO. Boston, Mass.

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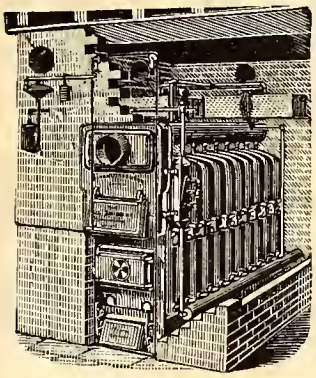

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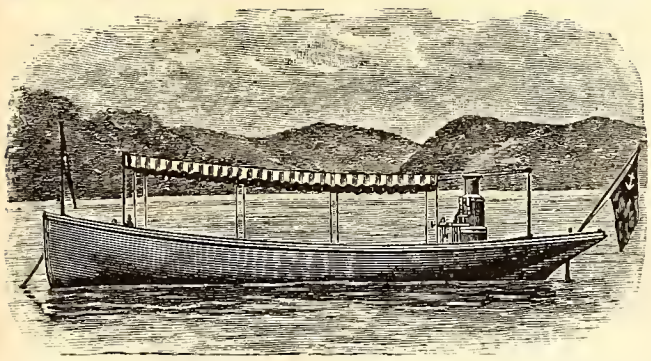

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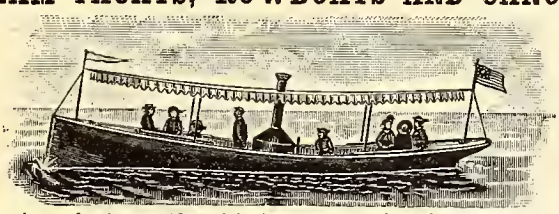

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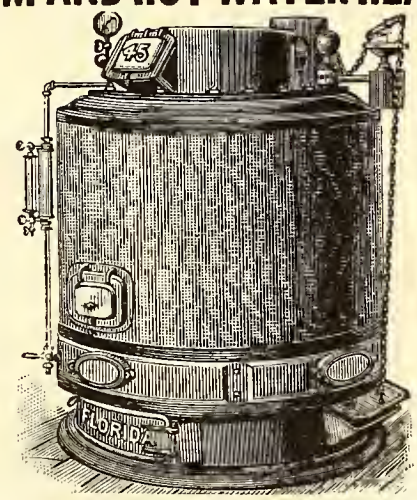

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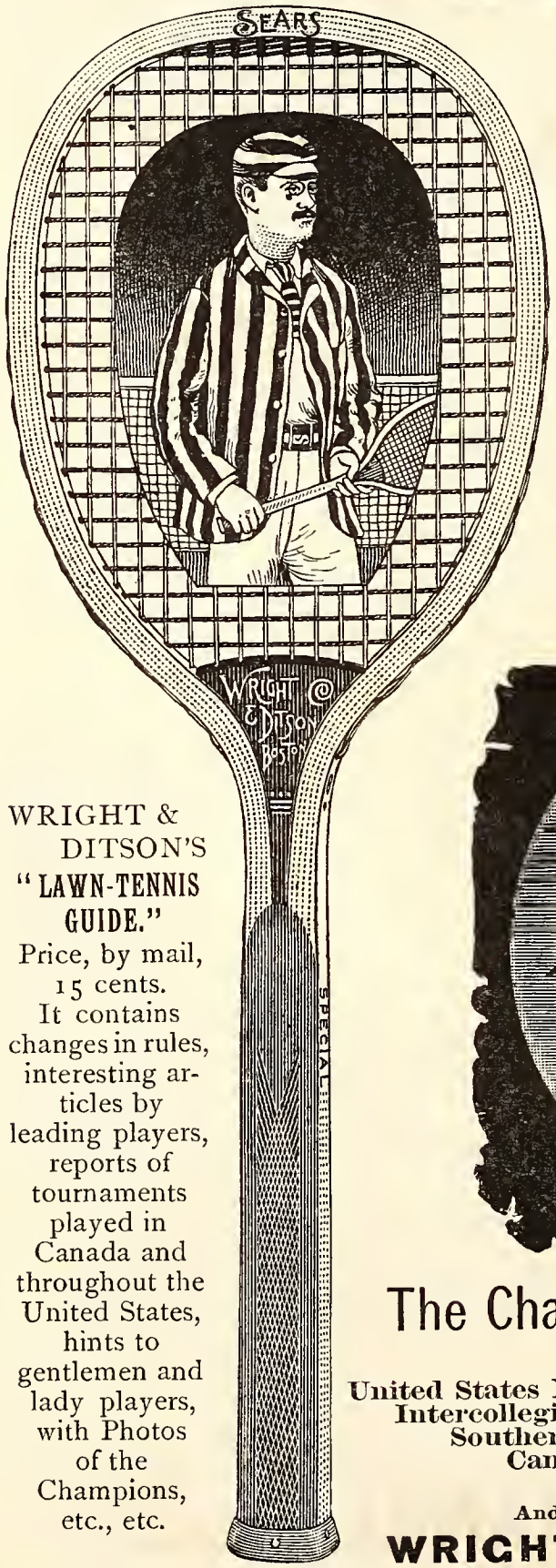

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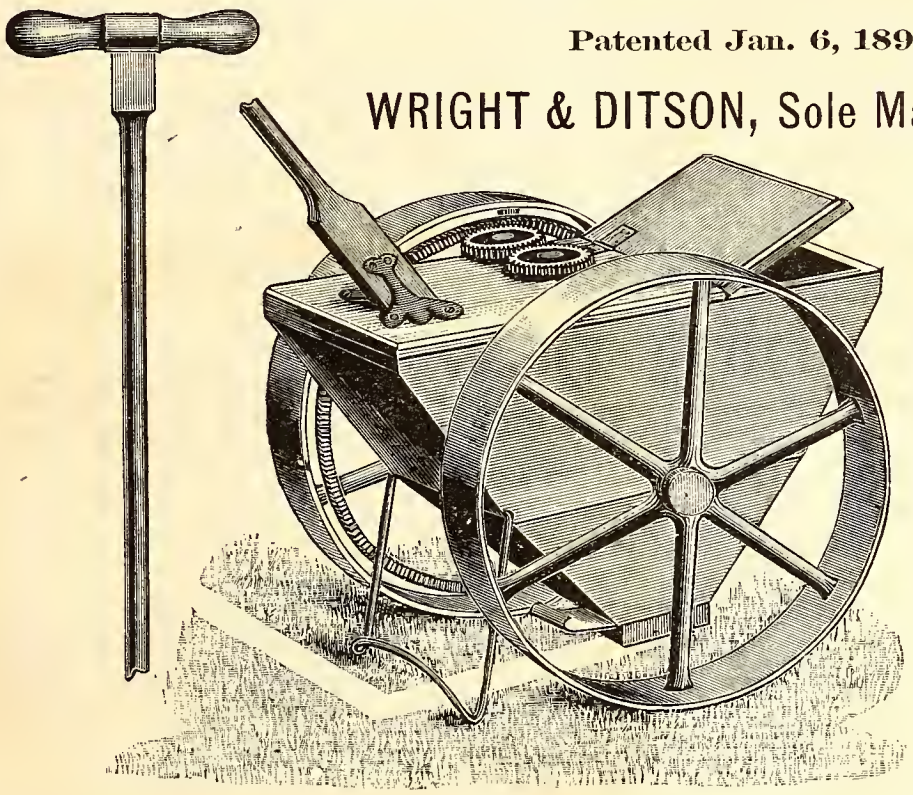

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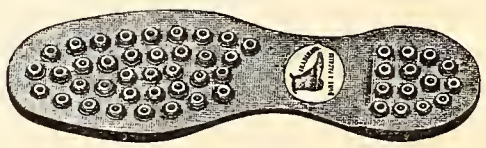

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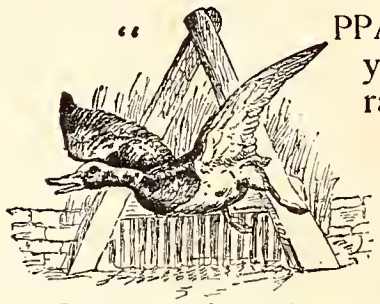

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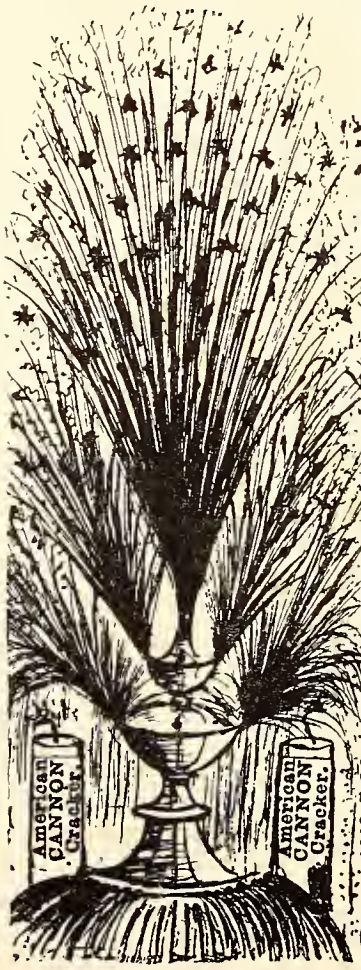

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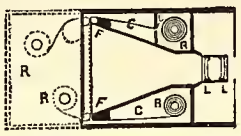

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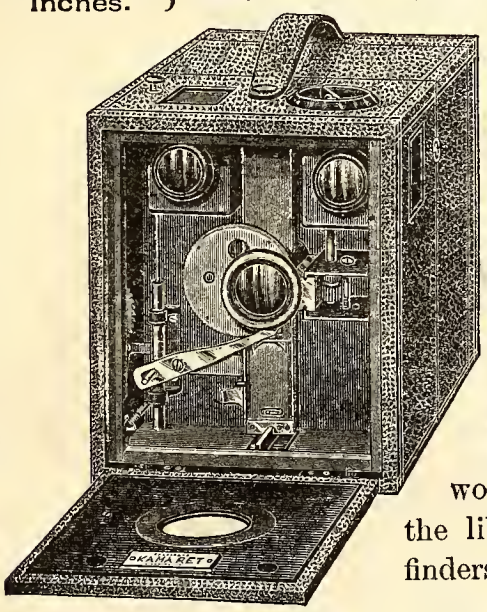

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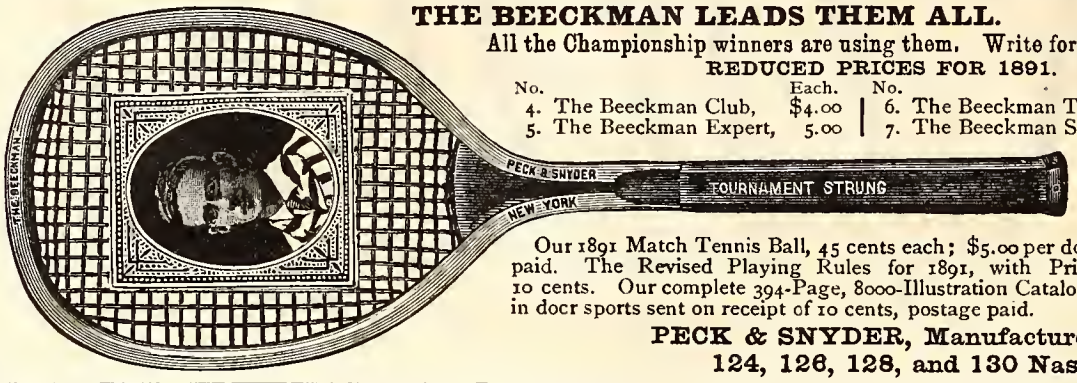

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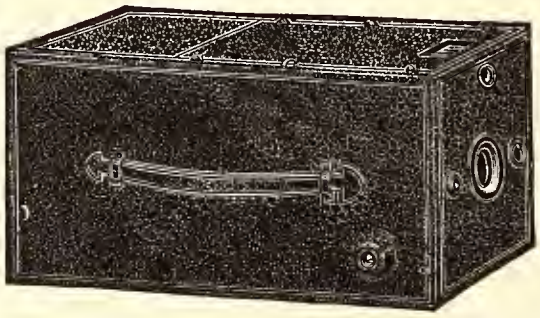

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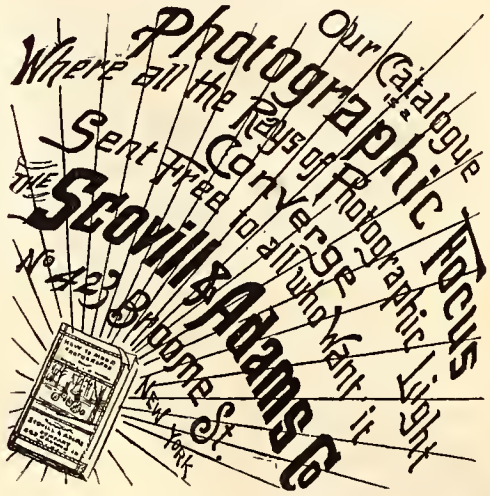

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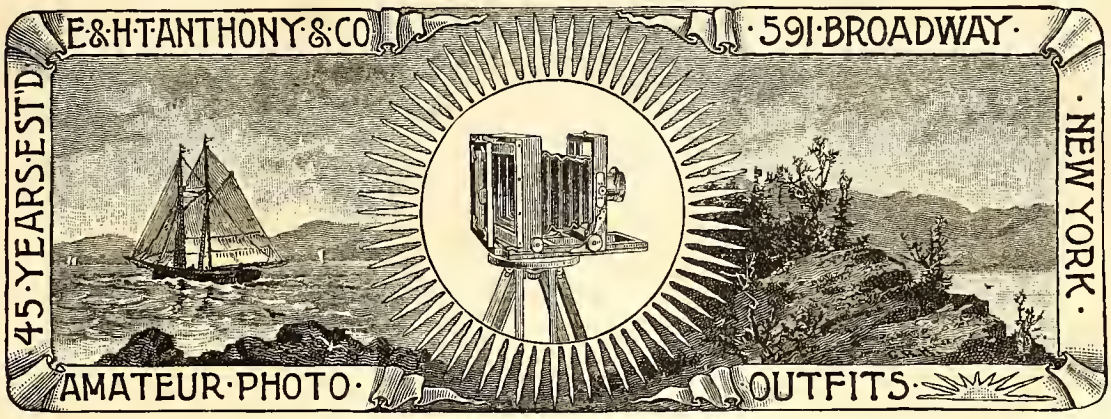

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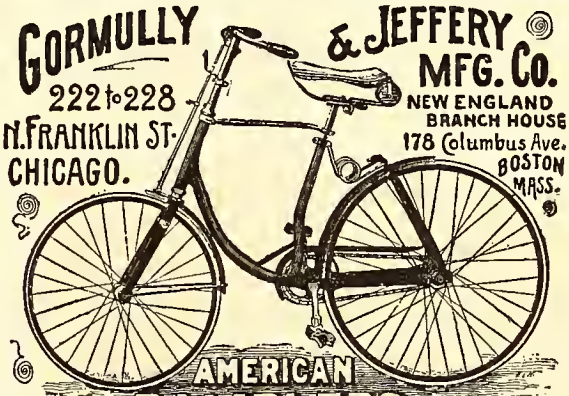

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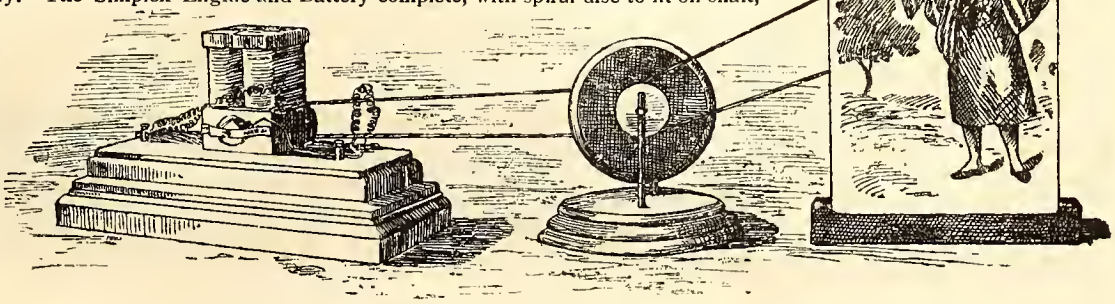

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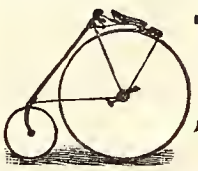

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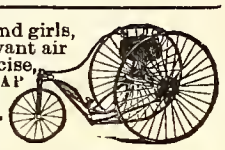

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Unscrupulous parties are offering cheap, worthless imitations of the Magic. Beware of them. Get a Magic Bank and compare it with the imitations.

★ THE STAR BANJO ★

Is made on entirely new principles and produces the most desirable *quality* of tone combined with the greatest volume and carrying power, making it the finest instrument extant for stage or parlor use. Price list mailed free.

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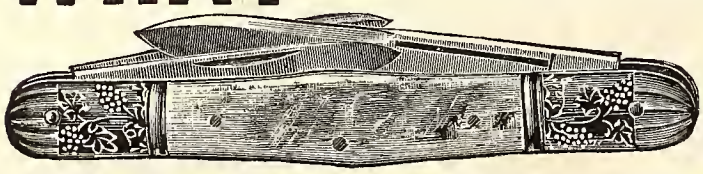
1891. In City and Country
with other examples of Domestic Architecture by FULLER & WHEELER, Architects. 70 plates, eleven by fourteen inches. Cloth bound. Price $6.00. Address
Send for Circular } **J.L. LOCHNER, Jr., Albany, N.Y.**

WHAT IS HAND FORGED? YOU KNOW THIS,

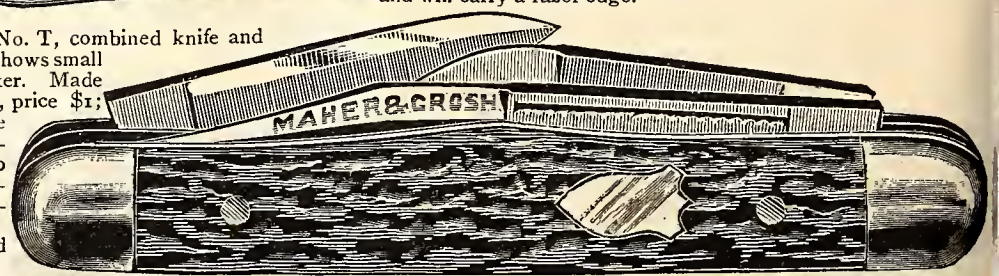
Most of the knife blades made to-day are stamped out under a die just as washers are made. The steel is not wrought, the blade will not hold a keen edge and very little use will dull it. for you have seen it. Now, Maher & Grosh offer you blades hand forged over the anvil in the old way, and made from razor steel, and warranted. Please study our prices.



No. 477. Elegant pearl handle, nickel ends, two blades and nail file; highest quality blades. Price, $1.00. This knife is copied from a foreign pattern made in solid silver and sold by jewelers at $4.00 each. The blades we put in are severely tested and will carry a razor edge.

The Lower cut shows our No. T, combined knife and razor. Has 3 sizes of blades (cut shows small one open). No $2 razor is better. Made with stag, ebony, or bone handle, price $1; better finished, $1.15. In razors we have a hollow ground at $1.50; extra concave at $2.00. Best strop ever made, 50c. House shears, 7-inch, 50c.; finest steel scissors, 7-inch, $1.00. *We pay postage.*

Send for 80-page free list and "How to Use a Razor."



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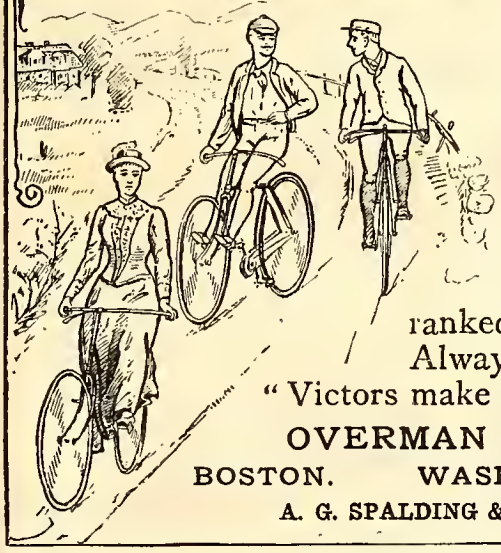
"When an intelligent man wants to purchase, he buys from parties whose standing in their several callings is a guarantee for the quality of their wares."



When the same man wishes to buy a bicycle he goes to those who have made cycle making a scientific study, and whose years of solid experience entitle him to expect THE BEST in every respect.

For ten years we have been building high grade cycles called "VICTORS." It goes without contradiction that they have always ranked with the very best—a leader of leaders. Always abreast with the times. Always in the lead. "Victors make the pace." An art catalog is worth getting.

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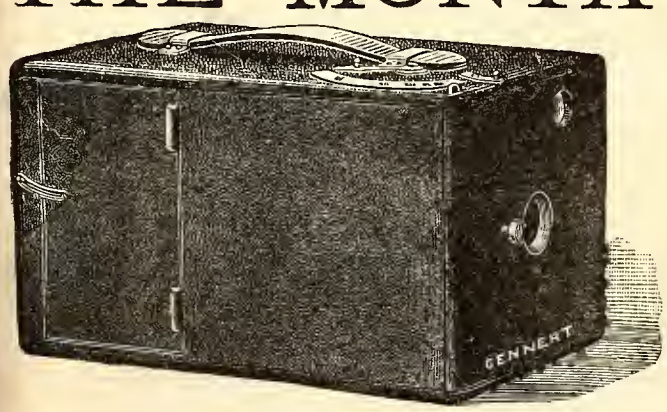

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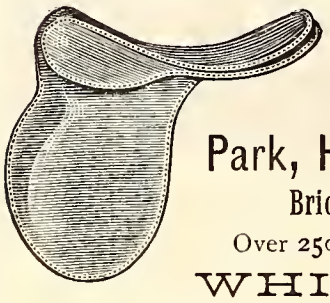

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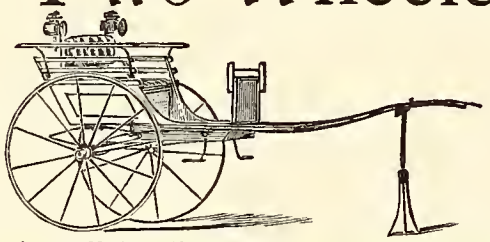
The Bradley Two Wheeler



During all the time we have manufactured the Bradley Two Wheelers, they have been sold subject to the guarantee that they were positively free from the disagreeable horse motion so noticeable in other makes. We are acknowledged as leaders in this line of carriage construction, and produce the most substantial, the most stylish and the smoothest riding two wheeled vehicles in the market. We make both horse and pony sizes, painted or natural wood finish.

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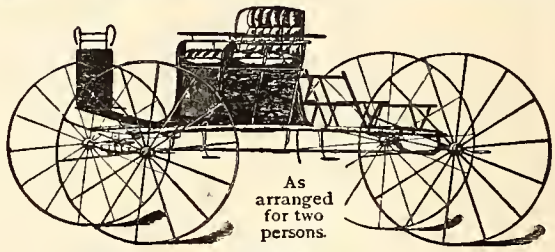
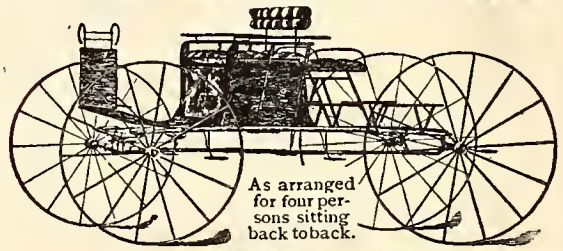
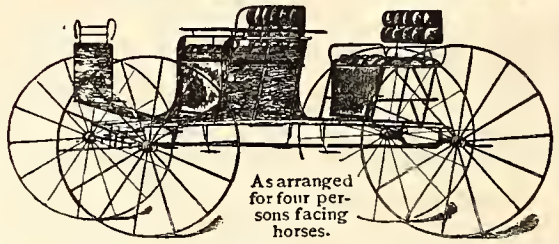


As arranged for two persons.



As arranged for four persons sitting back to back.



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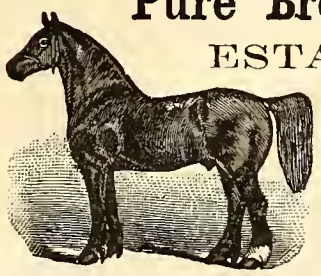

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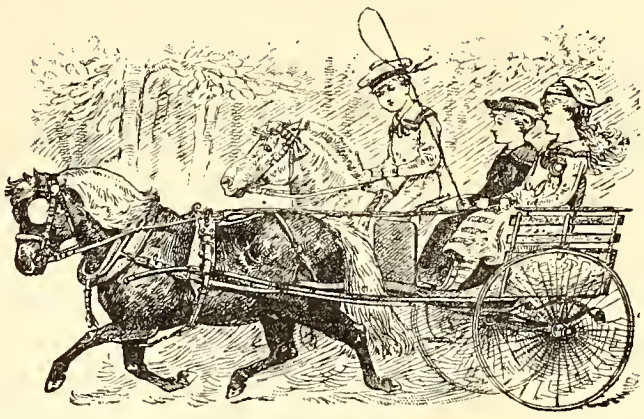

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Can be quickly and easily attached to a lawn mower; **collects all the grass as cut;** will run 100 feet without emptying; can be emptied when and where desired; **saves all labor of raking.** It weighs 2½ lbs., and does not interfere with working of mower. Grass thickens and has a rich, velvety effect from its use.

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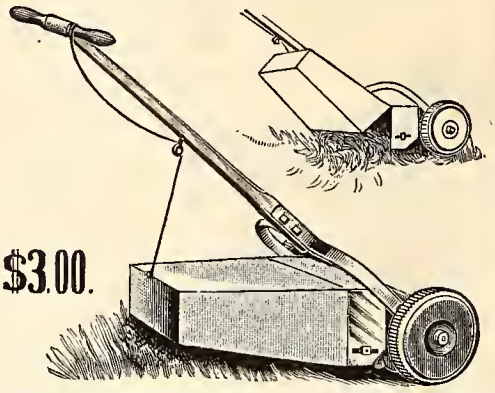

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45 sold in '88.
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Where one goes others follow, and

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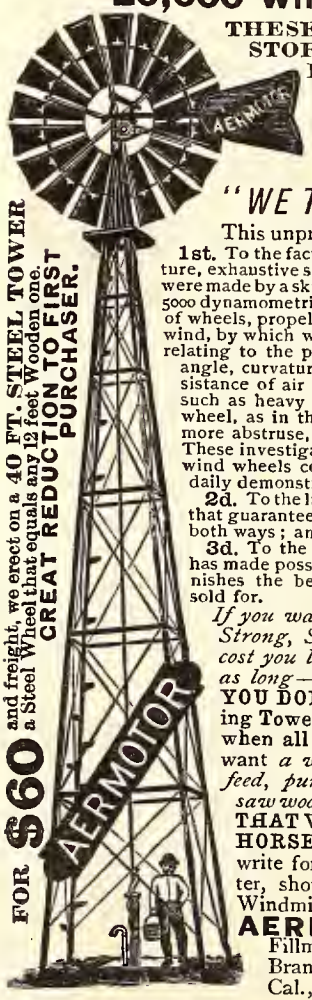

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Without steam power, using outfits of these Machines, can bid lower, and save more money from their jobs, than by any other means for doing their work. Also for

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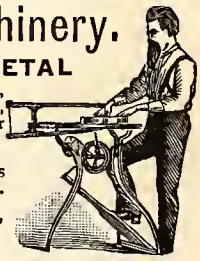

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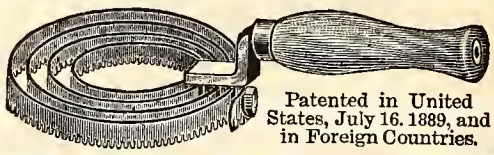

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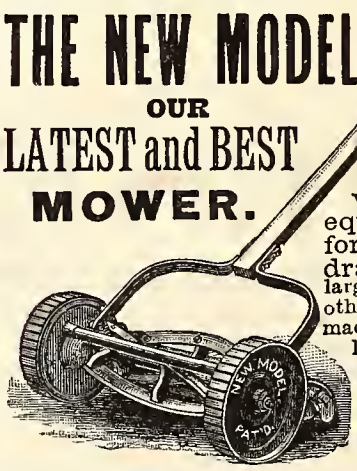

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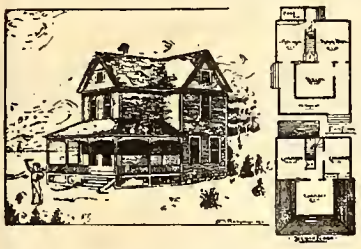

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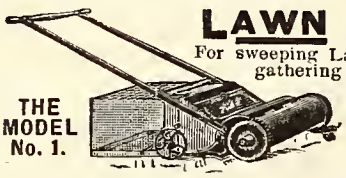

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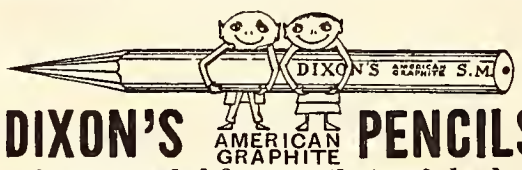

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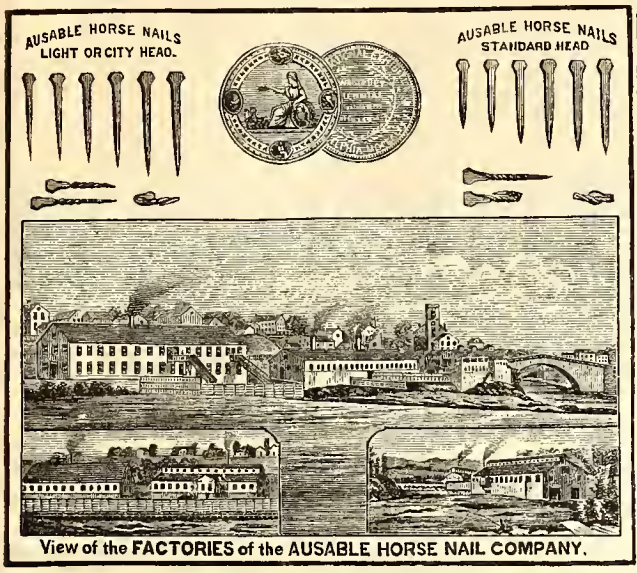

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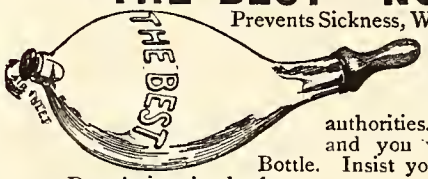

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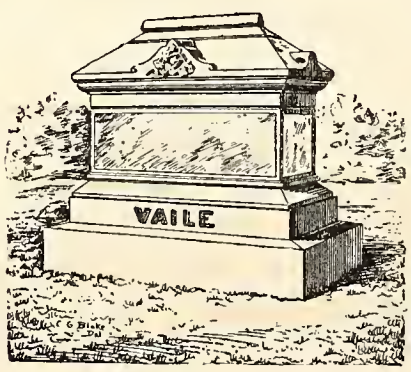

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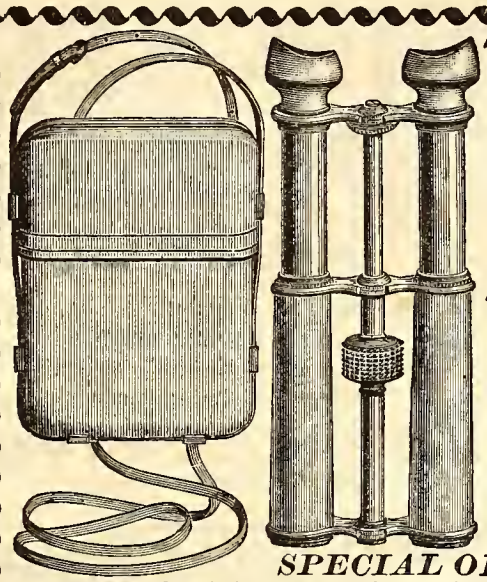

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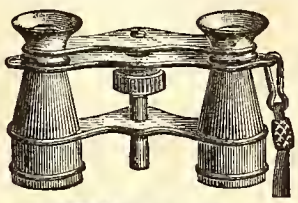

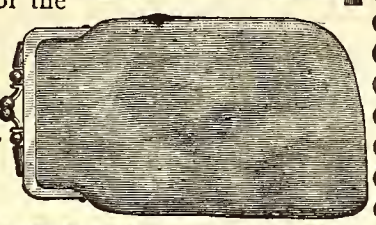

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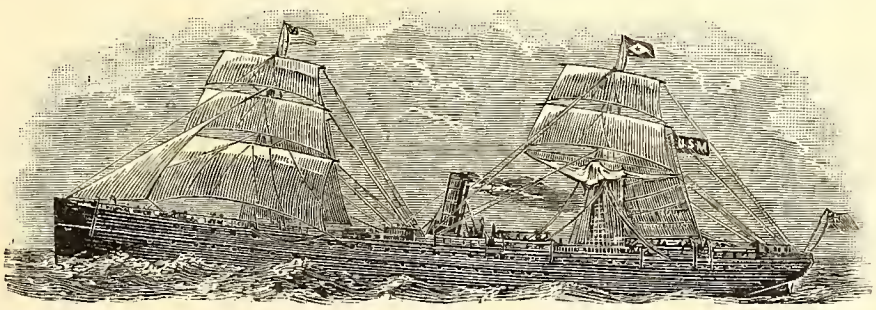

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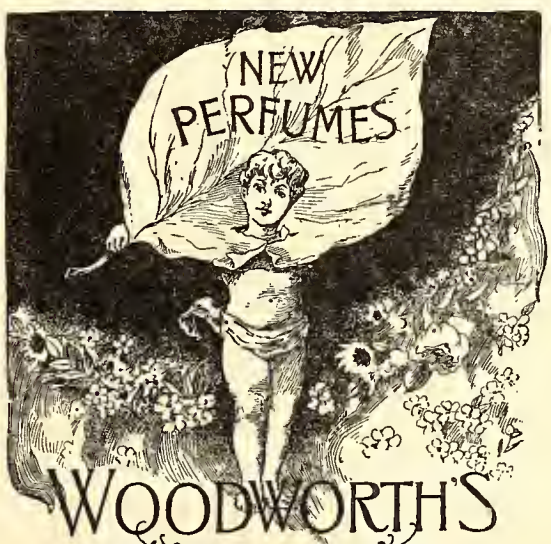

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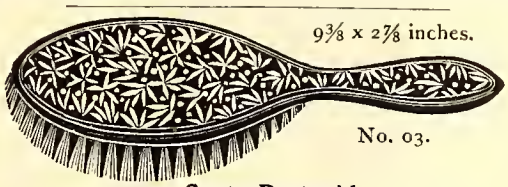

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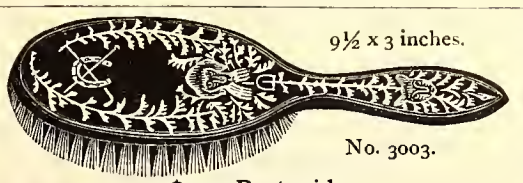

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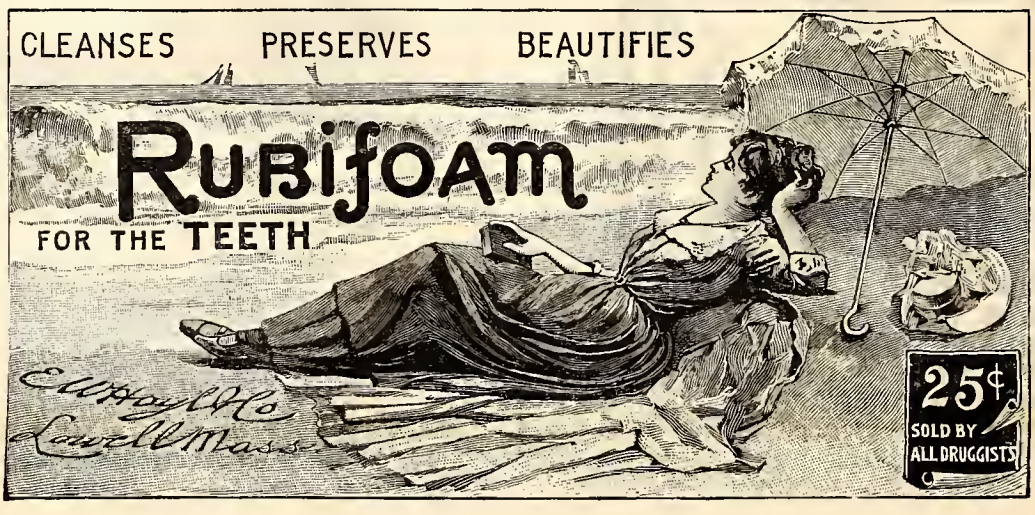

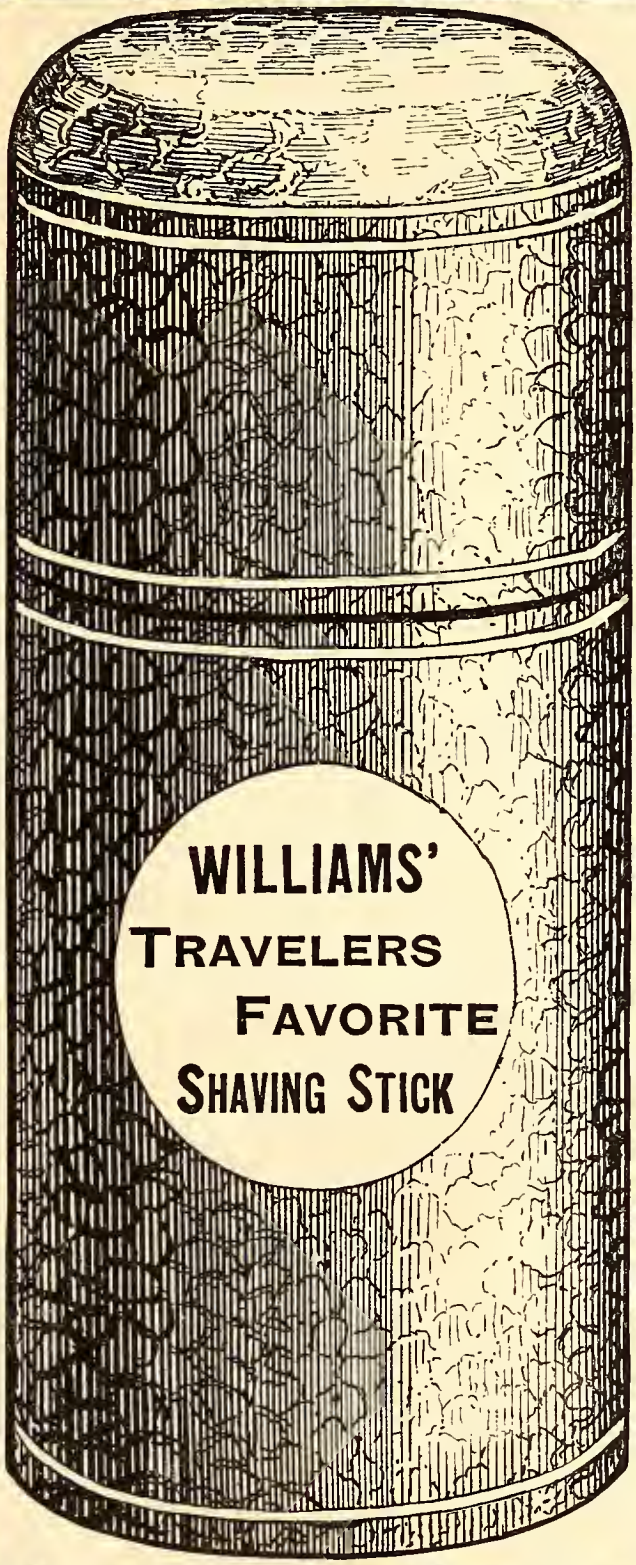

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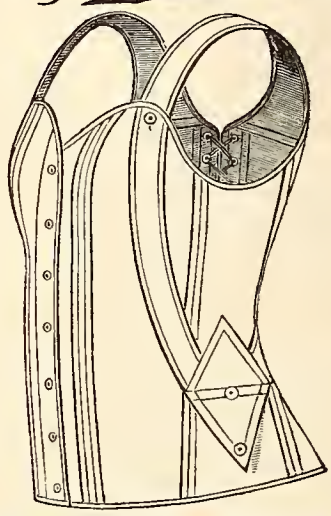

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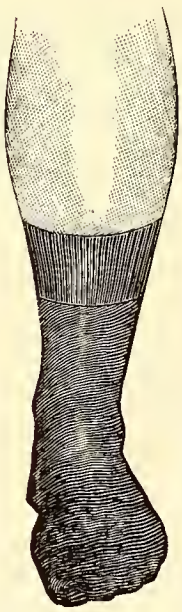

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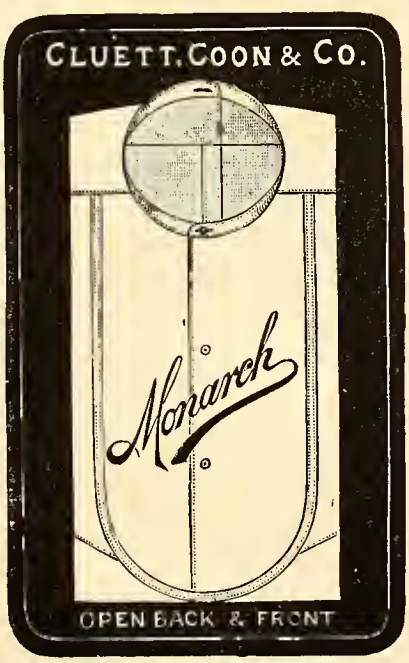

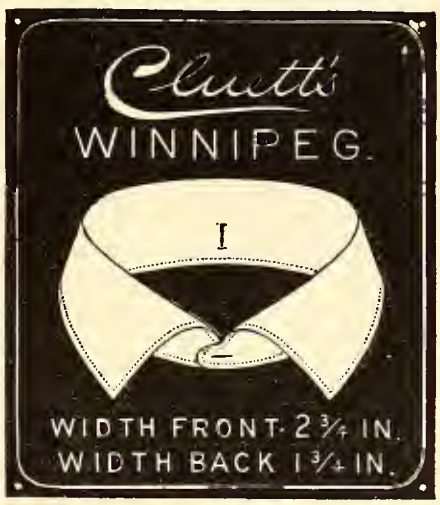

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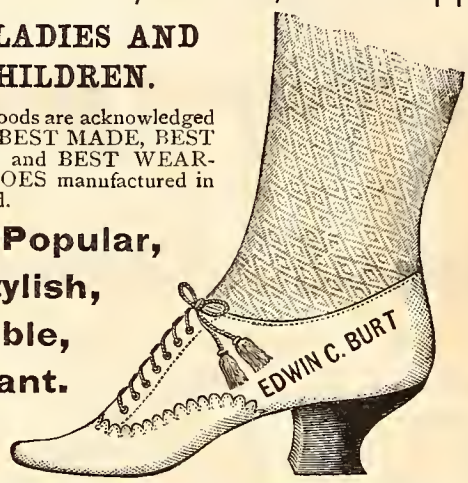

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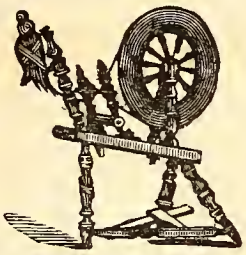

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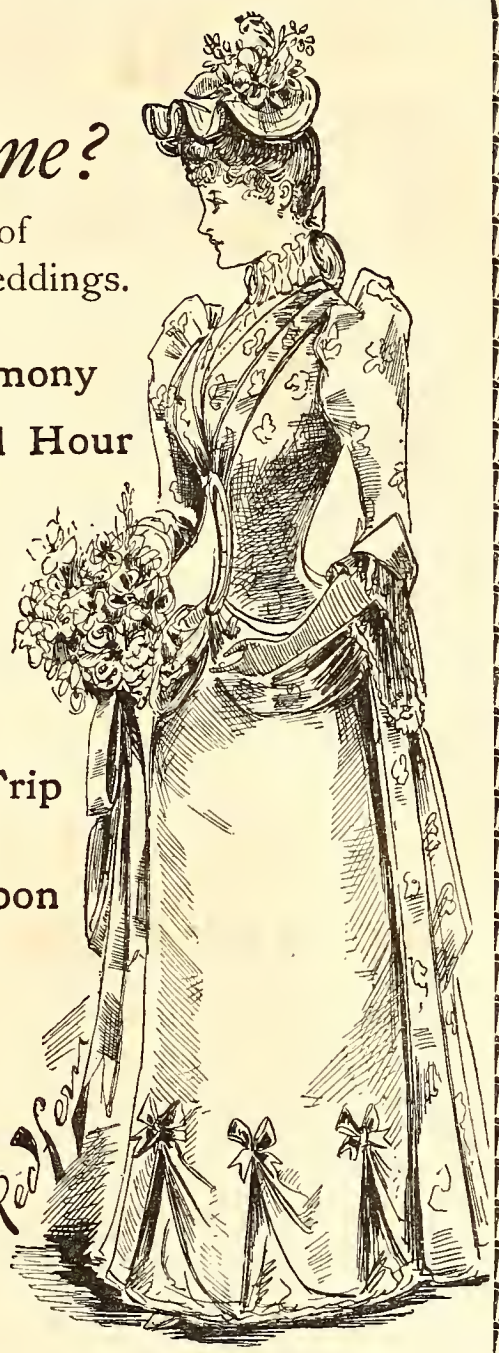

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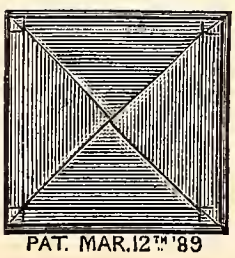

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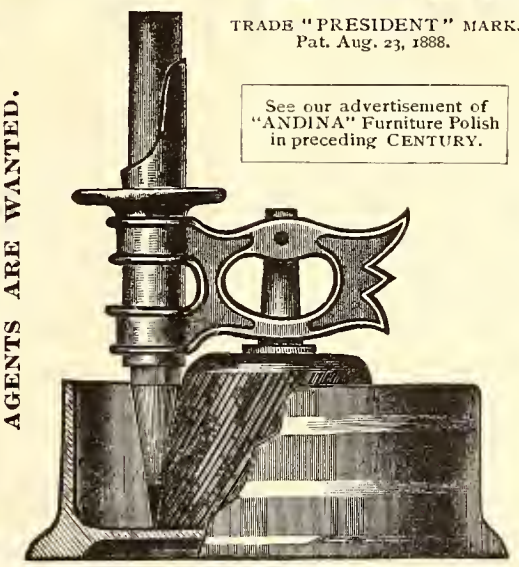

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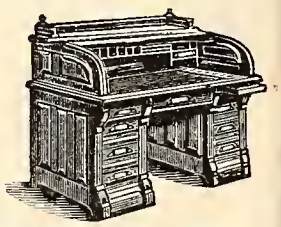

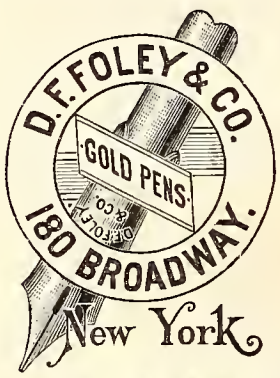

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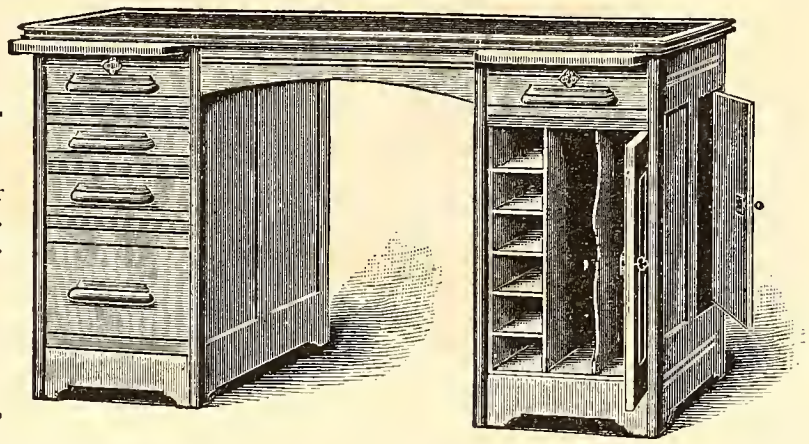

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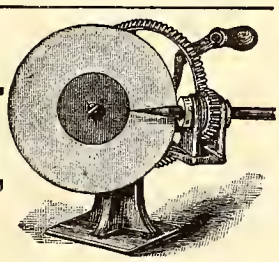

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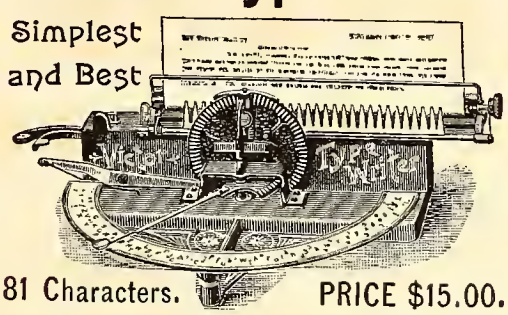

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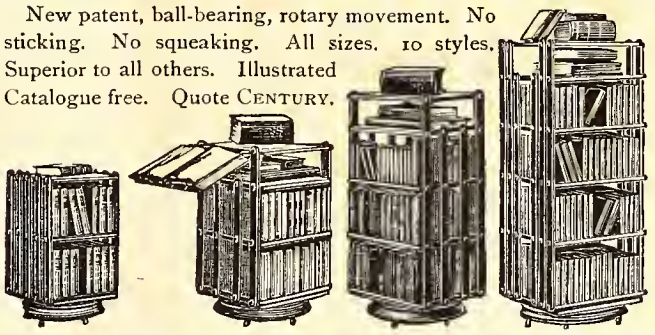

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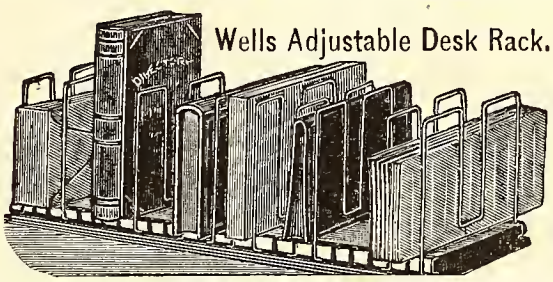

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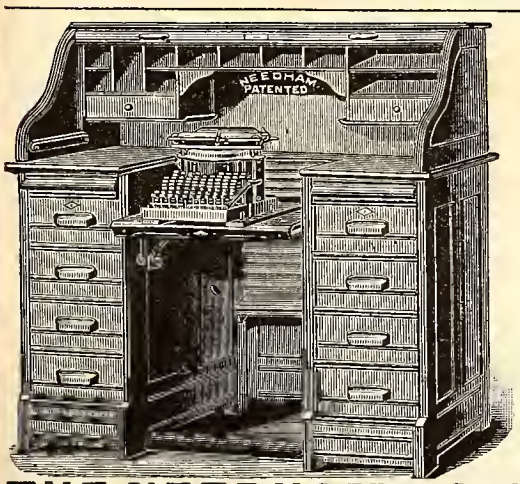

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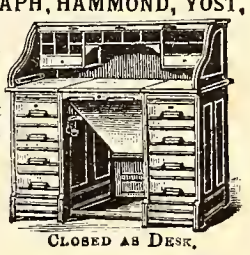

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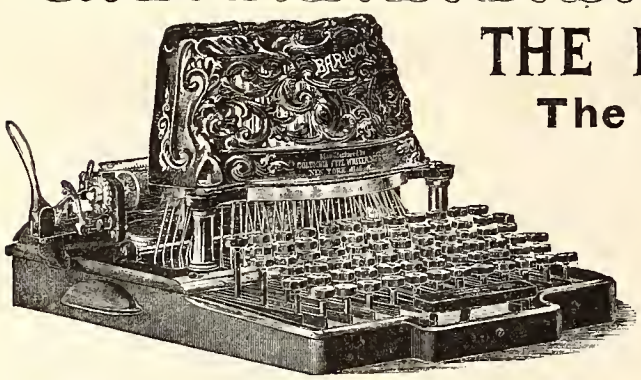

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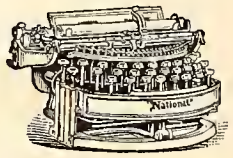

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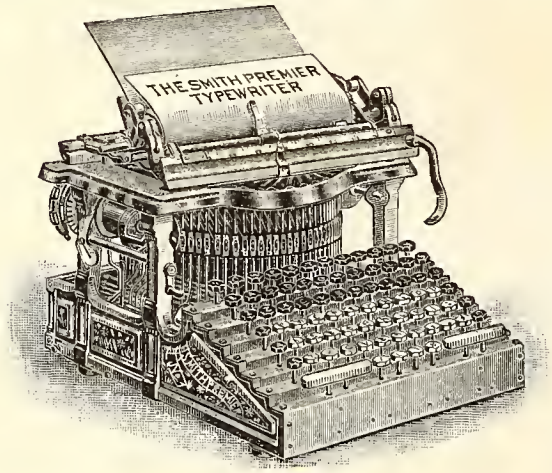

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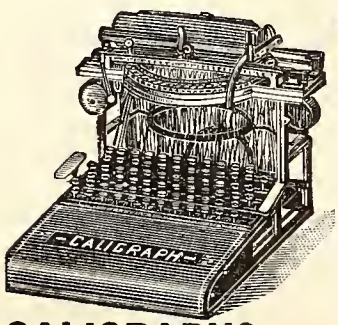

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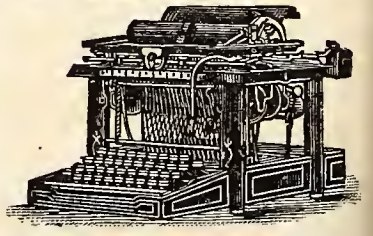

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To **stimulate, encourage** and **aid** the inculcation of this great object lesson of priceless liberty, the following **EYE-OPENING** and **TRULY SURPRISING** offer is made to all.

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The goods display brilliant Red, Green, Gold, Violet, Orange, Blue, Purple and other Colors.

12 Electric Spreader Roman Candles (new).
12 Col'd Roman Candles, 10 ball, extra large.
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4 Col'd Dragon Wheels (new).
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24 Sticks Chinese Punk.

UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED THE BEST FIREWORKS MADE.

Safe to handle; very easy and **simple to fire.** Full directions furnished. Manufacturer's list price for these goods is **$15.00. We give them to you without price.**

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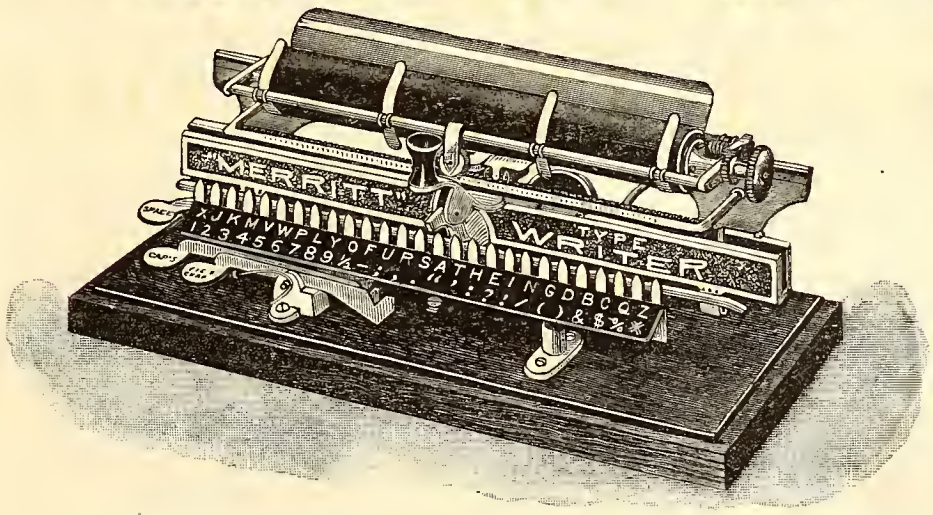

IS NOT A TOY!

A Simple, Compact Machine.

Prints from clear, metal type, same as Printers use.
Is self-inking and beautiful in style and finish.
Does work equal to the One Hundred Dollar Machines.
Gives perfect alignment.
It is the only low-priced Typewriter that will both

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This is exact copy of the "MERRITT'S" work. It interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned without teacher, in a half hour from printed directions. Prints capitals, small letters figures and characters--78 in all. Price $15.

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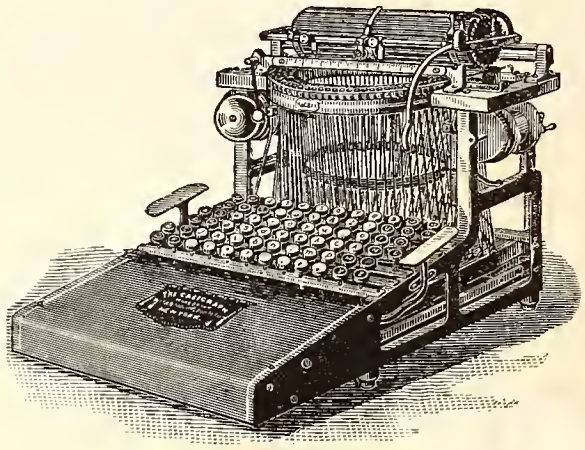
Best for Manifolding. 100,000 Daily Users.



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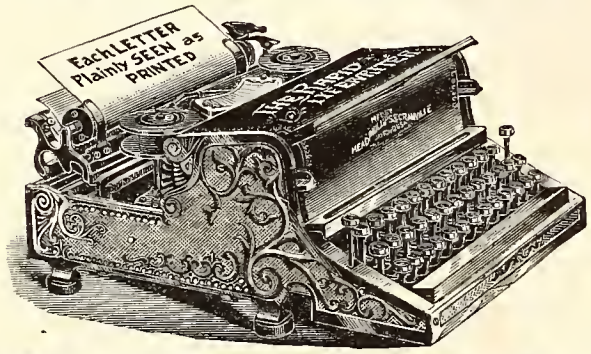

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TYPEWRITER.

Writing is in plain view. Carriage returns AUTOMATICALLY by a movement as simple as that of the printing of a single letter. Alignment perfect and permanent, without possible deviation. The acme of simplicity, and a marvel of mechanism. Correspondence with State Agents solicited. Catalogue on application. Address the manufacturers,

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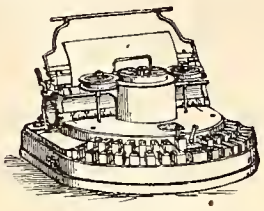
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

IT STANDS TO-DAY WITHOUT A PEER.



THE
HIGHEST AWARDS.

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
MECHANICS' FAIR, BOSTON, 1887.
NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION, 1884-85.
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EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, BRUSSELS, 1888.
AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, NEW-YORK.
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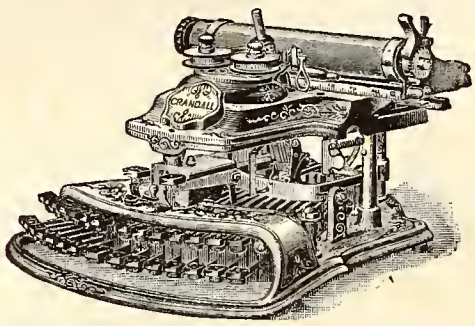
LONDON EXPOSITION, 1887.

BESIDES MANY
OTHERS.

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.

447 and 449 East 52d Street, New-York.

THE CRANDALL

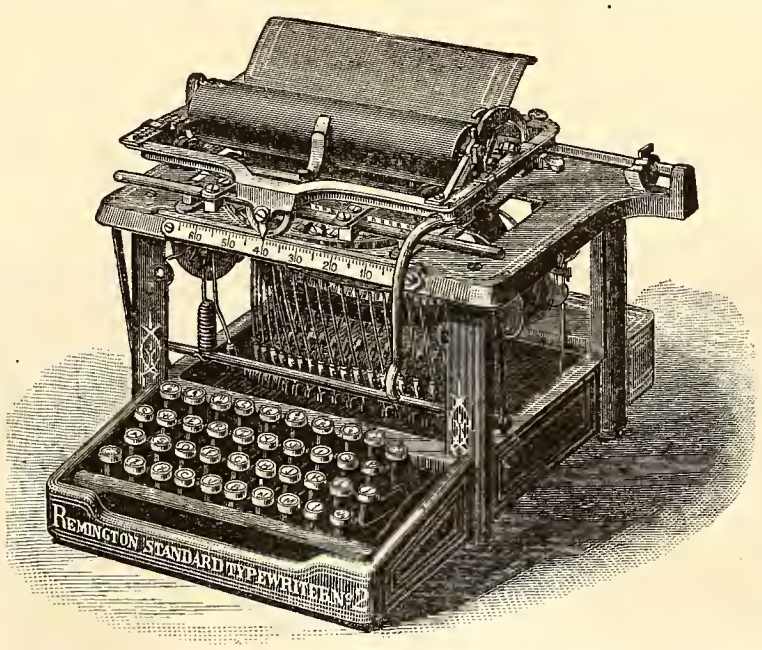


$50.00.

A first-class two-handed writing machine.
Its points.
(1) Work in sight.
(2) Permanent alignment.
(3) Instantly changeable type.
(4) The price.
Address for detailed information,

THE CRANDALL MACHINE CO.

New-York . . . 353 Broadway.
Chicago . . . 237 La Salle St.
Factory, Groton, N. Y.



Very few people comprehend how much time, money, and inventive skill go to the making of a practical Typewriter—practical for continual service, day in and day out. But many people do know that the

Remington Standard Typewriter

Is to-day, as it has been for over Fifteen Years, the most perfect development of the writing machine.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

327 Broadway, New-York.

"A Mellin's Food Child."

Harold B. Church, aged nineteen months, weight thirty-five pounds, has used MELLIN'S FOOD since three days old, and still uses same as his principal diet.

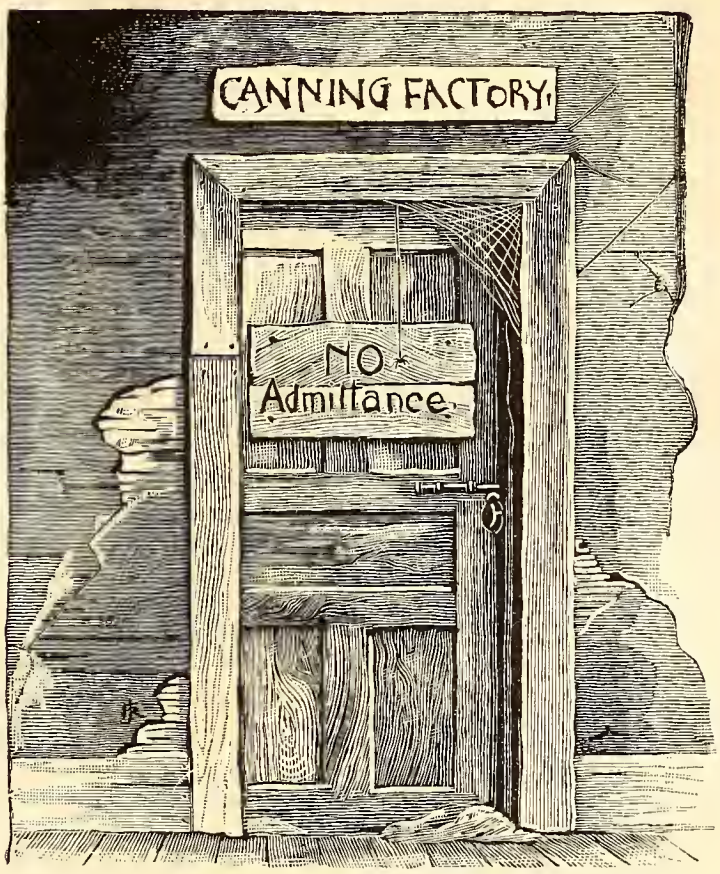
Up to the present time he has never been sick.

Truly yours,

DORCHESTER, MASS., Dec. 1, 1890. HERBERT B. CHURCH.

"No Admittance."

How familiar this sign! How well it helps to hide the unclean mysteries of many canning factories!



But here's a contrast! Our mammoth canning kitchen (we like this name better than factory) is open for inspection from morning till night, and we will be glad to send a card of admittance to any reader of this periodical who cares to write for it.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Purée of Game, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pearl Tapioca.

First-class grocers keep them, but look out for imitations.

None genuine without the trade-mark on the label.

A sample can sent on receipt of price of postage, 14 cents.

Packed in quart, pint and ½ pint cans, and in quart glass jars.

FRANCO AMERICAN FOOD CO'S

French Soups

Franco-American Food Company,

West Broadway and Franklin Street, New York.

Franklin Street Station, Sixth Avenue Elevated Road.

A Connoisseur

Armour's Extract of BEEF

A "home product" for American Homes.

Renders good and economic cooking possible in every household; takes the place of fresh meat and other "Stock" in soup making; acts as a delicious and effective stimulant in cases of weakness and fatigue.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Book of receipts, showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces, sent free, on application to the manufacturers,

ARMOUR & COMPANY, Chicago.

Condensed Milk.

FIRST PRIZE BRAND.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Prepared Especially for Infants and Invalids.

More than **100,000** Babies reared on it annually. Try it in your Coffee, for Custards, Ice Cream, and ordinary domestic use.

If your dealer fails to furnish you, send $3.50 for case of 24 cans to

MICHIGAN CONDENSED MILK CO.
Lansing, Mich.
OR
17 Hudson Street, New-York.
46 and 48 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."
— Owen Meredith.

You can avail yourselves of the services of our chef by simply purchasing any of the following varieties of

Cowdrey's Soups.

Mock Turtle,
Tomato,
Ox Tail,
Consommé,
Julienne,
Chicken,
Vegetable,
Mutton,
Printanier,
Green Turtle,

Soup and Bonilli,
Terrapin,
Macaroni,
Beef,
Pea,
Okra,
Vermicelli,
Clam Broth,
Purée of Game,
Mulligatawny.

E. T. COWDREY CO. Boston.

DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND

SELECT **SPICES & MUSTARD.**

SOLD ONLY IN FULL-WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.

THE BEST DURKEE'S ORIGINAL SALAD DRESSING NEVER SPOILS FOR SALADS, COLD MEATS ETC. GOODS MADE.

COWDREY'S DEVILED HAM

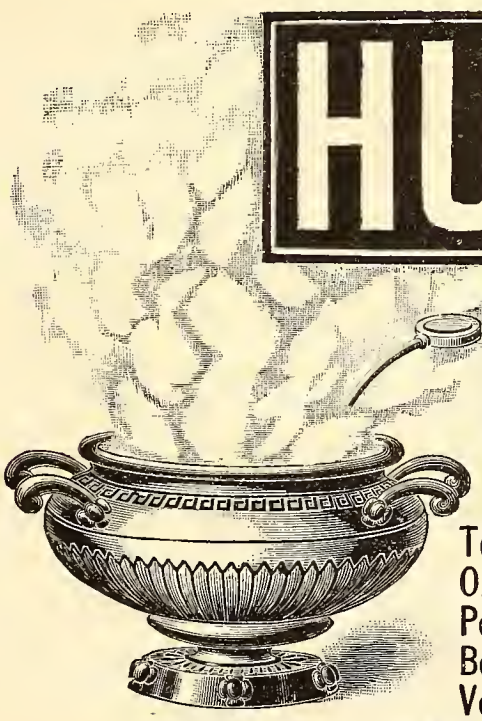
"A Most Delicate Preparation."

A half-pound can of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, Tongue, Chicken or Turkey, will each make twenty-five delicious sandwiches by simply spreading the meat upon thin slices of bread that is at least one day old.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts."

E. T. COWDREY CO. Boston, Mass.

HUCKINS' SOUPS



Tomato, Ox Tail, Pea, Beef, Vermicelli,
Mock Turtle, Okra or Gumbo, Green Turtle, Julienne, Chicken,
Terrapin, Macaroni, Consommé, Soup and Bouilli, Mullagatawny.

RICH and PERFECTLY SEASONED.

Require only to be heated, and are then ready to serve. | Prepared with great care from only the best materials. | Have enjoyed the highest reputation for more than 32 years.

TEST FREE

Send us 20 cents, to help pay express, and receive, prepaid, two sample cans of these Soups, your choice.

J. H. W. HUCKINS & CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING GROCERS.

Sole Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Smith: How much better berries taste when eaten with cream!

Miss Brown: Yes, and do you know that this is the **"HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM"**? We use no other at home for fruit and for our coffee and tea.

Awarded the Paris Medal of 1889.

Ask your dealer for **"HIGHLAND CREAM"** and accept no other. He will get it for you.

Circulars Mailed Free.

Helvetia Milk Condensing Co.
Sole Manufacturers,
HIGHLAND, ILL.

"Cook Kornlet for the Children."

Judge from the expression of Baby's face that he, too, is fond of KORNLET. Just so with all children. Send 25 cents for sample can, or ask your grocer.

THE FORESTVILLE CANNING CO.
150-152 Sheriff Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

CHANCE FOR ALL
To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea.

A trial order of 3½ pounds of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast or Sun Sun Chop, sent by mail on receipt of $2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducement ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars, address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.**
P. O. Box 289, New-York, N. Y. 31 and 33 Vesey St.

HIRES ROOT BEER
THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK.
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. *FREE* a beautiful Picture Book and cards sent to any one addressing C. E. HIRES & CO., Philadelphia.

AN OCEAN DELICACY WITH A SEA BREEZE FRESHNESS.

McMENAMIN & CO.'S

DEVILED CRABS.

(In their natural shells.) Served at least once a week, they make a grateful change in the family diet.

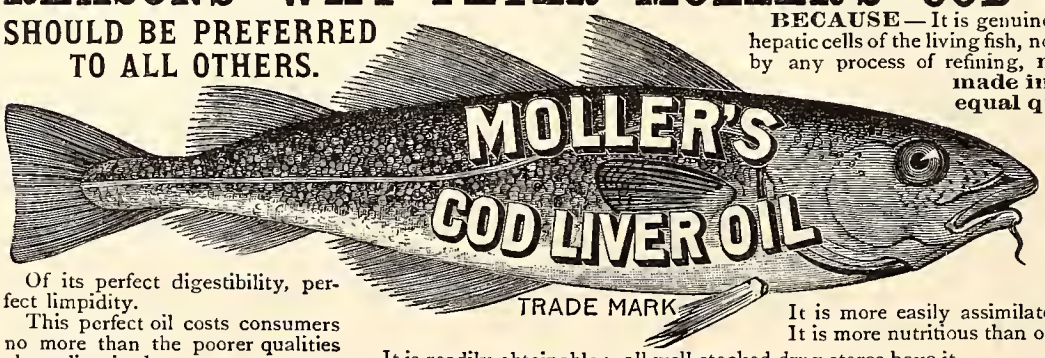
A DELICIOUS ENTREE. **A ROYAL SUPPER DISH.**

CAN BE SERVED HOT OR COLD. ASK YOUR GROCER ALL ABOUT THEM.

McMENAMIN & CO., HAMPTON, VA.

REASONS WHY PETER MÖLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

SHOULD BE PREFERRED TO ALL OTHERS.



BECAUSE—It is genuine-pure, just as it existed in the hepatic cells of the living fish, not depleted of its natural virtues by any process of refining, **nor weakened by being made into an emulsion with an equal quantity of water, glycerine, and chemicals,** which never should be taken except under the advice and guidance of a physician.

In taste and smell it is not offensive, but instead sweet and agreeable.

Its administration is always followed by satisfactory results.

It is more easily assimilated than other oils.

It is more nutritious than other oils.

Of its perfect digestibility, perfect limpidity.

This perfect oil costs consumers no more than the poorer qualities abounding in the stores.

It is readily obtainable; all well-stocked drug stores have it.

It is unquestionably the **purest and best COD LIVER OIL IN THE WORLD.**

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO. New-York, Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada.

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TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, PACIFIC COAST, AND ALASKA.

$110.00 **TO YELLOWSTONE PARK.** Tickets cover all expenses of the trip from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Portland, or Tacoma, allowing the tourist ample time to visit principal points of interest.

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Catskill Mountains, N. Y.

Opens Saturday, June 27th.

3000 feet above tide-water.

20 degrees cooler than N. Y. City.

90 miles of the Hudson in sight.

60 suites, with bath, etc.

Rates reduced during July.

For terms and circular, address until June 25th

P. O'CONNOR,

Grand Hotel, Broadway and 31st Street, N. Y. City.

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HOTEL KAATERSKILL,

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DEER PARK AND OAKLAND

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES,

3000 Feet Above Tide-Water.

SEASON OPENS JUNE 15, 1891.

JUNE 15, 1891.

These famous mountain resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express train service both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

Electric lights have been introduced throughout the houses and grounds; Turkish and Russian baths and large swimming pools provided for ladies and gentlemen; suitable grounds for lawn-tennis; bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms are here; fine riding and driving horses, carriages, mountain wagons, tally-ho coaches, etc., are kept for hire; in short, all the necessary adjuncts for the comfort, health, or pleasure of patrons.

Rates, $60, $75, and $90 a month, according to location.

JUNE 15, 1891.

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QUALITY OF THINGS.

Makers are nowadays mostly putters-together of parts. A carriage-maker used to make his carriage. Now he buys wheels of a wheel-maker and springs of a spring-maker, and puts them together.

With every part this question comes up: "I can save some money and no one will know it." What does he do?

That depends on the man or your knowledge. There is no harm in being a trifle intelligent.

We are a maker of one of the parts of almost everything, varnish; and publish a People's Text-Book on Varnish. It contains what every one wants to know, and is sent free.

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY.

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Head Office: Newark, N. J.
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Do you know that the "Ivory" is the only soap that has been found satisfactory for general use as a cleaner in thousands of households everywhere?

For this there is a cause and an effect.

The Cause: It is honestly made.

The Effect: Nearly thirty million cakes were used last yeaf.

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Take **COLGATE'S**

GUEST ROOM SOAP

FLEURETTE PERFUME

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest U. S. Gov't Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
106 Wall Street, New-York.

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COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us, ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*The Civil Service Gazette.*

MADE SIMPLY WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK.

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JAMES EPPS & CO.
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
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